DUNRAVEN ON THE TARIFF.

Earl Spencer Will Brook No Interference.

Interview With Lord Chief Justice Coleridge at His Residence.

M. De Lesseps in a Very Plasant Frame of Mind.

[Special by Cable to The Sunday Globe.] LONDON, November 11 .- The Earl of Dunraven is attracting attention by his earnest efforts in the cause of protection. Yesterday he presided over the Fair Trade Congress at Leamington, and his remarks, which were largely drawn from his American experience, were all strongly in opposition to the present free trade policy of England, and in favor of the protective system in operation in the United States. Mr. Porter, of the recent United States tariff commission, also delivered an address before the same congress, advocating the adoption of the American system. He argued that the present mean condition of the English laborer and the growing poverty of the agricultural classes were the direct result of the under-selling caused by the swamping of the English markets with cheap foreign productions admitted free kets with cheap foreign productions admitted free of tax, and attributed the unexampled prosperity of all classes in the United States solely to the protection afforded the American producers against unfair foreign competition by the United States tarif law. A perfect ovation to the speaker followed his concluding remarks, in which he said that the very identity of the material interests of Englishmen and Americans pointed out the necessity for both nations standing together in an agreed mutual commercial policy against the rest of the world, and that the disastrous results of free trade throughout England and the marvelious prosperity produced in the United States by the tariff system showed plainly that the future policy of both nations should be that of protection.

Lord Coleridge Interviewed. Nearly every prominent reporter on the English

press has attempted—and failed—to interview Lord Chief Justice Coleridge since his return from Lord Chief Justice Coleridge since his return from the United States. The lord chief justice has so uniformly refused to talk that the siege has been given up as hopeless. Last evening a Globe reporter went out to Lord Coleridge's residence at Good-House, Hyde Park.

The reporter's card being sent in, Lord Coleridge answered it in person. He received the correspondent affably and courteously, saying: "Now tell me frankly what you want. Remember that I got pretty well acquainted with gentlemen of the press during my visit to the United States, where reporters of the greatest excellence abound." The correspondent thereupon stated that the object of his visit was to secure an expression of opinion about Americans and American affairs. The lord chief justice answered with the remark: "Oh, I have columns of gossip about the Americans, but I am not ready just yet to give it out. I have learned to respect your profession so much that I offer an apology for the refusal to be interviewed; but I have enjoyed my visit to the United States so very much more than I expected to, and I feel so grateful to the Americans for the hospitality which they showed me when I was a guest in their country, that I have felt that the greatness of the subject and the peculiarity of my position demand more than usual caution in making statements about what I saw and learned during my visit. I have therefore resolved not to speak of my impressions of Americans and American institutious until I have thoroughly assimilated the, information I of Americans and American institutions until I have thoroughly assimilated the information I gathered in the course of my travels there. When I have done that I intend to make in print a deliberation of the course of the cours erate expression of my opinions, which will be full, and I hope satisfactory. Until that time I shall consider it unwise to even intimate what I

would like to say. I am very much obliged for your courtesy." Gladstone's Remarks at the Lord Mayor's Banquet.

LONDON, November 10-10 p. m.-Mr. Glad-stone's statement at the Lord Mayor's banquet last night concerning the proposed British evacuation of Egypt has set London agog with opposition. Mr. Gladstone, being interviewed to-day upon the subject, said: "What I said has, it appears, been incorrectly reported and misunderstood. It is not intended by the government to entirely evacuate Egypt at present, nor is the way clear to arrange for total evacuation at any particular period in the future. A large part of the army of occupation will be withdrawn according to arrangement early in December. Two thousand of the best troops will, however, be maintained in Egypt, and these will be stationed at Alexandria, where they will remain for an indefinite period. This army will be strengthened if occasion requires. The government will also maintain in active duty in Egyptian waters a large and thoroughly equipped and manned man-of-war.

Queen Victoria Coming to Her Senses. The Queen, having satisfied herself about the many royal monuments to the memory of the late John Brown, "gillie," has turned her attention to the surviving memorials to the late Prince Consort. The Albert memorial in Hyde Park, recognized all over Europe as Park, recognized all over Europe as the finest existing specimen of its peculiar type, has for a long time been a subject of scandal because of the disgracefully neglected condition in which it has been allowed to remain. For william vernon harcourt, the home becretary, caused to be placed before her majesty, recently, a letter he claimed to have received from an Irish dynamiter, giving notice of a plot to destroy the Albert memorial. The home secretary, using this letter, begged the royal permission to take steps to protect the monument. The Queen at once had the memorial examined, and expressed indignation at its shameful condition. She ordered it restored at space, and during the week the regilding has been completed at a cost of \$25,000. Hitherto this beautiful monument has been left entirely unguarded, and at the mercy of romps framps and vandals, in response to the home secretary's request for royal permission to do so, the Queen has ordered him to immediately organize a permanent guard for the memorial, notified him that she will look to him personally for its absolute preservation from injury, and promised to visit and inspect the monument when the work of restoration is sompleted.

De Lesseps in High Glee.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the eminent French engineer, who is at present a guest of Messrs. Murray in Portland place, was called upon this engineer, who is at present a guest of Messrs, Murray in Portland place, was called upon this evening by The Globe representative, and asked what he thought of Mr. Gladstone's references to French affairs at the Lord Mayor's banquet last night. M. de Lesseps smiled and said: "I am not a politician, and therefore will venture upon no public estimate of Mr. Gladstone's remarks about the Tonquin affair*except to say that I thought he spoke warmly, and as a friend of China. But I am pleased beyond measure with what he said concerning my efforts for the conciliation of British interests in the Suez canal. In fact, Mr. Gladstone's assurances to his auditors that he had the utmost faith in my sincerity have induced me to entirely change my programme. I had intended to return at ouce to France, but, after devoting a few days to rest. I shall proceed to take all possible advantage of Mr. Gladstone's hints. I have already begun arrangements for a comprehensive tour of the English provinces and shall start on my object being to visit personally all the ship owners of England, confer fully with them as to their views of what is needed in the way of canal facilities, and draw from them whatever proposals they may have to make, having none of my own to offer. I expect to be busy in this work until the end of the present month, at which time I have agreed to attend a conference of eminent English and French engineers, who will discuss the best methods of improving the canal commuthe present month, at which time I have agreed to attend a conference of eminent English and French engineers, who will discuss the best methods of improving the canal communications of Egypt. My own idea has long been that a second canal ought to be cut, but I find that the prevailing English feeling is in favor of enlarging the present canal, if Great Britain can continue to control it after the improvement. Mr. Gladstone last night said he was sure the friendly conferences between the representatives of the French and English interests would dissipate the misunderstandings existing in this country; and I hope to bring about the accomplishment of this result." Being asked as to the prospects of the Panama canal, M. de Lesseps said: "Oh, there is no doubt about the ultimate success of that undertaking. The work is now proceeding admirably, and we expect to achieve wonders with the aid of the new steam dredges which we found in the United States, and have adopted for the work of excavation. There is a misunderstanding about the capital for this enterprise. All the money needed can be had at a moment's notice, but hitherto we have only called for what we have actually needed for the work in hand, and thus money needed can be had at a moment's notice, but hitherto we have only called for what we have actually needed for the work in hand, and thus far our expenditures have been much below what we had calculated they would be for the amount of work done. I myself have taken but little interest in the work of raising money. I am not a financier, but an engineer, and I never ask apitalists for money to carry out my plans. I

Radical Opposition to Tyranny in Ireland. Radical Opposition to Tyranny in Ireland.

Mr. Parneil has secured the co-operation of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, chairman of the Board of Trade, and of his Liberal colleagues in the cabinet in his efforts to bring about a relaxation of the repressive policy of the Irish government towards the National League. Earl Spencer, the Irish viceroy, has been given strong hints that the cabinet cannot approve of any continuance of his policy of proclaiming league meetings upon mere assumptions that they will be disturbed by Orange societies. The Lord Leutenant has sharply resented these intimations, and has demanded absolute freedom in his choice of methods for what he calls the suppression of revolution in Ireland, and has threatened to resign if his powers in this respect interfered with from London. Mr. Healy is literated with mr. Healy is literated with from London. Mr. Healy is literated with mr. Healy is literated with from London. Mr. Healy is literated with Mr. Parnell has secured the co-operation of the

have always had very strong supporters among capitalists, who have looked out for these matters.

The Unveiling of the Luther Monument at Eisleben, the birthplace of the great reformer, took place today instead of on Sunday. former, took place today instead of on Sunday, as originally announced. The ceramonies were very impressive, and were regarded with great interest and enthusiasm by a vast concourse of spectators, many of whom had come long distances to do honor to Luther's memory. Much disappointment was caused by the absence of members of the royal family, two of whom—the crown prince and Prince William—had expected to be present. Owing, however, to the proposed visit of the crown prince to Spain, he was unable to be present, and in place of his own appearance he sent a congratulatory despatch from Berlin. Several ministers of state and other high dignataries were present, but the affair proved a partial failure, owing to the incapacity of the local committee of arrangements. There were no illuminations in the evening.

All the schools in three townships of Moravia have had to be closed because of prevalence of The Germans resident in Russia have raised a

The Germans resident in Russia have raised a subscription of \$150,000 towards establishing German classes in the different universities and semuaries of Russia.

The popular movement in Saxony in favor of teaching all children while attending the public schools the art of earning a livelihood and in specially appointed workshops attached to the schools will probably prove successful.

The various Socialistic clubs of the city are preparing to make a great demonstration on the occasion of the meeting at Memorial Hall on Friday, which is to be addressed by Rev. Mr. Hocker. The anti-semitic views which the reverend gentleman proposes to expound are very distasteful to English Socialists.

Several of the London newspapers have re-

distasteful to English Socialists.

Several of the London newspapers have recently published articles suggesting the establishment at New York of homes for the reception of English girts who emigrate with the intention of becoming domestic servants. English ladies have expressed their willingness to organize a system of selection and send a continuous supply of well-qualified girls for employment as household servants. hold servants.

hold servants.

The Poles of western Russia have taken the hint afforded by Bismarck's recently announced suggestion for the restoration of the kingdom of Poland as a check to Russian advance, and are making every effort to unity all the Poles. The united Polish societies have resumed the agitation for the establishment in the city of Posen of an excusively Polish university for the purpose of securing an additional safeguard against the Germanization of the Prussian Poles. The German Protestants throughout Posen are enthusiastically celebrating the Luther centennial.

Alarming Illness of Prince Bismarck.

(By Cable to The Boston Globe.1 BERLIN, November 12 .- It is reported that the illness of Prince Bismarck has increased to a serious extent, and that his friends have become alarmed at the severity and length of this last attack of jaunaice. Notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Struck of Berlin is with the chancellor at Friedrichsruhe a despatch was sept to Municul last night summoning Dr. Schwenninger, another of the prince's physicians, to his bedside.

A DISEASE OF CATTLE.

"Swell Head" in Chicago-Slight Danger of

inent cattle shipper at Brighton yesterday in response to an inquiry by a Globe man regarding the "swell head" disease, reported to have broken out in the Chicago stock yards.

"Is this disease something new, or is its nature "Is this disease state dealers?" already understood by cattle dealers?"
"From what I have read of the complaint, I am
"From what I have read of the same disease "From what I have read of the complaint, I am inclined to believe that it is the same disease which broke out some six or seven years ago, and which caused such a stir among the public at the time. From the scanty reports that come from Chicago concerning the matter, I am inclined to think that the disease is not of such great extent asto cause any general feeling of alarm among dealers or consumers."

"I suppose," remarked the reporter, "that there is some possibility of the trouble being brought East?"

"Of course there is a possibility; but, in my opinion, not a probability, owing to the fact that

opinion, not a probability, owing to the fact that the authorities at Chicago are exercising the

opinion, not a probability, owing to the fact that the authorities at Chicago are exercising the greatest vigilance and precaution to prevent its spread, so that there is hardly a chance for an animal afflicted with the disease to be shipped here or elsewhere. I think that the measures that have been taken in Chicago will be found amply sufficient to meet the emergency."

"What are the probable causes of the disease?"

"That is largely a matter of theory, although investigations show that one of the causes is the lodgment of animaleula or incroscopic plants in the teeth. When the disease extends to the jaws it nearly always proves fatal."

"Is the disease contagious?"

"Generally speaking, it is, and it may even be communicated to human beings. Healthy catile are not so likely to contract the disease as poor ones, and I think that the outbreak in Chicago may be traced to the fact that the present is a season in which many low grade cattle are placed upon the market."

"What precautions have been taken at this end to prevent the appearance or spread of the disease?"

"Everything that our many years' experience."

"Everything that our many years' experience tells us is best calculated to meet the difficulty. I have not the slightest fear that the trouble will obtain a foothold here, so that the public need not be alarmed, at least for the present."

THE DANCER FROM HOUNDS. Dogs Made Mad by Smell of Blood Threaten

to Devour a Wounded Man. NEW PALESTINE, O., November 11 .- Mr. Nicholas Yerger, a very prominent young cooper resid-ing about four miles from town, met with a most singular accident while out hunting, by which he lost one leg and came near being devoured by dogs. He was returning with Charles Williams from a hunt, and as they were walking along on the hard road and as they were walking along on the hard road young Yerger was just changing his gun from one shoulder to the other, when both barrels became loose by the key near the cock falling out, and the loaded barrels falling on the hard ground were exploded with fearful force just under Yerger, who had one leg completely shattered near the knee. His companion, Williams, saw him fall and rushed to his relief, and seeing the wounded leg pulled off his coat and bandaged it to prevent the blood flowing. Williams then had a most thrilling adventure, for their hunting hounds smelled the blood and made a mad rush for poor Yerger, who lay suffering intense agony on the ground. Williams made a herole fight to beat back the bloodthirsty hounds, and after screaming for help he threw all

SAN FRANCISCO, November 12.-Aggie Hill, who is suing Senator Sharon for a divorce and a to produce the alleged marriage contract until informed by the judge that if she did not, it would be ruled out as evidence and only regarded as waste paper. She then produced it, Senator Sharon, after seeing it, denounced it as a forgery in such indignant terms that the judge ordered him to be removed from the court. The document will remain in the possession of the clerk of the court until a large photograph of it is taken.

The Iron Market Unsettled. PITTSBURG, Penn., November 12.—Oliver Brothers' rolling mill in Allegheny City has shut TRIMMING PALLIS' FEET

Barnum's Chiropodist Cutting the Corns of Elephants.

He Uses a Drawing-Knife Instead of the Legendary Razor.

Feverish Albert No Better-Jumbo's Joy.

BRIDGEPORT, November 12.-Thursday Professor George Arstingstall and four assistants were occupied all day in trimming the feet of two elephants. The operation is performed three times a year-once on the road, once in the fall, and again in the spring. The sole of an elephant's foot is heavily covered with a thick horny substance of material similar to the three toe-nails upon each foot, and as it grows thicker and thicker it tends to contract and crack, often laming the animal. When the work of trimming is undertaken, the elephant stands upon three legs and places the foot to be operated upon across a big tub. Two men hold the leg down and one stands at the animal's head to prevent him from turning. Then Professor Arstingstall, with a two-foot drawing-knife, proceeds to shave off great pieces of bone from the sole of the foot. Shavpieces of bone from the sole of the foot. Shavings of bone six inches by four and a quarter of an inch thick are rapidly cut, the edges of the foot being carefully trimmed. Often pieces of glass, wire, nails, etc., are found imbedded in the foot, which have been picked up during street parades. Sometimes these irritating morsels work up into the leg and produce a festering sore. A large nail was found yesterday in Palhis's foot imbedded over three inches from the bottom. Professor Arstingstall extracted it with a small pair of pincers, then syringed the wound with warm water, and subsequently covered it with tar. The professor, when hurried on the road, sometimes draws out such nails with his teeth. Pallis apparently suffered great pain, but seemed to know that the operation would give relief. He held the foot high and quietly of his own accord until all was finished, then seemed to know that the operation would give relief. He held the toot high and quietly of his own accord until all was finished, then flourished his trank, trumpeted, and expressed almost in words his sincere thanks. After paring the foot each toe-nail is cut between and then filed down, riving each foot a white, clean look with its setting of polished nails. It takes about six hours to finish dressing an elephant's feet, and it is said to be one of the hardest bits of work that men have to do. While busy making the chips fly, Professor Arstingstail said: "Did you know that three times around an elephant's front hoof is his exact height?" "No. Is that so?" "Yes, and to prove it, look here." Then he proceeded to measure the front foot of the brute and three times its circumference was found, by mounting a ladder, to be the exact height of the animal.

"How's Albert; any better?"

"No, sir," said the professor. "I'll tell you what I have been trying to do, but it's a secret, and you must not say anything about it. You know in prisons sometimes a chemical solution is placed in the food of convicts to drive out of their systems any fever or ugliness like that which now affects Albert. Well, I have been giving Albert quarts of this same 'muskin killer,' but it has not the slightest effect upon him. I'm afraid he's a hopeless case."

"What have you got so many chains on Jumbo"

"What have you got so many chains on Jumbo "What have you got so many chains on Jumbo for?"

"Oh, that's because he is so happy and playful, because of getting back to his winter home. Yesterday he felt pretty good, and he is such a tremendous playfellow that Mr. Scott and I thought a few tons of chain would tend to place a little restraint upon his boyish ways. Just walk over here and look at the side of the building."

The building is well braced outside with eightinch beams, and inside is covered with five thicknesses of four-inch plank, making twenty inches of solid oak wall. Jumbo had placed his huge tusks against this wall, and with a few playful pushes had split and broken these planks into broom splints. A slight way of his trunk towards Pallis nearly knocked that worthy off his feet. Yet Mr. Scott trots around this monster's legs and does not seem to mind Jumbo any more than Jumbo does Mr. Scott.

SEEKING AN OWNER FOR SID.000. The Heirs of Lillie G. McBride Invited to Step Forward.

PHILADELFHIA, November 12 .- A firm of law-Bride, the heiress of \$10,000, with accumulated interest. She is supposed to be in Philadelphia, but it is not exactly known if she is dead or alive. Her heirs are invited to step or alive. Her heirs are invited to step forward. The office of the gentlemen who are looking for the lady was blocked for a long time yesterday by all sorts of applicants. The first claimant was a man with a face exhibiting a remarkable area of upper lip. He was down at the office a little after 6 in the morning, and waited till it opened at 8.

"What's your name?" asked the lawyer, suspiciously eying him.

"What's your name?" asked the lawyer, suspiciously eying him.
"William Henry McBride," was the answer.
"What do you know of Lilly G. McBride?" pursued the man of Revised Statutes.
"Nothing. I never saw her, but I guess she's a relative of mine. All people of that name are. She must have come from Ireland, and that's the country I'm from. God bless it. Now, judge, I'll take the \$10,000. I would like it in notes of a big denomination, although I don't object to a little take the \$10,000. I would like it in notes of a big denomination, although I don't object to a little gold. I suppose my receipt will be sufficient?"

The lawyer explained, greatly to the claimant's surprise and mortification, that it wouldn't.

"I really thought that I was the first," said the man, disheartened.

"You thought it was a general scramble and the first fellow got the spoils," said the lawyer, laughing.

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1)"I've proved my claim," moaned the man, "and I'm here long before any one else, and I expected to get the money." Then he went away.

Next came a woman named Smith who carried a baby. Following her was a hod-carrier with a broken nose. Neither of them had ever been related to the McBride family, but both wanted the money. At noon the lawyer yawned wearly, having interviewed about 100 claimants, all without the shadow of a claim. There was a music master, a drover, a car conductor and an emaciated painter in the office at one time. The most difficult man to deal with was a drunken pugilist with one arm in a sling.

OCEANS OF MILK.

Important Part the Gentle Cow Plays in the Economy of the Nation.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., November 11 .- "There are nearly \$2,000,250,000 invested in the dairy ing business in this country," said an officer of the Erie Milk Producers' Association yesterday, "That amount is almost double the money invested in banking and commercial industries. It is estimated that it requires 15,000,000 cows to supply the demand for milk and its products in the United States. To feed these cows 60,000,000 acres of land are under cultivation. The agricultural and dairy machinery and implements in use are worth over \$200,000,000. The men employed in the business number 700,000, and the horses nearly 1,000,000. The cows and horses consume annually 30,000,000 tons of hay, nearly 90,000,000 bushels of corn meal, about the same amount of oatmeal. 275,000,000 bushels of oats. 2,000,000 bushels of bran, and 30,000,000 bushels of corn, to say nothing of the brewery grains and questionable food of various kinds that is used to a great extent. It costs \$400,000,000 to feed these cows and horses. The average price paid to the laborers necessary in the dairy basiness is probably \$20 a month, amounting to \$105,000,000 a year. The average cow yields about 450 gallons of milk a year, giving a total prounct of 6,750,000,000 gallons. Twelve cents a gallon is a fair price to estimate the value of this milk at, a total return to the dairy farmer of \$810,000,000.

Fifty per cent. of the milk is made into cheese and butter. It takes twenty-seven pounds of milk to make one pound of butter, and about ten pounds of milk to make one pound of cheese. There is the same amount of nutrition in three and one-half pounds of milk that there is in one pounds of heef. A fat steer furnishes 50 per cent. of boneless beef, but it would require about 24,000,000 steers, weighing 1500 pounds each, to produce the same amount of nutrition as the annual milk product does."

Mr. Lawson Melton of this city has a mirror in the side of one of his stables, and he has a horse which goes every day several times and looks at himself with a peculiar air of personal pride, as if he were a young dandy. He steps before the glass, takes a look at his face, then he turns and scrutinizes himself from side to side with critical inspection of his form and proportions, and when he is satisfied with his masculine bangs and the graceful flow of his mane and tall he goes away.

A Dog Doing the Grand Tour. [Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser.]

An ownerless dog is going the rounds of the

tail or were pasted on his back. He is rather a large spaniel, by no means an ill-favored cur, and takes his hard luck philosophically. The labels showed he had been in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and several cities in this State. He was probably unclaimed property at the start, and has since been passed along by the agents. He is not caged in a box, but simply fied by a cord and hustled into the express car. Agent Burr saw that he was properly fed, and will start him on his travels again this afternoon. The dog does not seem to suffer a particle from his enforced pilgrimage.

TRUSTING THE WRONG MAN. Newburg People Looking in Vain for \$350, 600-Very Questionable Transactions of

Judge Taylor Coming to Light.

New York, November 12,—James W. Taylor, a prominent lawyer of Newburg, died in March. Thursday a suit was brought before JusticeCullen in Brooklyn as to the ownership of a mortgage for \$5000 which was found in his assets, It was brought by Reuben Treve against William Taylor's will. Decision was reserved.

Judge James W. Taylor managed the estates of many of the wealthlest people in this neighborhood, who had great confidence in his integrity and a lifty, and handled a large amount of trust funds. Loose management was suspected some time before he died, and an investigation by temporary administrators demonstrate that it had existed for a long time. He was believed to be wealtby. He fived in good style in a fashionable quarter, and occupied the finest office in Newburg. He did an immense business in conveyancing and lonning money, but his court business was light. When his defaleation became known the greatest surprise was manifested by his clients. It was like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. A few suspicious ones ind foreseen it and withdrawn their funds, thus saving large sums. When the investigation was made it was ascertained that the heaviest losers. In some cases people were greatly embarrassed, and in others whole estates were swept away. One of the heaviest losers said that it had been discovered that the judge had been operating in oil. "It is remortable." Judge James W. Taylor managed the estates of In others whole estates were swept away. One of the heaviest losers said that it had been discovered that the judge had been operating in oil. "It is remarkable," he added, "that a man could operate in Wali street, and in oil, and get through \$300,000 or \$400,000 in the last five of six years without any one being able to discover or detect how it was done." The heaviest losers were: Estate of Philip Verplanck, over \$110,000; Thomas C. Vernot of Newburg, about \$80,000; estate of Charles Reeve, \$28,000; keuben Q. Reeve, \$10,000 individually, and as an executor, \$8000 or \$10,000 more; estate of Hudson McFarland, \$16,000; estate of Israel Knapp, \$40,000 or \$50,000; estate of Israel Knapp, \$40,000 or \$50,000; estate of Israel Knapp, \$40,000; estate of Dr. Gardner and estate of Daniel Buoker, each \$8000; Joel T. Headley, \$1000; estates of John Chenie, Mrs. Chapman, Rev. John Brown, Mrs. Ms. J. Fowler and several others, each from \$1000 to \$2000.

Pere Hyacinthe's Address at a Washington Reception-An Eloquent Discussion of the Catholic Church

WASHINGTON, November 12 .- Dr. and Mrs. Bartlett of the First Presbyterian Church gave reception at their residence here this afternoon in honor of Pere Hyacinthe. It is the first public reception tendered the dis-

It is the first public reception tendered the distinguished divine since his arrival in this country. There were present the justice of the Supreme Court, members of the cabinet and many other distinguished ladies and gentlemen in official and private circles. A pleasant surprise to most of the guests was an address by Father Hyacinthe. The massive, strongly marked features of the cloquent speaker were lit up with the glow of earnest conviction, the powerful short frame was animated with abundant French gestures, as he poured forth to his breathlessly attentive audience the views he held as a Reformed Catholic. Though he protests, he says he is not a Protestant, nor is he a Roman Catholic. He is a Catholic reformed.

He spoke of the two tremendous shocks sustained by the Catholic church, the Reformation and the French revolution, and of the wonderful unity which had enabled the church to survive them. On the errors of the church he said he would not dwell—they were too familiar to a gathering of intelligent Protestants—but at some length he spoke of the difference between catholicism and the papacy. If it were in his power, he said, at one blow to sweep away the hierarchy, not for one lustant would he hesitate to do it, and at the moment he looked quite capable of doing it.

His hery energy softened into tenderness as he

do it, and at the moment he of doing it.

His hery energy softened into tenderness as he spoke of the wide gulf in the Catholic church between the altar and the fireside. The strength of the Anglo-Saxon race—that which gave them power and permanence wherever they established themselves—in Australia, in the United States, in Canada, was the family, the holiness of the family relation, the Bible in the ness of his own life as a priest, a husband and a father, and very gracefully to the beautiful Christian home of Dr. and Mrs. Bartlett. In a Christian home of Dr. and Mrs. Bartlett. In a wonderful burst of eloquence he closed by quoting and explaining the prophecy of St. Joachim of Florence, who prophesied in the twelfth century: "The world will see three churches, St. Peier's, St. Paul's and St. John's," the church of authority, the church of faith and works, and the grand, universal, truly catholic church of love, uniting all hearts on that great common basis, lifting them up through love of one another to that higher plane where love to God is supreme.

A NEW WHITE HOUSE ADVOCATED.

Desirability of Distinguishing Between the President's Public and Private Life. WASHINGTON. November 12 .- An effort is on oot to persuade Congress to appropriate sufficient funds to build a new White House. Enough has been expended on the old edifice within the past ten years to build a handsome new residence, and yet the old building now is very far from what a president's house should be. Some of the statesmen who have a view to providing for of the statesmen who have a view to providing for the comfort of future presidents urge grave objections to some features of the White House, and unite with some of the present and past occupants in complaining that the president is the only resident of the country in private or official life who cannot retire into the privacy of a house where the public are excluded and the sanctity of a home observed. This is so marked a defect in the White House, so public are its cofridors and vast apariments, and so constantly is it open to the inspection of visitors that the opinion is very generally expressed that in future the White House will be converted into the Executive Department rather than the residence of the president, and his public office, his reception-rooms and his official surroundings be separate and distinct from his private residence. It is not improbable that in the future the president will have a residence in the fashionable portion of the city, while the White House will be remodelled to accommodate a grand state dining-room, reception rooms and a grand state dining-room, reception rooms and all that pertains to the public side of the life of a chief executive.

A NATIONAL PARK.

W. W Corcoran and Other Philanthropists Desirous of Locating One in Rock Creek

Washington, November 8.—Today Mr. W. W. Corcoran, ex-Chief Justice Strong and ex-Commissioner Dent waited upon the District commissioners to discuss the project of utilizing the beautiful valley of Rock creek for a grand national park, and to urge the commissioners to include in their recommendations to Congress this plan; also to ask for an appropria-Congress this plan; also to ask for an appropriation sufficient to purchase the land in this valley. A map accompanied the report for 1879, showing the plan of the proposed park. The surrounding land necessary to be purchased would be about 3000 acres, generally rocky and on the hillsides, which would not cost the government above \$500,000, the average price being less than \$100 per acre. This scheme is regarded as a philanthropic and grand one in all its details, and but very little cost would be entailed further than the construction of a dam across Rock creek and the enclosure of the premises. The ornamentation could be added from time to time by Congress when it might be deemed expedient.

Amended Civil Service Rules.

WASHINGTON, November 12.—There will be but few changes in the amended civil service rules, soon to be promulgated. One of the amendments will provide that no applicant filing a long examination shall be admitted to another within six months without the consent of the committee. The postmasters and collectors will be required to keep the examining boards informed as to the appointments and promotions at their offices. One amendment, perhaps the most important one, will introduce a new principle, prohibiting the appointing power in all government bureaus from making any discriminations in selections for appointment on account of political or religious affiliation or opinion. soon to be promulgated. One or the amendments

ment at the Manhattan Chess Club rooms, in-United States express offices and reached Auburn on his travels this morning. He was heavily placarded from tip to tip, and around his neck hung a huge pasteboard containing two or three dozen labels, while others dangled from his

HEWITT ON BOSSISM

What He Thinks of the Political Prospects.

He Confidently Claims That the Days of the One-Man Power Are Limited.

National Prosperity Certain to Follow the Fullest Freedom.

NEW YORK, November 12. - Congressman ble candidate for the presidency, arrived in the White Star steamer Germanic this morning from an extended tour through Europe. His family remained abroad, and are now travelling in Italy. Mr. Hewitt had not learned of the great reduction in the Democratic majority of New York, and the announcement gave him considerable surprise. "To what do I attribute it?" he said, "That is a question that I am not fully prepared to answer, not having inquired into the political causes that produced this result."

"What effect do you think the reduction will have upon the presidential election?" "That is a question of minor significance. The future of the United States does not depend upon the election of a Democratic or Republican president. The great Issue of the day is: Shall the principles upon which our government is founded still be maintained, or shall they be subverted by the machine rule that exists from Massachusetts to Virginia? If the great Democratic loss in New York will have the effect of weakening the power of the bosses in this State, the loss will not have been without its good effects: in fact, I may say, that it is a healthful indication that the people have asserted their prerogative of expressing themselves through the ballot-box as their convictions dictate, irrespective of the wishes of lenders whom they had begun to distrust. The full time for the demolition of the great machine government is at hand," continued Mr. Hewitt, "Its power must be broken, or unconsciously we will drift into a whirlpool of despotism as arbitrary as that of any in Europe, under the cloak of freedom and constitutional liberty. Unprincipled politicians will hold the reins of nower, the people will groan beneath unjust taxes, and their interests will be secondary to those of the men whom their votes have placed in office. The United States is the greatest nation in the world, and it has achieved its greatness and position among nations by the very avenues that are being blocked by demagogues and political tricksters. Let us run the gammt of the commercial greatness of the principal nations and we will find that where the fullest freedom exists national prosperity follows in proportion. First comes England, next France, then Germany, Austria and Turkey. Under the vivifying effects of a Democratic rule Greece is coming to the front in the runk of nations, and her manufactures are receiving a new impecus. In fact," said Mr. Hewitt, as he stepped into a carriage that awaited him at the wharf, "I am too full of war agalust the growing power that is jeopardizing our nation to talk in detail of anyother subject "That is a question of minor significance. The future of the United States does not depend upon

Arresting a Man for a Crime of Eighteen Years' Standing-A Virginian Who Endeavored in the West to Outlive His

Past Record. MARTINSBURG, Va., November 12 .- Robert V punishment for eighteen years. The records of April 17, 1865, Evans was indicted, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years for horse stealing. John W. Pitzer, who was sheriff at the time, started with the who was sheriff at the time, started with the prisoner for Moundsville. After passing Grafton, it was found first the bird had taken flight and was nowhere to be found. Nothing was heard of him until this summer, when he returned to Berkley county, and was arrested and placed in the county fall. Evans says that after passing through Grafton the train on which Sheriff Pixer had Evans stopped at some point not known to the prisoner, and, seeing an apporturity he gave the sheriff the sing and opportunity, he gave the shrift the shrift may arradually made his way back to his home in this county. In February, 1866, becoming thred of evading arrest, he started for Ohio, taking the cars at Hagerstown, Md., and went to London, Richland county, Ohio, where he made his home. In the following January he married his cousin, Miss Mary V. Evans, who knew nothing of his past adventures. In April of this year he concluded to return with his family to his old home in Berkley county. He arrived here early in the summer, settled with his wife and seven children, the latter ranging in age from four months to fifteen years. He has been leading a steady, industrious life, trying to make a comfortable living for his family, but it was not long before neighbors began to talk about their new friends, and it was discovered that the head of the family was the same person who eighteen years ago made his escape and had never been heard of. The detective who made the arrest said that it was the saddest duty he has ever had to discharge in his life, the wife and children crying and begging for papa, one little follow, in particular, holding on to his father when he was going out of the door and crying, "Oh, mister, don't take my papa away."

Before Evans was taken away he turned to his wife and said: "Wite, this is for an offence committed before I married you. Try and bear up under this affiletion and take care of our children until I return."

He will be taken to the penitentiary tomorrow to serve his term of three years unless pardoned by the Governor. A strong petition will be presented to his excellency for a pardon on account of his distressed family and the reformed life he has been living for the last eighteen years. SPIRITUALISTS DIGGING FOR GOLD.

Queer Night Conduct by a Party of Enthusiastic Believers in Mediums.

ELMIRA, N. Y., November 12 .- Some men and women who claim to be Spiritualists have been digging for gold on the farm of Wood Demarest, near Chemung, on the Mount Zoar road. The spot where the digging was done is out of view of the farm house and the road. For three successive nights the manager of the farm of Catherine Sly, which adjoins that of Mr. Demarest, was awakened just before midnight by men and women passing the house. On the fourth night he followed them. When they arrived at the spot where they had been digging, the party, consisting of nine men and four women, formed in a circle round a hole in the ground and began a series of incantations and went through some queer movements. At one side a fire had been kindled, and above this hung a small iron pot, in which one of the women was brewing a mixture, all the time keeping up the same singing as the others.

the others.
At 12 o'clock the pot was lifted from the fire and At 12 o'clock the pot was lifted from the fire and its contents thrown into the hole and then the men fell to work digging with all their might, while the women gathered around the fire and chatted. The men worked until 4 o'clock and then hid their tools and the iron pot in a hollow tree near by and started for their homes. The next day Mr. Demarest was informed of the transaction, and with Mrs, Sly's farm manager went to the lot where the digging had been done. There they found the things as described. A large hole about twenty feet square and ten feet deep had been dug and the loose earth had been piled up around the pit. The next night a watch was kept and when the operations were fairly under way Mr. Demarest stepped into the circle and demanded an explanation.

When the party had recovered from their sur-

When the party had recovered from their sur-When the party had recovered from their surprise, one of the number, acting as spekesman, told Mr. Demarest that they were Spiritualists; that they had repeated assurances from the spirits of their departed friends that there was gold in that particular spot; that they had been commanded to go there at 12 o'clock and, after performing the incantations described, to dig in a spot which was marked, and they would find gold. There were to be thirteen of them, and under no circumstances must they work after 4 o'clock. He said they were sure they would find the gold. Mr. Demarest put a stop to their proceedings and threatened, if he found them there again, to have them arrested. That was the last time they have been seen there.

Simon Cameron on Virginia. WASHINGTON, November 10 .- The venerable ex-Senator Simon Cameron is here, not entirely recovered from his fall last summer. He will go South for the winter. He talks of politics enough to say that the Danville outrage was the cause of Mahone's efecat, and that it will have a bad effect upon the South. A solid South, he says, always makes a solid North.

Madison, Wis., November 10.—Last September the commissioners of public lands of Wisconsin

auction. Upon the strength of certain reports the commissioners made an investigation and found

that a pool of speculators had bought lands at a minimum price and resold them at an advance of from \$50,000 to\$100,000 above the price realized to the State. The commissioners, after a hearing, became convinced that a fraudulent combination was made, and set aside the sales. The lands belong to the educational and drainage funds of the Collapse of a Wing of the Wissing.

TO RUN THE NORWOOD PROPERTY. A Proposition Made by the Depositors of the Broken St. Albans Bank.

by propositions looking to getting as much as possible cut of it for the depositors. It is now proposed that A. O. Brainerd and E. P. Calton have sixty days' option to purchase the property at \$200,000, Calton to be released from any liability on his paper held by the trust company; second, that Mr. Brainerd shall run the property in the interest of the depositors, selling off the personal stock and thus reducing the cash property to \$75,000 for the real estate, and after this is done the property is to be divided in shares among the unpreferred depositors and managed for their benefit; third, that if the \$200,000 plan does not work, and no syndicate of depositors formed to take the property within a year's time, A. O. Brainerd has the property for his own use. Under the first proposition the depositors would net \$170,000 from the property, after the assignee's tees and preferred claims have been paid. The depositors were well represented at the sale, and Brainerd's purchase of the property, with the subsequent plans as mentioned, seemed the very best thing that could be done. The parties present meant to bid off the property for a mere song, but Mr. Brainerd's bid spoiled that scheme. on his paper held by the trust company; second

BLOWN INTO ETERNITY.

Buried Beneath the Waves.

NEWYORK, November 12,-At about 11 o'clock on Friday morning a terrible explosion took place on board of a tugboat which was steaming up the Harlem river, while opposite the Ward's Island ferry, at One Hundred and Tenth street. The boat was blown to atoms, and splinters and planking were thrown high into the air. The tug sank almost instantly, carrying with it the larger portion of her crew. Small boats from all parts of the river rowed rapidly to the scene of the disaster, in order to rescue those who might have escaped and were about in the water. The police boat Patrol, arrived upon the spot a short time after the accident had occurred, and her officers succeeded in rescuing one of the crew of the ill-fated boat. From this man it was learned that besides himself four others, including the capitalia and engineer, were on board at the time the explosion took place. A search was made by the officer of the police boat, but they had been unsuccessful up to the time of sending this telegram. It is supposed that the rest of the crew were killed instantly and carried beneath the waters by the sinking craft. The deck hand who was picked up had received serious injuries, and was taken to the killed is

precinct station.

Later.—The only person known to be killed is Allman Lewis, aged 24, mate of the schooner Annie L. Palmer, which was in tow of the tugboat J. M. Thompson. Three persons who were on the Thompson are missing. It is almost certain that they were drowned, They are Captain Earlis, his wife, and John Kelly, the cook. Charles Kelly, the engineer, and father of the cook, was tatally injured. The boat was old and rotten, and is said to have been utterly unfit for service.

A WOULD BE MOTHER And Her Scheme to Outwit a Would-be

Grandmother.

NEW BEDFORD, November 9 .- A lady having tated that she would deposit one thousand dol lars in a savings bank for the benefit of her first grandchild, her son's wife concocted a scheme to grandchild, her son's wife concocted a scheme to obtain possession of the money. She told her friends that she expected to become a mother, and later went to a Boston lying-in hospital and procured a baby, with whom she retired to a sequestered locality in Fair Haven, and in a few weeks appeared in New Bedford with a child, claiming him as her own. The lady who was thus fictificusty installed with the dignity of a grandmother was suspicious and investigated the matter, and finally refused to make the deposit. The would-be mother then endeavored to replace the borrowed light in the hospital from whence it was taken, but was unsuccessful. She then applied to the overseers of the poor in New Bedford and they sent the baby today to the Massachusetts infant asylum.

A CLEW TO AN HEIR.

One Brother in Search of Another to Share

NEW YORK, November 12 .- About ten days ag Gustave Langenberg, a fresco painter from Dus three months looking for his brother Carl, called on Police Superintendent Walling to seek his aid on Police Superintendent Walling to seek his aid in the search, which, however, proved unsuccessful, and Langenberg sailed for Nice, France. The brothers had, since Carl's disappearance from Germany in 1877, become heirs to an estate valued at \$200,000, and Gustave was in search of Carl to inform him of his good fortune. Today Superintendent Walling received a letter from McKeesport, Penn., signed Carl Langenberg, which appears to be genuine, and which asks Mr. Walling to tell his brother Gustave to send him \$200 to enable him to pay his debts and come to claim his inheritance. The superintendent has sent the letter to Nice.

HOLDING ON TO LIFE BY A TWIC. A Student Hanging Over a Precipice Nearly

All Night. EASTHAMPTON, November 12 .- A singular accilent occurred to Henry C. Osgood, a seminary student, Wednesday evening. Osgood and two of his chums went up on the mountain in the afternoon, chums went up on the mountain in the afternoon, and in the evening they attempted to make a short cut by coming down at a point where the mountain is very steep and rocky. In doing so Osgood lost his foothold and sild down some forty feet on the loose rock, but caught a twig just in time to escape death by going over the precipice. His friends could do nothing for him without help, so, building a fre that their rescuers might find them in the darkness, one remained to encourage him to hold on, while the other student went to the village for help. Men went to the mountain with ropes, and before morning he was rescued from his perlious position.

LOVE ON A LARGE SCALE. Giant and Giantess Smitten at First Sight

by Each Other's Shape. PITTSBURG, November 8 .- Patrick O'Brien, the Irish giant, 7 feet 11 inches high, weighing 360 ess, 7 feet 10 inches high, weighing 340 pounds, now on exhibition in Harris' Museum, this city, will be married on the 20th prox. This is a case of love at first sight, neither party having seen the other previous to their engazement here last week.

Milford, Penn., November 12.—The grand-mother of Ammie Cheever, who was found murdered on his woodpile in Dingman township two weeks ago, lives in Boston. Cheever was shot some time on Saturday, October 27, but the fact was not known until the following day. On Satwas not known that the following day. On Saturday forenoon Chieever's grandmother suddenly arose from her chair and shrieked: "Animie is killed!" She could not be quieted. She persisted that her grandson had been murdered. A few hours later the news of the murder reached the house.

Some Remarkable Figures from the South From interviews with the governors of the Southern States, namely, Alabama, Arkansas, Southern States, namely, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia, the New Orleans Times-Democrat makes a table of assessments showing that since 1879 there has been an aggregate increase in wealth of \$640,707,000; that \$300,000,000 has been invested in railroads in these States, and that the railroad mileage has been increased from 17,260 to 26,049. Cotton manufacturing in Alabama, Georgia and North and South Carolina has increased from 128 to 150 miles.

Randall's Chances Strengthened. WASHINGTON, November 12 .- The recent el ions strengthen the chances of Mr. Randall for the speakership. They argue that it will be necessary speakership. They argue that it will be necessary to act conservatively on the tariff issue and that. Randall is about the only candidate who has not promised in advance to make a complete revision of the tariff if elected. It is well known here in political circles that a syndicate of business men, including many Republicans, have been writing to leading members of the next House, asking them to support Randall for speaker. What effect this will have it is impossible to say.

Playing Chess Blindfolded. NEW YORK, November 12 .- The twelve games of chess begun Saturday night by Zukertort, the celebrated player, in which he played against twelve opponents simultaneously, he being blind-loided, ended at 4 o'clock Sunday morning, after eight hours' playing, Zukertort winning four eight-hours' playing, Zukertort wing games, losing six and two being drawn.

"ROUGH ON CORNS," 15c .- Ask for it. Com

consin State House.

St. Albans, Vt., November 12.—The sale of the Norwood property to A. O. Brainerd is followed

A Pagult of Wash Construction A Result of Weak Construction.

> A Falling Roof in Cincinnati-One Workman Killed and Two Injured.

CHICAGO, November 8 .- A United Press special from Madison, Wis., says: The iron roof, inside walls and stone columns of the south end of the new wing of the State Capitol fell this afternoon with a tremendous crash. The massive iron columns were crushed like glass. The structure was supposed to be strong enough to stand for a century. Forty men were carried down to the basement and buried in the debris. The dead and wounded were taken into the offices of the Capitol, where the entire medical profession of the city was in attendance. A great cloud of dust arising from the ruins marks the spot where the disaster occurred. Thousands assembled, and in a few moments the work of rescue began. The a few monvents the work of rescue began. The scene immediately after the accident was horrifying in the extreme. Within the building could be seen victims caught in the ruins, some of then suspended by their legs, others in torturing positions. Had the crash occurred a few minutes later, the entire force of carpenters and gashiters would have swelled the list of casualites.

The contractors of the fatal structure are Bentley and Nolan, the former of Milwaukee and the latter of Janesville. The loss financially will be very many thousands. A prominent architect says that the walls supporting the heavy tron bilars were too light in construction and of poor material, which was the key to the collapse.

FALL OF ANOTHER ROOF Severely Injures Three Men at Cincinnati.

One of them Fatally. CINCINNATI, November 8,-About 11 o'clock this morning the neighbors in the vicinity of Dayton and Coleman streets were startled by the loud crash of falling timbers and plasterloud crash of falling timbers and plastering, and when several men rushed to the scene of the affair two men were found to be badily injured by the fall of a part of the roof of a house now being repaired on Coleman street. Frank Schumann was philoned in the edge of the building between the brick wall and the joists. Part of the roof had fallen across his stomach, holding him fast until six men released him. The other men are Frank Huber, hving at Laurel and Bay-Miller streets, and James Edwards, a colored youth. Edwards was only slightly injured. Huber is fearfully bruised all over the body, and will probably die, Schumann was taken to the City Hospital and the others were conveyed to their homes in the patrol wagon. Schumann's injuries may prove fafal, as the right arm is badly fractured and several bones are broken. The bones punctured the lungs.

STILL ANOTHER ROOF COLLAPSED.

A Buffalo Barrel Factory Which Couldn't Stand the Strain-Four Men Killed. BUFFALO, N. Y., November 12.—On Friday afternoon during a high wind the roof of Jacob Dold's barrel factory and storehouse on Williams

Dold's barrel factory and storehouse on Williams street fell in with a crash, carrying with it the upper floor and cornices. There were twenty men in the building at the time, and for a few moments there was a panic and contusion mingled with the sereams and growns of the injured. The whole upper portion of the structure, which was four stories high and built of wood, yielded to the heavy gale and was reduced to a wreck.

9 A force of firemen and police officers were summoned and at once began the task of extricating the bodies from beneath the lumber.

Just before the accident half the force had been ordered to another building to perform some other work, and escaped from the wreck.

The building on which the men were working was to have been used for a cattle-pen on the ground floor, a cooper shop on the floor above and the upper floors for storage purposes. It was to have cost about \$5000.

Buried Beneath Crumbling Wails

burg, in this State, yesterday, while a gathering of colored people were in McLean's Hall, the floor gave way and this was followed by the walls tumbling down. A wild scene of excitement ensued. After all had been extricated from the ruins it was found that eight persons had been injured, two mortally.

THE SHORTEST WILL ON RECORD. It is Written on Half a Sheet of Note Paper by a Blind Poet.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., November 12.-There is filed in the office of register of wills for Luzerne county, in this city, what is probably the shortest will on record. It is as follows: "Emfly R. Miner is my heir.

"Emfly R. Miner is my heir.

"SARAH K. MINER."

It was written on a half sheet of note paper with a lead penefl, and bears no date. The testator was the daughter of Charles Miner, who was celebrated in the literary annals of Pennsylvania fifty years ago. He was a friend and co-laborer with Colonel William Stone, the New York historian. His daughter died in 1874, aged 80 years. She was blind, and in her younger years was a writer of poetry that was widely read. She was known as the "Blind Poetess," and is prominently mentioned in Peck's "History of Wyoming." The will was found among her papers some months after her death. It was in an elvelope inscribed "Read this when I am dead." It was held to be a good and valid will, although it transferred considerable property, and was admitted to probate. The legatee was a favorite niece of the deceased woman,

BECAUSE IT WAS A CIRL

Outrageous Brutality of a Connecticut Husband to His Wife. WATERBURY, Conn., Nov. 12.-An instance of unpardonable brutality, the alleged cause of

ich is without a parallel, occurred recently a the residence of Trueman Smith, who lives on the Bunker Hill road, leading from Waterbury to Watertown. Truman and his wife and three children comprise the family. The children all girls, are 6 years, 4 years and 2 weeks old respectively. After the first was born Truman's fondest hopes were doomed to disappointment, as the second and third were both likewise of the gentler sex. The birth of the third little daughter, two weeks ago, drove Truman into a rage. He could not console himself, and would not be consoled. He made it very uncomfortable for himself and his household. Yesterday, as it is alleged, being unable longer to control filmself, he made an assault upon his patient wife, and choked her in a most brutal manuer. Not satisfied with this, he broke her leg, from which acts of violence she new lies in a critical cordition. Truman Smith is a man well known in Waterbury, and bears a reputation for honesty and fair dealing with his fellows. the residence of Trueman Smith, who lives on the

The Canadian Duty on Wheat, The Canadian Duty on Wheat.

TORONTO, Ont., November 9.—The millers here are using their utmost efforts to get the Canadian government to abolish the duty on wheat. They state that, owing to the frost damaging Manitoba wheat and to short crops, they will have to commence importing from the United States before six months are past. The crop is estimated to be from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 bushels less than last year. The millers state that the farmers never benefited by the wheat duty, and that it was only put on to humbug them, as tiley have never before under the present government had to import wheat or flour, but, on the contrary, have exported vast quantities for five years.

Kisses With or Without Kicks. Mr. Labouchere thus descants on English jus-ce in his paper: "I noticed a case last week in Mr. Labouchere thus descants on English justice in his paper: "I noticed a case last week in which a tramp, accused of doing neither more nor less than giving a girl a couple of kisses, was sentenced to two months' hard labor. At the Thames Police Court, on Thursday, a man was convicted of having given a girl two kisses and three kicks, as well as of having violently assaulted the constable who interfered with his attentions. He was sentenced to two weeks' hard labor. To make a kiss plus a kick a less offence than a kiss alone seems to be taking the notion that a woman likes to be beaten rather too liberally."

Largest Coke Works in the World. PITTSBURG, November 12.—The stockholders in the extensive coke corporation of H. . Frick & Co. have decided to increase the capital from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000. Mr. H. C. Frick says that when the contemplated improvements are made these works will be the Engest in the world. Over 400 additional ovens will be built.

The Cotton Grop of Texas.

GALVESTON, Nevember 9, The News publishes today reports from various parts of the State on the cotton crop, showing an estimated total crop in the State this year of \$1.070,000

In farming, capital is required for the cost of the farm, the stock and tools, and many more tools are used than formerly, and much manual labor saved thereby. The amount of active capital to carry on the farm depends entirely upon what the farm is devoted to. If a dairy or poultry farm, cash receipts are constantly being received, the products are quickly turned, and, therefore, not as much capital is needed as if crops are raised, the receipts from which come in only once a year, while the cost of seed, labor in cultivating and harvesting have all been incurred, and capital enough is required to pay all these expenses and have a balance left to hold the crop till it can be got to market to advantage. As a general rife it is best to sell when the crop is harvested, as there are then no additional expense of storing, loss in weight and other items of expense and attending

A producer should not be a speculator in the articles he grows or makes; in the long run he loses if he speculates. If the article he grows or makes is unprofitable, he should turn his attention to some other crop or other article of manufacture, but it is safe to say that if at any time any article is depressed and will not bring the cost of its production, it is only a question of time when the market will react, and the farther the pendulum swings one way the farther it will go the other. A farmer growing staple crops makes but one profit per year, and if his crops are of a limited amount, the profit on one transaction will not bring in a large income-not enough to support chants who, in many cases, turn the amount of their whole stock every month, realizing, when the business is profitable, twelve profits a year. But very few have an uninterrupted progress of pros-Nearly all succumb sooner or later to the fluctuations of trade, while the farmer, with less care and anxiety, with pru-dence and common judgment, is invariably

shows a better margin with so little risk as this? Sheep husbandry would pay equally well were it not for the risk of loss or injury from dogs. is self-evident that poultry judiciously cared for will pay well; fresh eggs will sell quicker and at a higher price than stale ones; many eggs are imported because we do not produce enough for our own consumption, but they cannot compete in quality or price with what they can be raised for

Our population has increased so rapidly, by emigration and otherwise, that, in many branches of agricultural industry, consumption has increased faster than production. There is no reason why we should not be able to grow what potatoes and cabbages we consume, and not be dependent upon foreign lands for any for home consumption.

Our manufacturing interests, on the other hand, have increased their productions faster than our population has grown, therefore, the supply is greater than the demand, and on account of the high prices ruling here, caused by our so-called protective tariff, we are entirely dependent on our home market for the sale of our manufactures, as we cannot compete with other nations in the markets of the world. Thus our manfacturing interests will not profitably increase until consumption again overgo, the consumption increases, and, to reduce the cost of production, labor must receive less pay, as that is a large item in the cost in manufacturing. But labor cannot afford this with the present cost of on they are forced on the land for a subsistence. which they can there obtain, with more and easier earned money and more independently than when

working for day wages.

A manufacturer se crippled for capital that he could run but a pertien of his mill would soon succumb, for the reason that the amount of business done would not pay the interest, taxes and other expenses on his whole investment. The same with a merchant with his capital impaired; he is forced to reduce his business to correspond; if his expenses for rent, labor and other items are not reduced in proportion to the amount of his capital and business, he is seen obliged to give up. Yet, in farming, how often it is the case that more the interest and taxes on that portion not worked is just so much reduction from the profits of that cultivated. Again, the land tilled, very frequently for lack of proper and sufficient cultivation and manure, will not produce as much as half the number of acres would if properly cultivated and would be nearly the same in either case, and the cost of the crop grown is very much more than it should be.

way and exist? How long could our mills be run if half operated, with interest on the investment, taxes, etc., running on; at the same time, in add tion to this, the portion of the mill operated producing but a portion of the goods it should, and the expenses for labor as much as if a full production was performed? It would not be a question of dividends earned, but how long would

Let every one engaged in farming think care. fully in regard to the comparison made between their and other business pursuits, and he can but come to the conclusion that his business well and intelligently conducted promises as much in wealth, comfort and ease as any other business.

and with much less care and anxiety.

The manufacturer is protected by heavy duties on his manufactures, but labor from foreign shores is free, entering into competition with our own labor, and keeps the price at barely the living point. It is for this reason that the larger portion of the emigrants seek the fertile soils of the West, as they require but little capital to start with, because they draw on the stock of fertility

already accumulated in the soil. Wages of labor in this country cannot go lower than the living points, so long as laborers have the land to go to. As the population of the old World there to correspond with prices here. The old and munication that equality in prices must soon pre-

vail, unless artificial barriers are put up to pre-Buying a Farm-Additional Thoughts.

Farms should be selected with reference to markets. A crop raised is not done with. Marketing is fully half of the task. To produce a crop costs so much. The price it brings determines whether it will be profitable or unprofitable. If it must be taken to a poor market it will bring a poor price, and this may make the expense of its production greater than the money received for it. Or if it must be taken a long way to market the cost of transportation may exceed the margin between the cost of production and the market price, and thus destroy all the profit. The farmer must consider this when purchasing a home. He must be far-signified, and make his calculations for years to come. The land may be good and fertile and tillable and moderate-priced, but if it lacks a suitable market within a reasonable distance it will not be cheap. Then more must be looked at than the preximity of the market. It must demand those articles the farmer will have to sell. It must be suited to that particular branch of farming he intends to pursue. If he intends to raise hogs the market should demand hogs; if he wishes to raise cattle, it must be a cattle market; if he raises grain—wheat, corn, oats or barley—it must demand that particular sort of grain or all of them; if he wishes to engage in market gardening the market must demand vegetables. What use would the best stock market in the world be to the market gardener? Of what beneft would a demand for fresh vegetables be to the farmer who had only pork or beef to sell? Farmers often make this grand mistake in purchasing a farm, and perchance rue it all their lives; they do not purchase with reference to a proper and suitable market. As a consequence they always labor at a disadvantage. At the best, the margin between the cost of producing a farm product and the price the demand for it will sustain, is small enough. Competition and intelligence and shrewdness have reduced the profit in farming down to a careful observance of details. Little things make up the sum of the gaio. Poor ma Farms should be selected with reference to markets. A crop raised is not done with. Marketing

then he must observe the markets, the head of the cordingly.

In purchasing a farm it should also be selected with reference to the natural features and their adaptation to the crops intended to be raised. Suppose the purchaser intends to engage largely in fruit raising, he must have soil and slope of such a character as to ensure success. A northern slope would soon prove undestrable, being too cold and backward for profitable fruit growing. The land should be naturally or artificially drained, and the purchaser must see that the soil is of such a composition and character that artificial drain-

me fluctuations of trade, while the farmer, with less care and anxiety, with produces and common judgment, is invariably successful. Then, again, in mercantile business, much more capital is used or required than is usually used in farming overations, but the profits are not as large in proportion to the capital used, and there are more risks taken. It is much easier to obtain capital in New England to invest in trade or in woodlen, cotton, paper, leather, or other manufacturing interests than in agriculture, and the consequences is that much of our land lies difficult of sale even at prices that wild lands will bring either South or West; yet omigrants land on our shore and pass through, without stopping, to take up lands at the West, and to realize on the crops they raise there they send them to us to consume or for shipment abroad, where frequently they are sold at less price than the prepared to go to the next.

Another thing to be observed it is conducted with any many ares lie idle for the lack of capi

-[Ohio Farmer.

isers require farms differing in fertility.

The time to purchase as a rule should be in the falliof the year, yet we think most persons wait until spring. To the professional breeder the keeping of a large flock of birds from fall to keeping of a large flock of birds from fall to spring is a matter of considerable expense. True it cost those buying something, yet about every farm house there is a waste of oifal that can be properly utilized by keeping through the winter a few good birds. The same number of fowls bought in the spring at laying time, boxed, shipped and otherwise changed, will not be so profitable as had they been purchased six months previous. The varieties that should be purchased is a matter for the judgment of the purchaser. The kind selected should receive care and attention commensurate with their habits and wants. We say "kind," because we think very few persons should raise more than one variety on the same farm. Birds, all of which are of one strain, color and species look better, show to a better advantage, and will generally sell for more money than the same would bring were they to be seen only with six or a dozen other breeds. Where more than one kind are kept, there is always a probability of getting things mixed, and so strong is this probability and so general is the belief that lowls thus bred are not as much to be desired as where there is but one variety.

Within a few years the demand for quinces has largely increased, especially from the canning establishments. It is a fruit especially adapted to this purpose, since the acidity and astringency which render the quince undesirable for other uses gives it increased value for canning. Again, for most tastes, a slight flavoring of quince is found a very great improvement in apple sauce and apple ples. For these reasons, and many others, there is always sure to be a good demand for quinces at remunerative prices to the grower. Unfortunately for the consumer's interest the localities adapted to quince growing have been found to be comparatively restricted. Even where the quince has been prosperous as a whole the conditions of success were so little understood that many serious failures have occurred. The present year for example, shows a crop of quinces generally light and of poor quality nearly everywhere. This fact has restricted the demand; yet, as the scarcity of really good quinces becomes apparent, the market for the best fruit has steadily advanced in price.

When the cause of failure in quince culture is more thoroughly investigated and is better understood we believe this fruit can be grown in many tablishments. It is a fruit especially adapted to

advanced in price.

When the cause of failure in quince culture is more thoroughly investigated and is better understood we believe this fruit can be grown in many localities where cultivators have not generally succeeded. The chief difficulty is in preventing injury by excessive cold in winter. The region of country where quinces succeed confirms this view. It is everywhere limited to localities where winters, if cold, are sufficiently moist to prevent deep freezing of the soil. It is not the top, but the root, of quince trees that is tender. Of course the top wholly or partially dies, according to the amount of injury to the root, but the first cause of damage is to the root, not to the top. We can see this by noting the greater degrees of injury in high, dry, cultivated soil, than in lew, moist places, where the ground is covered by snow, or where a grass turf affords protection to the roots. Under a neglectful system, where no proper means are provided for covering the roots in winter, this fruit will do better than any other to be left in grass. It is not the best management even for the quince, but grass will at least prevent that deep freeZing of the soil so sure to follow where no protection is provided. All over the country the most successful quince trees are grown in clumps, where

or the soil so sure to follow where no protection is provided. All over the country the most successful quime trees are grown in clumps, where the trees are grown in clumps, where annual deposits of falling leaves afford protection to the roots.

Mitching quamec trees in winter and heavy manuring in summer are the chief secrets of success with this sity truit. The top is nearly or quite as hardy as the applie, and if the root is properly protected anothe soil enriched, quimecs can be grown in most localifies where apples succeeded. No crop will better repay intelligent care than quinces. It is true that in many cases quimec trees have succeeded better under neglect than under a system of culture that mangled the fine roots and left the surface soil bare, to freeze to the entitle depth of the roots in winter. Muiching with coarse manure is a great deal better than cultivation. If, in addition, the ground can be so sheltered that snow will be on the surface roots of the winter the trees will be healthy, and abundant crops will reward the grower. Salt has been generally recommended as a specific manure for the quince. It is undoubtedly helpful, but it owes its good effect more to its influence in keeping the soil moist and preventing its deep treezing than to any inherent manural properties. There are undoubtedly times when salt is absolutely hurful to quince trees applied in large quantities after deep cultivation, which has broken, torn and bruised the tender roots. Of the mineral manures, or any or any

the neglect which too often attends this fruit goes so far as to disregard its insect and other enemies. The quince borer must be kept out through the same means as with the apple tree borer, by watching for signs of his appearance in the late summer and fail, and digging him out with the summer and fail to prevent and additional price. A poor, inferior to of quinces is very undestrable property to dispose of the summer and fail to prevent and the color, and over any because the proper summer and fail to prevent and the pr

jects in view—the rearing of lambs, the growing of wool, and lastly to turn them ultimately into meat and thus dispose of them. Any course that will produce the finest lamb, the most wool of the best quality, and keep the ewe in best condition, must be the proper course to pursue, and that mode of wintering that will most effectually secure any one of these objects will as effectually secure any one of these objects will as effectually secure any one of these objects will as effectually secure any one of these objects will as effectually secure the whole. If we allow the ewe to fall off in flesh we lose not only so much of carciass, but we shall find the growth of wool materially lessened, and that part grown at this time will be weak and irregular, and this will greatly injure the whole fleeces, and the off-spring will be weak and puny and very likely to fail a prey to the ills that lambs are heir to. If, on the contrary, we so treat the ewe that she is constantly thriving, we shall obtain a larke fleece of even quality of wool, and at lambing time a strong, healthy lamb, one that will thrive from the start, and preity sure to arrive at full sheephood, unless he falls a victim sooner to the rapacious knife of the butcher.

To secure the desired results, shall we winter the ewes in warm, airy pens in a close barn, or in those less warm in open sheds, or shall we allow them to fun in open yards or felds? To thrive well the sheep must have plenty of good food, plenty of pure air andwater, and must be keptiwarm and that plan is best which best ensures these conditions at least cost. If we study the reports of sheep feeding in the old countries at their experiment stations, we shall find that the quantity of feed consumed by a given number of sheep was less and less as they were more closely penned and warmly housed, provided they had pure, fresh air, and my own experience, fully agrees with these reports. I put twenty cwes in a pen eighteen feet square in a wholly enclosed basement under my hay and grath barns, an

twenty minutes, and I never have had a sick sneep in my barns. The one thing absolutely essential is that the barns be well ventilated, the air pure, and that the temperature be as near uniform at 50° Fahr, as possible.

I secure thorough ventilation by carrying ventilating trunks, made about eighteen inches square, of inch boards, up through the barn above and out at the top of the ridge; with these, by opening the windows of the barn, always on the leeward side, I am assured pure air and the proper temperature, with no cold draits. The sheep in these pens will get all the exercise necessary, and will surely get as much as they would shivering by the side of a straw-stack or ralifence, and the farmer will find they will cat much less food to keep in the some condition; they simply eat their food, and lie down and chew the cide of perfect content, and when they do this they are always thriving, if well led. If, as "B," suggests, the lambs are to be dropped in the winter months. I can see no other safe way than to have them securely housed in warm barns to be at all sure of raising 60 per cent. of the lambs dropped. After the lambs become numerous we must provide more room, as the ewes should at at least average one lamb apiece, and that would make far too many to keep profitably in a pen of the size mentioned. By this time I, have some sheep fat and ready to go to market, and this enables me to give more room and divide flocks.

As to the food, there is no more healthy or profitable forage for pregnant ewes than good cornstalks, and I would not care to have them cut, so fat as the sheep are concerned, but the manure handles so much better where they are cut moderately fine, that for this reason I think it will pay. But sheep do mach better where they are very day fed, and I would ecommend clover hay, good cornstalks and a bright straw; they will rehsh a feed of the latter once a day, and if it is not musty they will eat a good deal of it even if full fed with the others, and surely so if they are every day fed,

A friend sends me the following views of this question of salting butter. He is an advocate of the method called brine salting. He says in its defence: "If butter, when washed and worked as perfectly as possible, was before salfing princed over a low fire and metted and allowed. To stand thus influenced for some time, so that the second thus influenced for some time, so that the second through fiannels to further capture the caseline, and then set away, excheded from the arr by scaling or with brine paste, the butter would need no salt. This is the process of making the famous Danish butter, that will stand a tropical voyage about the world. This proves that it is not salt that butter needs; it is necessary to preserve the buttermalk. Why the caseline in butter decomposes so much sooner than in cheese, which is nearly all caseine, is simply due to the cooking or scalding which cheese receives in manufacture. Uncooked casein, whether salted or not, sooner or later develops butyric acid. When the cheese is scalded or the butter rendered at low heat, the easeine underzoes a change that prevents the development of the destructive gases arising from the acid, at least for a time, but never perfectly. This explains why the unscalded cheese, like the Switzer, Limburger and other fancy makes are so fragrant to the snell and aromatic to the taste." Now, the leading fact in the above is, that salt is not required for the preservation of pure butter. But this is not a correct view. And there are some other statements which I cannot accept, viz., that caseine develops butyric acid; and that in butter melted at a low heat, the easeine in it undergoes a change that prevents its decomposition. Now I, approve very much of the method of preserving granulated butter in brine, and I have a class jar of butter so preserved, which I have kept for more than two years, and it has been opened several times and is still as perfect as when put up. I should like todispose of my butter in that way, but the average consumer does not admire A friend sends me the following views of this question of salting butter. He is an advecate of

The Boston Meekly Globe: Tuesdny Morning, Aobember 13, 1883.

Pork Making at the East, To make pork cheaper in the East there must be more Western methods. By making pork, I mean more Western methods. By making pork, I mean the rearing and fattening of swine. There are some Western methods, however, which I would not commend. There should always be shelter for pigs—shelter in summer from the hot sun, and in winter from the cold. Both are impertant, but the latter is necessary, or profits will be frozen out. It may be accepted as an established fact that comfort is a chief factor in handling stock, and without it the balance on the side of profit will always be small. To fill the stomaches of animals with food, and then expect this food to make its proportion of growth, when it is all required to withstand the cold and stop out the winter winds, is a kind of Western philosophy which we do not want to practice. In the East corn is not so plenty that we can make of it both pork and pigsty, and I do not believe the Western pork-raiser is wise in trying to make up with food the warmth which he should give his hogs by protecting them from the cold.

we can make of it both pork and pigsty, and I do not believe the Western pork-raiser is wise in trying to make up with food the warmth which he should give his hogs by protecting them from the cold.

Another thing: Exposure is a natural way to lay the foundation for diseases. The system is thus prepared to readily take any distemper or disease which can be imparted; and not only this, but exposure is of itself a basis of disease. It is both a cause and a creator. This is undoubtedly one of the reasons why diseases among swine are so much more prevalent among Western swine herds than in the East, where every farm has some sort of a pigsty. The foundation for diseases may be laid in winter and be developed in summer. One year dogs chased my sheep in midsummer. The next March several died, and upon examination I found they had died from consumption of the lungs. I never had any doubt but that this disease was caused by the over-exertion and the inflammation which followed the running away from the dogs. In my mind, it is possible to establish an inflammation of the internal organs—lungs, liver, kidneys, etc.—which will culnimate months afterwards with fatal results. Exposure means with me loss of profit and danger of disease.

The Western notion of saving labor is a good one. They want the pig to wait on himself, and so le will, if given a chance. There are some queer anomalies about pigs. When shut up, if more food is placed before them than they require for a single meal, they will gorge themselves, become cloyed, and probably get siek. It will never do to give them more food at a time than they can eat with a good appetite. When running in a field it makes no difference how much lood swine may have, as they will not hur themselves, but will actually grow better and fatten faster than when shut up. Such has been my experience. I admit that a careful feeder might take a lot of hogs, shut them in a pen and feed them there, and make them gain faster than they probably would if they ran out in a field and had the sa stalks, and I would not care to have them cut, so fat as the sheep are concerned, but the manure handles so much better where they are cut moderately fine, that for this reason I think it will pay, But sheep do much better to have a variety of food, and I would recommend clover hay, good cornstalks and a bright straw; they will relish a feed of the latter once a day, and if it is not musty they will eat a good deal of it even if full fed with the others, and surely so if they are every day fed, as they should be, a quantity of grain. No matter how much hav and other fouder they have, it is better to give a daily feed of corn, oats, pease, bran, offinead or other grain, and to vary somewhat, and not give every day the same feed; we need not feed large quantitis, but they should surely have enough to maintain the same, if not better, condition than they began the winter with.

At the relative prices of grain and lass hay even to store ewes. To have the sheep in the best condition for breeding, whether running loose or closely pehned (and especially is this important if we have them lamb in winter), we must have some green and succulent food, such as Swedish turnips, mangel-wurtzels, suigar beets or enshage. In fact, all sheep should have a feed of some one of these at least once of rivide a week, and better every day, but with breeding ewes for winter lambing this is

of the crop to be frodden under the feet of the cattle and wasted. The stalks will pay for the ausking and handling of the coro, and be of feeding can be better managed by utilizing the stalks and corn in the stable. Corn will pay better when gathered and fed than by turning the hogs into the field. There is no doubt of this with us. The only exception would be to have ready in midsummer a lot of early sweet corn, which could be utilized to make milk or pork. An attempt to pasture this with cattle or hogs would not work well, for half of it would be made foul and wasted. The cattle would not eat it after the hogs had mussed over it, and the hogs would not touch a stalk to eat it until after the ears were all gone, and they would foul every stalk which had an ear on it, and others also when looking for ears.

The Western corn is so strong-growing and so tall that the hogs can only get the leavings of the cattle and whatever they may find in the excrement. There is a way, however, to utilize sweet corn, but it involves labor—just what we are trying to get rid of as much as possible. The cars may be plucked and fed to the swine, and the stalks cut and fed to the cattle. So great is the utility of a lot of sweet corn on the farm that it should be made a necessary crop. Store hogs will do well when fed stalks and all, and I have fattened old hogs on this kind of food alone. Very tew farmers appreciate their value. There may be three months of this cleap feeding, by planting different varieties, so as to extend the time of maturity.

The easiest way to cope with the West, and I

The easiest way to cope with the West, and I am inclined to think the one which may make pork raising at the East an abiding success, is to sow pease and turn the hogs into them as soon as they are matured, not waiting for them to be fully ripe. All of the objections which might naturally arise as to waste, want of proper mastication, e.g., are speedily removed by actual experiment. Sixty, five old nogs and pigs were turned into less than three acres of pease on Eirby homestead the past summer, where they ran two months. The old logs had been fed nothing since early in May, at which time they were turned into the orchard grass pasture. They were somewhat thin, as the dry weather had made the pasture scanty. At the end of the two months, when the pease were all eaten up, they were fit to butcher. From May to the middle of september the old logs received no care and cost no labor, as they helped themselves to drink from springs in the fields. Several sows had pigs while in the pease and did well, and were left to run with their young without other food. They, grew better than others shut in pens and fed. They were of better shape, and kept fat.

To have made this system of feeding more perfect there should have been a fresh clover pasture the last of June, and then a change to orchard rity.
The easiest way to cope with the West, and I

To have made this system of feeding more perfect there should have been a frest clover pasture the last of June, and then a change to orchard grass or sweet-corn fodder in July, before the pease were ready, and there should also have been more pease. Next year the area of pease will be doubled, with plenty of sweet corn and a change of pasture. By these simple means I expect to compete with the West with its great herds and corn fields, and make the hog an important factor for enriching the farm, and wait upon himself while doing it.—[Country Gentleman.

Turkey Fattening.

A nice plump turkey—most people have a weakness that way—is what on many a farm the young people of the household are now looking forward to produce. Turkeys, in a few weeks, will not be the least remunerative department of the farm-yard when properly cared for and fed. In the ma-jority of cases in this country turkey rearing hardyard when properly cared for and fed. In the majority of cases in this country turkey rearing hardly pays for the large outlay in trouble and other expenses. But they are undoubtedly profitable to raise when reared on profitable principles, which means pienty of food, care and exercise. There is a great difference of opinion in regard to fattening turkeys, but experience has shown breeders that the best way to get the greatest number of pounds of flesh is to feed the birds all they will eat, right from the time they hatch out till they are ready for market. While they are running at large is the time to develop them. They undoubtedly get much food in the fields, the scattered grain, the "hoppers," worms, etc., but then that must be supplemented by dally or twice daily feeds of grain at the barn. Turkeys cannot bear confinement, especially when in small flocks or singly, and should never be confined longer than a week or ten days before killing. An ordinary rail den is one of the best for the purpose, for they like to be on the ground. At this time feed principally on cooked or solt food and plenty of milk, if you have it to spare, giving, occasionally, hard, whole grain to keep the flesh solid and firm.

Things Worth Knowing.

Typhoid fever broke out among those who drank the water from a certain well. The water had no the water from a certain well. The water had no bad taste or color, but it contained the germs of typhoid, and these germs were proved to come from a privy vault 100 feet distant from the well. Several farmers have weighted ensilage with hags, barrels and boxes of sand, which material they will use in the stables for bedding and for absorbents, as it is necessary to remove it from the silos. Many of the bags originally contained commercial fertilizers. mercial fertilizers.

In many parts of the country we understand

and with satisfactory results.

A dish of frogs' legs, fresh caught from the borders of a slough in the neighborhood, has become a regular thing at my house at least once a week.

The varieties of chrysanthemum bloom naturally for six months in the year, mostly through the darkest and dullest season, when flowers are more appreciated and welcome, and certainly most needed.

needed.

There is a greater profit in growing a crop of spring grain and a wheat crop following than to precede the wheat by a naked fallow, costing considerably in labor and often yielding little or no more than after the fallow crop. If the profit on the fallow crop be always returned to the soil, as it rightfully should be, the land will rapidly increase in fertility.

There is almost always profit in feeding some grain to cows, sheep and other stock in winter.

There is almost always profit in feeding some grain 40 cows, sheep and other stock in winter. The objection against ensilage, that it requires a grain ration, will not stand the test of discussion, as the best farmers have found. It to their advantage to feed grain with hay. As the ensilage costs less per ton than hay, the grain ration can be better afforded, and, as the ensilage promotes digestion, the grain will do more good.

French farmers are giving increased attention to sheep husbandry, with a tendency for the production of meat rather than wool. The competition is at present between crosses of the Southdowns and Shropshires. The shepherds receive a percentage on the sale of the sheep, the wool, the lambs and the milk, but against these is set the loss of the animals according to a scale. The dogs have their canine and incisor teeth extracted.

It is poor poncy to carry any produce to market without having previously engaged it. If you do, the dealers will try to take advantage of your mistake. I know grocers do it; so do you know it. If you have customers for butter and eggs it is a grand idea; but, as you value your independence, don't blunder into market. Have one place to trade. Don't run all over town to trade. If you deal at one place, you can do better in buying and selling, and then when you get accustomed to a store, you can almost always ensure getting good groceries.

and selling, and then when you get accustomed to a store, you can almost always ensure getting good groceries.

Don't put your fodder into the silo uncut. If you do, it will be apt to rot. Better cut ensilage every time.

It is claimed that the foot and mouth disease among cattle in England is the result of its excessively moist and cool climate, and that it is never likely to become troublesome in America, unless it be in Canada or other British Provinces.

Too many varieties in an orchard spoil the chances for profit. It is very rare that more than three or four kinds of apples are profitable, and when one is found that bears uniform crops of salable fruit it is safe to restrict attention to that.

Be certain to assort tobacco carefully, both as to length and color; avoid mixing leaf and lugs, or long or short leaf, or different colors in the same package; let the tobacco in every hogshead be uniform in every respect, from head to head, side to side and ceatre to corner; the all binds small, both lugs and leaf not exceeding six leaves to the hand; cure your tobacco sound and supple, so that when opened it shall not be too dry nor too soft in order; prize leaf to not 1600 pounds, and lugs 1800 per hogshead. Give attention to quality rather than quantity, and give it as much substance as you can. Follow these instructions and you will be sure to get the full market price for your tobacco. We would not advocate luxurious inving on the farm, or anywhere. But too many of us forget that mere existence is not all of life. We deny ourselves too much, How few farm-houses have bathrooms. A bathroom may be a luxury, but it has become a necessary iuxury. Few farmers' boys and girls fave horses and carriages, books and music. Let us make home more pleasant, more attractive—yes, more luxurious. It need not mar the life to be, and makes the life that is more full. Save fewer doilars to invest in lands and stock, and add more comforts to the home, that more than anything else makes you what you are. Professor shelion of the

has given us fully six tons of hay per acre this year."

The best farmers never allow land to be idle. With ground, as with people, idleness is productive of mischief. Weeds will grow if no crop is planted. As soon as rye or wheat has been harvested sow pease or some fast growing crop. Plaster applied in connection with his will greatly enrich comparatively poor soil.

According to trustworthy estimates, the annual production of cheese in the United States is no less than 350,000,000 pounds, and that of butter, 1,500,000,000 bounds—the value of the two being \$50,000,000 more than the wheat crop, one-seventh more than the hay crop, one-third more than the cotton crop, and only one-little less than the cort crop. This great hatlonal industry is menaced by a few opinion firms, who misst upon foisting upon the public vile compounds of grease,

the corn crop. This great hational industry is menaced by a few optient firms, who maist upon foisting upon the public vile compounds of grease, lard and cotton-seed oil, traudulently soil as genuine butter. The most stringent legislation is necessary to protect the dairyman's legithmate pursuits, and to expose and punish these counterletters of dairy products.

The most simple way to keep cabbages when one has a cellar with a most bottom is to pull the cabbages as late in autumn as may be sace, then take them right to the cellar, stand them on the roots, on most earth, the heads leaning against the wall. In this way cabbages that have not ianly formed heads will sometimes develop into good size, and the heads will be more crisp, whiter and sweeter than by any other method of preservation. Of course in pulling them earth will be left adhering to the roots, and this should be carried in as attached. A little more loose earth, if convenient, can be thrown around the roots where they stand. With a dry cellar bottom this plan is not practicable, but it will work admirably wherever the bottom is moist, not wet, just moist.

A Massachusetts farmer, "wide awake and invariably successful in cropping," does all his

A Massachusetts farmer, "wide awake and in-variably successful in cropping," does all his ploughing in the fall, and makes spring work easy by merely narrowing the fields twice before plant-

Those who intend to set out plum trees this fall Those who intend to set out plum trees this fall should not forget that plums, pigs and poultry are a trio which flourish well together, and when planted in yards occapied by pigs or chickens, or both, good crops schoon ian to be obtained, as it is believed that the continual disturbance of the soil and the prevention of the growth of weeds and grass prevent the cureuito from secreting themselves at night. They also destroy the insects as fast as they expose themselves upon the ground. As our American farmers commonly have a large surplus of wheat for foreign shipment, they should ever bear in mind that all European statisticians and authorities invariably magnify their crops at the end of every harvest, as their people are consumers, and all working against the exporting countries. European estimates of their crops and the world's supply must be taken with large grains of allowance. Europe will need large shipments of our wheatduring the next six months.

of allowance. Europe with next six mondis.

There are twenty-eight potato starch factories in the Aroostook valvey of Maine, and are estimated to have made 4000 tons during the tenwecks' season of last year.

It costs on an average perhaps \$400 an acre to transform a rough swamp into a erabetry ineadow in bearing condition. One marsh in Barnstable cost \$30,000. The profits, however, are large. One meadow of two or three acres has repaid six weeks' annual labor with \$1000 a year for twenty years. Another, of half an acres to have the culture, has yielded micts-eight barrels in one scason. A meadow of two, \$800, and another of foot acres in Acwtown, in Barnstable, has yielded in the start of the star

chill may easily be fatal.

Neighbor Barnes, the cheese manufacturer, says that the rennet from a yeal calf is not as good as

from one three days old. It is an extra good month-old rennet that will "bring" 700 pounds of cheese, while a three-days' rennet will "bring" not less than 800 pounds.every time.

less than 800 pounds every time.

Do you want an asparagus bed? Prepare it now. Throw out the soll to the depth of one spade on either side, the piot being twelve feet wide and as long as desired. Then with a fork loosen the subson. Throw in a layer of old farm maoure, and then one of the soil dug out. Then set the roots a foot deep, two feet apart in the rows, the rows five feet apart. Then finish with a layer each of manure and soil. Purchase strong plants two years old. This will last for ten years at least without any further care than a forking over in the fall and a destruction of weeds and volunteer seed-lings.

Now is as good a time as you will have to trim grapevines. Use the knife freely, not leaving more than a half-dozen buds to the vine of this year's growth.

If you will take your wagon and go around and plek up all the pieces of board, stumps and tree limbs that he scattered here and there on your farm, you will not only improve the appearance of your hand, but the pieces will come handy to work up into firewood.

Is there a better time to paint the houses, fences, barrs, wagon-houses or corners, than now?

Now plant the spring bulbs—the hyacinths and tulips, the narcissus and jonquils, the iris and crown imperial.

Plant currants, gooseberries, raspberries and blackberries, grapevines and cuttings thereof. Cover them in one month with straw, manure or

Cover them in one month with straw, manure or leaves.

Cut out the oldest wood of currant bushes now. Coutine the bushes to a reasonable number of strong, clean shoots.

Many will not use white hellebore for currant and gooseberry worms on account of its being poisonous, and some say it is so adulterated of late as to be ineffectual. For five years 1 have employed, with good results, a solution of copperas, one pound, to four gallons of water, sprinkled with sponge or hand-broom.

Prominent ranchmen of the far West say that cattle enter the winter in better condition than for years. They are absolutely fat; many are complaining that their young cattle are too fut. The grass never was better cured than now.

cattle enter the wanter in better condition than for years. They are absolutely fat; many are complaining that their young cattle are too fat. The grass never was better cured than now.

The fat on a cow known to be a large and rich milker will mostly go into the cream-pot during the senson. It is never safe to buy a cow in poor condition, as she will require heavy feeding, or make poor, thin milk.

The cattle quantions at San Antonio, Tex., are: Yearlings, \$13 to \$15; two-year-olds, \$16 to \$18; and three-year-olds, \$20 to \$25.

The Texas Live Stock Journal says: "The feeding is more healthy and cattle owners in better spirits than for some mouths. The recent rains have furnished much-needed stock water, and greatly improved the grass."

The shorthorns still carry off the leading honors at the great fairs in England. At the show of the Leicestershire Agricultural Society, the champion cup for the best animal in the cattle department was awarded to a lightroan one-year-old shorthorn buil, which also secured the first award in the young buil class.

A buill and a cow on Hiram Houck's farm in Warrick township, Chester county, fought locked born, became separated from the herd, and were not found for five days, during which time they remained united by their horns. The buil was almost starved, but the cow, being able to eat grass, was frisky and fat. It was necessary to saw off the horns of one of the animals to cet them apart. Mr. James H. Baker, whose opinions are second to no man's in western Texas, says that there will be many deaths among cattle in that section this fail and whiter unless the stock have plenty of good, clean water. Stock, he says, fill their stomachs with a great amount of dry grass, and unless they have access to plenty of good water the grass lies in their stomachs for a great length of time created, and death is the result.

One thing to at makes many an otherwise good man disliked in a neighborhood is the slack bablishe has of doing business with his neighbor need not water his grass they

have yet found for the cabbage worm, is wheat bran and salt mixed together, a handful thrown into the middle of the cabbage."

Into the middle of the cabbage."

Those who object to keeping guinea fowl to scare hawks away from the poultry-yard may be glad to know that a good game cock is feared by the average hen hawk, and where he is, the chicken's terior is rarely seen.

Plaster consists of sulphate of lime, a combination of sulphuric acid and lime, with some water. Lime and sulphuric acid are both plant food, and so is sulphate of lime itself, which is sometimes found existing in the tissues of plants, especially clover. But plaster has an extraordinary effect upon some crops, as clover, pease, oats. upon some crops, as clover, pease, oats, corn and others, and much more than it could possibly exert by virtue of its component parts. This is evident when we find 100 pounds of plas-

possibly exert by virtue of its component parts. This is evident when we find 100 pounds of plaster on an acre of clover sometimes increases the yield as much as 1000 pounds of hay, or even more. How this effect is produced has not yet been explained satisfactorily, but it is a matter of valuable positive experience, and we can afford to wait for the explanation if it is ever discovered, —[New York Times.

Windmills are steadily becoming a favorite appliance in New England for pumping water. The recent drought most imperatively forces upon farmers a knowledge of the fact that not only do "all signs iail in dry weather," but that most wells do likewise. By the use of a windmill much trouble, expense and loss may frequently be saved. A farmer told the writer the other day that if he could afford to buy a windmill he could tap a conveniently-located bond aild turn a barren piece of land into a fertile garden. Few, indeed, are the farmers who, thus situated, can afford not to secure a windmill. Well managed, the land would soon pay for the cost of the power.

Ashes contain all the mineral constituents necessary for plant growth, and are, therefore, very valuable as a fertilizer to a worn-out or naturally poor soil. A large part of the potash is removed from ashes in leaching, and as this constituent is a leading one, leached ashes are of less value as a plant food than when fresh. The owner should save, in a secure place, all the ashes made, and apply them to the land in the spring. A top-dressing of twenty bushels per acre to an old pasture or meadow will give good returns for several years. The leached ashes should be disposed of in the same manner, only they may be applied at the rate of 100 bushels per acre to an old pasture or meadow will give good returns for several years. The leached ashes should be disposed of in the same manner, only they may be applied at the rate of 100 bushels per acre.

When mud is permitted to dry on a newly-varnished carriage, buggy or wagon, every spot leaves a mark. To avoid this

when mud is permitted to dry on a newly-varnished carriage, buggy or wagon, every spot leaves a mark. To avoid this the new varnish should be washed with a soft cloth and rubbed with a chamois leather. After this mud is not so apt to spot the varsish. But it is best always to wash off the mud before it is dry. Water should never be allowed to dry upon the varnish; it should always be well dried off with a soft cloth, sponge and leather.

The earliest evidence of scab in sheep is an appearance of uneasiness or restlessness. A few days afterwards they commence rubbing themselves against fences and trees, the cause being the itching of numerous pimples and sores which have formed on the parts usually affected. The rubbing breaks the sores, and the unsightly, scabs forms over them. The itching increases and becomes intensely painful, causing the suffering animals to bite and tear their flesh to escape the ceaseless torture. The cause of the scab is a minute, almost invisible parasite, and its first approach is almost unnoticeable.

Dr. J. E. Morris says, in regard to triching in swine, that it is a well-established fact that the real source of infection in swine hes entirely in the rat. A committee of Vienna physicians found in Moravia 37 per cent. of rats examined, trichinous; in Vienna and its environs, 10 per cent.; and in lower Austria about 4 per cent. The well-known voracity of the hog, and its special fondness for meat, cause it to feed upon the flesh and excrements of other animals infested with these parasites, and especially rats and mice. To prevent trichinous swine it is highly important to cut off all the sources of disease in the diet of these animals.

The manner in which weeds are perpetuated and spread in cultivated fields is often quite puzzling to farmers, and some attempt to solve the difficulty by supposing that they spring up spontaneously, and others mist that they spring up spontaneously, and others mist that they spring up spontaneously, and others mist that they are caused by transmutation



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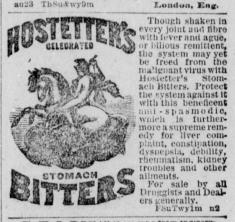
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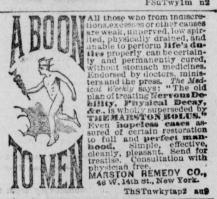
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THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

About the Custom of Wearing Mourning Garb.

Why It is Injurious - Other Reasons Against the Universal Practice.

New Ideas on Earning Money-Glimpses of Fashion.

There is heard, now and then, a voice of protest against the custom of wearing mourning. But these voices have been merely the expression of individual opinion and have resulted in nothing more than that expression. The recent session of the woman's congress is the most noteworthy instance of public discussion of this question that there has recently been. Mrs. Julia Holmes Smith, M. D., of Chicago read a paper, in which she strongly condemned the practice of wearing mourning The paper was discussed at length by the congress, but every speech was in opposition to the custom. It means something when as large and as representative a body of women as the Woman's Congress strongly condemns a universal custom and brings is a large number of people whose common sense tells them that mourning garb is useless, ridiculous and harmful, and that a little discussion and agitation of the question might result in a general putting aside of the custom.

Dr. Smith made the following points in her ar-1. The reflex influence on the wearer is bad, if

1. The reflex influence on the wearer is bad, if the sorrow it expresses is real. It hurts the health and conduct. We know of extraordinary feats of strength under strong excitement. Emotional influences are potent in their effect upon the body. As excessive exertion of any one part of the body disproportionately develops that part, so a too exclusive fixing of the attention on any one emotion impairs the general health.

2. It is undesirable to surround children and invalids with the symbols of grief. Bright colors are pleasing to all, and to be constantly attired in sombre black exerts a painful effect on those about us.

about us.

3. The expense is often greater than is consistent with the circumstances of the mourner.

4. In many instances the crape expresses a sham sentiment, or is nerely a concession to fashion. Thackeray has immortalized the crocodile tears of Lady Kew, and who can forget Mr. Mould's phitosophy of a funeral.

The arguments brought up in the discussion of the question were based either on sentimental or financial grounds. Dr. Smith's main arguments were founded, it will be seen, on the facts that the were founded, it will be seen, on the facts that the physicai influence is bad, and that the mental effect is harmful. A year or two ago some one published a strong argument against mourning, on the ground of its unhealthridness. Not its reflex influence, through its effect on the nervous system, on which Dr. Smith bases her physiological objection, but the positive and immediate hurtfulness of the goods thenseives, chaiming that the long, heavy veils, and the chemical qualities of almost all mourning goods, are capable of doing any amount of injury.

The argument from physiology, taking the above two grounds of objection together, is quite sufficient to prove the case; but that is not the half that can be brought up against the custom. Grief for the loss of the dead is a sacred thing, something to be kept in one's own heart, and not paraded up and down for the comment of every chance passer-by. How can any woman with refined sensibilities, genuine love for the dead and respect for herself, advertise the fact that a dear one is gone out of her life, make it known wherever she goes by her dress and her long crape veil, and proclaim the message whenever she writes by her black-margined stationery?

Mourning garb is insisted upon more strenuously than any other of the merely conventional practices of life. It has the least to say in its favor, and is in the worst taste of all those conventional dehalf that can be brought up against the custom.

tices of life. It has the least to say in its favor, and is in the worst taste of all those conventional demands. Could anything be more repulsive to a refined taste, one not blunted and vitiated by long subservience to the laws of custom, than this thing of proclaiming by one's dress, wherever one goes, up and down the street, in church, in store, in public meetings, "Some one I loved is dead"? We do not refer to the ultra-fashionable methods of measuring intensity of grief by richness of mourning apparel, and marking each stage in the ebbling tide of tears by its appropriate mourning emblem. That is too disgusting for even ridicule.

But we do mean the common practice, almost universally followed, of crape veils and sombre attire among women, and crape hat-bands and crape folds on the sleeve, as worn by men, and all the rest of the common devices which custom says must be brought out at the death of a friend or associate. A beloved wife dies. The husband proceeds to inform every one he meets, friend, enemy, stranger, on the street, in the cars, at the hotel, wherever he goes, by the crape band on

TO EARN MONEY.

How the Sentiment in Regard to Women Working has Changed. The following is from the Cleveland Herald.

The tendency it emphasizes can be seen in every eity in the United States:

"Where is this beautiful work done?" asked a lady of the proprietor of a large fancy-goods store yesterday, pointing to several magnificent specimens of decorative art, both in needle-work and population.

painting.
The reply of the merchant was a revelation, and very greatly surprised the customer, who was recognized as a lady in comfortable circumstances living on St. Clair street. Said the merchant recognized as a lady in comfortable eircumstances living on St. Clair street. Said the merchant: "They are made in this city by ladies living on Prospect street and Euclid avenue, and on nearly all of the principal residence streets of the city. Many of them are in much better circumstances than their customers. Why do they do it? Why, to get pin money for their own use, and because they like to. Two years ago we obtained all of our decorative work abroad, and often paid exorbitant prices for it. Now it is brought to our store by ladies for whom we sell it on commission. Some of them are well-known society ladies, and very many of them had never before done a stroke of work, much less any remunerating work. Now almost every day a carriage stops in front of our store, and some lady, elegantly attired, perhaps, will enter and place her artistic productions on sale at a commission. That embroidered scart," pointing to a magnificent neck-scarf beneath the plate-glass counter, on which was worked with the needle an elegant floral emblem, was brought here only yesterday by a young lady whose name appeared in nearly all your reports of fashionable weddings and parties last winter. Her father is one of the richest merchants on Superior street. She is probably tired of asking for money and wants to be independent. A lady, who lives in splendid style on Franklin avenue, has brought a score of fancy articles here to be sold. There are probably fifty ladies in the city, a good many degrees removed from necessity, who turn the education they have received in art work within the past two years to account, and make many a handsome penny. Ladies of the highest respectability and position are not now thought any the worse of because they employ their accomplishments as aneans of assistance, or even enrichment. Five or six years ago a lady who was known to work with her hands would be frowned upon in society. Now many ladies cultivate the fine arts for no other purpose than to replenish their purses. Painting and embroidery are and embroidery are the most popular forms of art work, because anything good created in these lines brings a fair price. The decorations of menu cards is getting fashionable, and we have already done quite a business taking orders for these Eards, as well as for invitations."

GLIMPSES OF FASHION.

How to Make New Dresses-About Basques and Sleeves-Various Items on Varied Subjects.

The designs of winter costumes vary from the basque and overskirt to polonaises of graceful shapes and coats of medium length-a compromise between the short, dressy and youthful basques and the long and stately Polish coats. The impression given by the skirts of these dresses, says Harper's, is that of great fulness made by very ample breadths in straight-flowing lines not broken by the looped draperies seen on more commonplace dresses, and with fewer flounces than have been worn of late. They are, however, made over a very narrow foundation skirt, not more than two and a quarter yards wide, and in order that they may be very bouffant each skirt, has a pad bustle sewed to the belt (which is now merely a corded binding), and there are three springs in casings-across the back of the skirt, instead of the two springs lately used. These full skirts are arranged in various irregular plaits from the waist down, such as the curved organ-pipe plaits tacked at intervals to the skirt beneath to keep them in place, or else there are three or four great plaits behind, and the front and sides are made of brocade, or are left flat and plain to receive the applique, trimming, fringes, loops of ribbon, passementerie, or a wide band of fur; or perhaps there are only six or eight plaits meeting in the front, with plain sides that may be trimmed or not, while at the top there is a vertugadin puff of soft material, on which are many sion given by the skirts of these dresses, says Har-

loops and drooping ends of satin ribbon. The foot of the foundation silk skirt is not bound with braid, but is faced in the old-fashioned way with the silk turned up an inch on the wrong side over an alpaca facing and an interlining of sheer lawn. The balayeuse is two rows of the imitation Alen. con or Mechlin lace of showy design sewed together as it to make a wide lace, and gathered scantily on the facing. A puff of bias velvet sometimes edges the foot of the foundation silk skirt, being an eighth of a yard deep outside, and only an inch deep next the balayeuse, thus literally edging the skirt.

About Basques and Sleeves and Other Matters.

Basques are short and pointed very sharply both back and front, or else the back is cut in Basques are short and pointed very sharply both back and front, or eise the back is cut in a small square postilion, precisely like those of riding habits. All basques are very short on the sides, and many that are pointed back and front have a plating of the material doubled, placed on the edges and graduating narrower toward the sides: others have a soft puff for the sides and back, leaving the front sharply pointed; and still others have a pouf bow set up on the back—not below it. There is a vest of some kind on aimost every basque; this is full, soft and drooping, if the the figure is slight, but must be flat, with rolled revers beside it, if the wearer is stout. Satin is the favorite fabric for these vests in velvet, cloth, and, other fine stuffs, and there are many of the Fedora vests made of the wide scarfs of black or white Spanish lace that ladies formerly wore around the neck. For cloth basques there are regular waisteoats made separately of red or green satin fronts buttoned with gilt colus, and the green or black cloth postilion is hooked upon it, or may have straps or brandebourgs across the gay vest. When velvet is part of the costume it is becoming to use it next the face as a basque, or at least as a puffed vest in a bison cloth basque; there is, then, no fixed rule whether the velvet forms the dranery or the lower skirt, but it must appear hone or the other. Sleeves are still deeply rounded at the top, and are slightly bouffant about the armhole; there are also many satot sleeves that are full all their length, and gathered outside the arm just above the wrist, and, again, there are velvet or satin s'eeves with a lace puff inserted below the eibow, or with the lower half of the sleeve a medieval entit of velvet with the upper half of sicilienne or satin, and we have spoken of the cutfs and fringed wrists of fur and of feathers; but French modistes are more conservative about sleeves than about all other parts of the dress, and retain the close éoat sleeves for the greater number of costumes for

A Little of Many Things.

It is again fashionable to wear a fancy pin in the bounet bow under the chin. Velvetcen is an exploded name; all velvet pile stuffs take the general name of velvet.

Colored fiannel skirts edged with woollen lace are preferred to white ones or balmorals.

are preferred to white ones or balmorals.

The sabot sleeve, full its whole length, and so popular in England, is galning favor here.

It is thought that stamed floors have had their day, and that carpets will be used in a short time for all parlors and bedrooms.

While English women of exacting tastes, such as Mrs. Langtry and the countess of Lonsdale, are ordering their dresses from Parisian dressmakers, the fair French women who lead in the world of Parisian society are ordering theirs of English tailors.

English tailors.

English tailors.

Women cannot now complain of not receiving honor if they do good work. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb has been made an honorary member of a dozen, more or less, historical societies, mainly or altogether composed of men, and has very recently been created a fellow of the Clarendon Historical Society of Edinburgh and an honorary member of some equally dignified genealogical society. The world does move.

world does move.

There is a new style in the cut of fur shouldercapes and peierloes, which is quite unique. The new capes are cut with a high collar, high on the shoulders and pointed front and back—an essentially inartistic point being the bigh shoulders. High-cut shoulders, to be sure, are worn with every style of dress, but with a heavy fur cape it gives a bunchy, ungraceful appearance to the most sloping of necks. But it is in style, so there is nothing to be gained by argument, prayer or entreaty against its wear.

Bey Robert Collyer gave a sermon on the sub-

entreaty against its wear.

Rev. Robert Coliver gave a sermon on the subject of "Novel Reading" last Sunday, in the course of which, mentioning important novels, he said: "Jane Eyre," is one of the books that touched the bell and sounded the bugle for a revolution. Charlotte Bronte knew not what she was doing when she put her great heart into that book. It shows that woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse," And on the subject of reading novels he gave this good advice: "Don't make your novel reading he work of your life, but make to one of the relaxa-

that woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse."
And on the subject of reading novels he gave this good advice: "Don't make your novel reading the work of your life, but make it one of the relaxations and pleasant things of your life. If you want to have good companions about you don't be afraid to count good stories among those good companious. They can teach you something, can turn your heart toward better things and introduce you to a nobier and truer life."

A novel combination, in the form of a puffed lace sleeve, with glove attached, has just been introduced by Worth. The sleeves are slightly gathered in at intervals, and are made in any length, some reaching to the shoulders, where a thick frilling forms an epaulette and a trimming round the armhole of the bodice. The combination sleeve is made of widths of lace gathered on a fine elastic toward the edges, and the small frill thus formed gives a most pleasing effect of lightness to the sieve, far preferable to the piece lace which is generally used for a like purpose. By the use of this pretty and novel arrangement the elegant appearance of the long glove is fully preserved without the actual presence of those multitudinous tolds and wrinkles which, however fashlonable, must be hot and uncomfortable to wear, not to speak of the ever-recurring process of adjustment which the long gloves of Suede or kid continually require.

It is the general verdict among physiclans and hair-dressers that when the hair is permitted to

It is the general verdict among physicians and hair-dressers that when the hair is permitted to grow in childhood it will not be luxuriant in womanhood. It must be kept back just as callas, womanhood. It must be kept back just as callas, roses and geraniums intended for winter bloom must be cut down and rested during the summer. A little girl's hair for the first seven or eight years should be shingled off, just as a little boy's is. From that age until 14 or 15, it can be trained to grow thick, provided it is not allowed to pass the collar in length. The heavy heads of hair that many little girls are made to carry, just because it is the fashion, or because some proud mother "hates to cut it off," is not infrequently the cause of nervous diseases and general ill-health. Eight or ten inches of hair is too hot in summer, too great a strain on the nerves in winter, and in nineteen cases out of twenty so impoverishes the hair cells that the product is ever afterward very frugal.

FANCY-WORK.

Scrap-Books for the Children. As the days grow colder and the children are

confined more indoors, the thoughtful and loving

to entertain them. Sometimes, where there is a flock of wide-awakes (bless them!) always clamoring for "something to do," some quiet amusement

that will keep the restless little bodies in one spot for half an hour, and keep the noise confined to the clatter of tongues only, is very desirable, particularly if the mother is busy, tired, nervous, or ill. Among other amusements of this nature, that ill. Among other amusements of this nature, that of making scrap-books holds a very honorable position. I have not now in mind scrap-books for the nursery so much as for the girls and boys of 8 and 9 and upward. If not old enough to find entertainment in the pasting of poems, stories, and the like, let them, like the midgets, have a scrap-book of pictures, but let them make it for themselves, with a little instruction and assistance. You have no idea midgets, have a scrap-book of pictures, but let them make it for themselves, with a little instruction and assistance. You have no idea how fascinating the work is till you get it about, or how much painstaking and skill may be devoted to so simple a thing. There is one trouble, you are likely to become so much interested as to spend too much time with it yourself. There is another trouble, also; once get the work agoing, closets and garret will be ransacked for old papers and magazines, while occasionally there will be a raid through the house for some mite of a poem or some particular picture for the completion of a page. Of course, dust and dirt and cobwebs will be brought along with them; the paste sometimes gets brushed on the wrong article, or the muellage overturned; the chairs will be loaded with books, pictures, brushes and shears, while the clippings will be forgotten and scattered about the room, which things are very trying to the careful housewife. Still, there are worse trials. I know of mothers who, when the evening lamps are lighted, know not when the evening lamps are lighted, know not how or where their growing boys are spending the evening hours, or, knowing, know but to grieve. Let home be the place of pleasure and delight. The materials for your work are, first, a good-sized book with stout covers and thick leaves; an sized book with stout covers and thick leaves; an old journal or account book is very good, six and a half or seven inches wide, by nine and a half or ten inches long, and a half of three-fourths of an inch thick, is a very convenient size. Cut out carefully every alternate leaf, or more if your pictures or cards for pasting be very thick. There must also be paste or muchage and one or two brushes—common shaving brushes are very good—with soft cloths for pressing down the pictures and wiping off paste that may chance to get on the outside. The next thing is to collect pictures. It is better to procure a good quantity and variety before beginning, as you will then have a better chance to sort and arrange. Have a different box for each variety of the pictures as you cut them out, that the work of choosing and handling may be lessened. Pretty engravings and wood cuts from papers or old magazines should that treasured while gay advertising cards have you cut them out, that the work of choosing and handling may be lessened. Pretty engravings and wood cuts from papers or old magazines should all be treasured, while gay advertising cards may be tastefully grouped. There will be great demand for;small pictures of all shapes and sizes for the filling out of corners and margins. These you can procure in quantities at the picture stores for a few cents a dozen-mottoes, wreaths, birds, bouquets and the like. Often an old toy book or school reader will furnish just what is required. The worst difficulty is to find suitable small pictures for filling out the pages of engravings. When the work is started the children will glean for themselves. When several of a kind have been obtained, as is often the case with the advertising cards, a playmate is sought who has also too many of one sort, and an exchange is made by which the stock of each is increased. You will be surprised at the quantity and variety that are gathered together, and you will doubtless have to cull and arrange for a time, or the result will prove a mediey. Great variety may be given throughout the book, but too many kinds on any one page should be avoided. Large pictures may be used by pasting on two opposite

pages and folding in the centre where the book closes. A few pages may be devoted exclusively to animals, a page to domestic and another to wild; or a page may be given exclusively to different pictures of horses or dogs, and then what a searching there will be among the papers and books! Portraits of noted men and women may also deek a page, with a sketch of each, if obtainable. Views of pretty and noted places are also very desirable; poems and sketches may be added if desired.

Child's Muff. Here is a pretty style of knitting which may be used for a variety of articles such as hoods, mats,

etc.; chinchilla and scarlet are used in the follow-For a nice muff, for a little girl, use two needles No. 6, and two kinds of double zephyr wool. The needles must be pointed at both ends. Cast on thirty-five stitches with the chinchilla, begin at the last, cast on stitch with the scarlet, and work

as follows:

First.—Scarlet: Knit the edge stitch plain, but from the back part of the loop, then * make one, slip one, knit two together, repeat from *, slip the last or edge stitch.

Second (chinchilla)—Purl the first or edge stitch, then * slip one, part two; repeat from *. This slip stitch is a long searlet one and must be taken off, as in purling; the last or edge stitch must be slipped in the same way.

shitch, the ship stitches all through the row to be done as in puriling.

Fourth (chinchilla)—Knit the first stitch plain, but from the back part of the loop; then sabilitione (this is a small chinchilla stych almost covered by a long scarlet one), ship one, knit one; knit one; repeat from *, ship the last stitch.

These four rows are to be repeated. Work about half a yard in length, cast off, knit or sew the sides together, line with wadding covered with slik, draw in the ends with cords, add tassels, and the muff is complete.

draw in the ends with cords, add tassers, and the muff is complete.

The effect of this pattern is to produce an open network of searlet upon a background of chimchilla. Neither of the wools is to be broken off during the progress of the kiniting, and the row beains at whichever side of the work the wool to be used happens to be.

There is no difficulty in doing this with double-pointed profiles.

Wide Normandy Lace. Cast on thirty-six stitches and knit across plain.

First row-Knit twelve, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit ten, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit two. Thirty-seven stitches on neother

second row—Knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit eight, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit ite, third row—knit ten, narrow, over, knit one, arrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit two. Thirty-sine slitches on needle. Fourth row—Knit two, over, knit one, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, forty slitches on needle. Fith row—knit eight, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, cover, knit one, over, knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two. Forty-one stitches on needle.

Sixth row—Knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit two, over, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two, over, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narr

stitches on needle. Ninth row-Knit eleven, over, narrow, knit one, Nith row—Knit eleven, over, narrow, knit one, over, slip one, narrow and pass slipped over, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit elght, over, narrow, knit one, over, slip one, narrow and pass slipped stitch over, over, knit one, narrow, knit one, narrow. Thirty-eight stitches on needle.

Tenth row—Knit two. over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit ten, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit tweive. Thirty-eight stitches on needle.

Eleventh row-Knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit ne, narrow, over, knit twelve, over, narrow, knit ne, narrow, over, knit three. Thirty-eight titches on needle. Tweifth row—Cast off two, knit one, over, knit three together, over, knit fourteen, over, knit three together, over, knit fourteen. Thirty-six stitches on needle.

Repeat from first row. Use large needles and fine thread.

Open a sheet of tissue-paper, fold in centre lengthwise once, then fold the other way twice, and cut. There will be six squares. Fold across

and cut. There will be six squares. Fold across cornerwise three times, cut a deep, round scallop, now unfold. You have six rounds of eight scallops each. I use four sheets of green tissue, different shades, dark to light olive is best. Fold and cut each sheet same as first.

Take one round of the paper, fold one scallop lengthwise in centre on one wire of a common hairpin, holding the head of the pin in the right hand, press in gathers the paper with the left hand, towards the right, without breaking the paper, shirr each scallop in this way, then take one round of each shade from dark to light and tack together in centre, and you will have six handsome mats.

Now, take some rose-colored paper, red, pink, yellow and cream white, fold and cut in the same

yellow paper on a wire for centre of rose, put them on the wire, and you have a handsome rose. Place equal distances apart, one of each shade around the mat, and fasten in place. They make pretty mats for fairs. You want the

Embossed Stripe. Cast on twenty-two stitches.

First row-Plain. Second row-Purl. Third row-Slip the first stitch (in this and all the rows), knit seven, turn, retaining all the stitches on the needle, and purl four of the eight stitches on the left-hand needle, turn and knit plain the four just purled; purl and knit plain, alternately, until these four stitches have been kmt across fourteen times; then sip off the needle, or drop these four and slip the next four on the right-hand needle from the left-hand needle, and take up the

Fifth row-Plain. Sixth row-Purl eight, turn, knit plain four of t just puried, turn, puri the four and knit alternately these four stitches until they been knit across fourteen times, drop them, four, take up the four just dropped and puri

to the end of the row.
Repeat from the first row.
The above is good for tidy strips, or anything where zephyr or yarn is used.

A good pair of leggings can be made of a pair of long, ribbed, colored woollen stockings, which can be utilized by cutting off the feet in a slopir way, so that the top part of the foot will be left on and thus form the covering of the foot. Hem them around, and tack a piece of leather to each side, about the middle of the foot, to keep them

piace. Knit stockings, which are worn out at the knee. Knit stockings, which are worn out at the knee, as well as the foot, may be remade by cutting them off below the broken place and knitting up as long as is desirable, ending with a ribbing as deep as you may require. If the same shade of color cannot be matched, you may take a lighter shade, or a contrasting color would answer equally well. And, besides, the knee may be knit of double yarn, thus making them much more durable.

Cut the leg off a cotton stocking, above the broken heel, and hem it around, and you will have a good pair of over-sleeves that may be drawn on the arms to protect the sleeves when cooking,

the arms to protect the sleeves when cooking, washing dishes, etc.

A star mat or rug can be made from old stockings and socks. Take dark blue, gray, dark crimson, green and black stockings, and cut them in pieces of a quarter of an inch in width and an inch in length. Have coarse wooden, or bone, or rubber needles and east on sixty stitches with common cord. Knit two stitches and insert a piece of the gray stocking, as has been directed before, knit two more stitches plain, and insert another, and so continue all the way across the needle. Knit the second row plain; third row knit like first until you come to within six of the ending, which do not knit, but turn your work and knit back again plain. Continue knitting like the third row, leaving on every row six more on the needle again plain. Continue knitting like the third row, leaving on every row six more on the needle without being knit, until you have a complete point of the gray. Then take your crimson pleees and knit after the same directions, making a point each of the crimson, green, blue and black. This will form one-quarter of the mat, then begin again with the gray, and continue until the four quarters are made. Line this with something substantial, and crochet with coarse wool of any kind a border around it.

Baby's Shoe White Andalusian wool. First row, thirty-one

White Andalusian wool. First row, thirty-one chain, join.

Second and third rows triple; fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh, double crochet.

Eighth and ninth, triple; tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth rows, double crochet.

Fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth, triple.

This finishes the leg; break off. Leave cleven stitches each side, work nine across the front, ribbed crochet. This is simply double crochet, only when you turn take up the back stitch of the previous row. When you have worked nine rows break off, and join on the back, where you broke off.

kind a border around it.

the stitches of the front piece and putting three triple in the corner stitch.

Eighteenth and nineteenth rows — Double crachet.

Twentieth and twenty-first and twenty-second Twentieth and twenty-first and twenty-second rows—Triple.

Break off and turn inside out and sew neatly together, drawing the toe and heel in slightly.

Work the following round the top in colored wool three triple, two chain, three triple, all into the one stitch; miss one, one double in the second, miss one and repeat; run a piece of colored silk riobon, the same color as the border, over the instep, and it is finished.

Cast on fifteen stitches and knit across plain. First row-Sup one, knit two, over, narrow, er, narrow; knit three, thread one twice, narow. knit one. Second row-Knit two, purl loop, throw thread

ack and kint it off, knit two, over, narrow, nit five, over, knit one, Third row—Slip one, knit two, over, knit one, ver, knit two, over, knit five.
Fourth row—Knit seven, over, knit five, over, mit one, the five over, whit one, the five over, knit five over, knit five, over, knit five, over, the five over, whit one

nit one.
Fifth row—Silp one, knit two, over, knit two, ver, knit one, over, knit five.
Sixth row—Blad off two, knit four, over, knit ve. over, knit one.
Commence at first row.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

He Wants to be a Millionnaire or Work Miracles, He Don't Care Much Which.

"Well, I never see a boy change as you have," add the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came n with a poor, dirty looking tramp, and bought and as the tramp sat down on a soap bex and began to go through the fodder as though it was a banquet, and the boy locked out of the window at e rain that was failing, the grocery man added,

"Naw, I guess not," said the boy, as he slyed a pickle out of a barrel to the tramp. "That is, I haven't get it by any regular rule, but may be it is in my system. I tell you, old oleomargarine, I have always been in for fun, and haven't cared much new I had it, but lately I have had more fun makng reople happy than I ever had making pa jump around. Don't you know, if you see a person who is in hard luck and thinks the world is all a fraud, and who almost wants to be run over by a freight train, and you go to work and surprise the person with a bit of kindness, smuggie a warm neal down him before he knows it, it makes your heart feel as though you had got to loosen your bell? I never knew there was so much suffering in the world until that humane society fellow hired me to go around with him to hold his horse while he refleved distress, but the woods are full of people who have no drawers to wear in winter, and who would faint away at sight of a roast of beef. Gosh,

I Wish I Had a Millton Dollars ?" "O, what would you do with a million dollars?" asked the groceryman, as he watched the tramp pick his teeth with a sliver off the scap-box. "If you had a million dollars you would buy a dude suit of clothes and a trotting wagon with red wheels and a horse that could trot in 2.10. And you would part your hair in the middle, and wear yellow cloves and say 'g-kang.' That's the kind of millionnaire you would be."

beopic had ranged to eat would take a hundred thousand dollars and go around paying a month's rent in advance for people. If some people knew they would not be bothered about paying rent for a month, they would be so happy they would ache. Then I would buy 10,000 pairs of red flaunel drawers, regular old take ones, all sizes, and sell them to poor people and take their notes for the pay. You see some people wouldn't like to have drawers given to them, but if you took their notes they would feel as though they bought the drawers, and then you could have a bonfire and burn up the notes. But I had rather be able to work miracles than be a millionnaire. If I could take stones and turn them into loves of bread, and water into wine, the way Christ did, I would set up-business at a stone quarry and open a free bakery, and I would take the Milwaukee river and make it into wine and

in the poor people to help themselves. It would take the brewerles sick, but they could ship their ear to Texas and Colorado. It tell you, what this bountry needs is a fellow that can Make a Bakery Out of a Stone Quarry by a simple turn of the wrist, and I had rather

have such a job than to be president. If I could turn hard heads into bread it would be a picnic. I am not quite sure but Dr. Hanaford and some bead and tell her I had brought her some bread, and I would hand her a stone as big as a peck measure, and she would see it was a stone, and the tears would come to her eyes, and she would look sorry because I was so mean, and then, while she was wiping her eyes on the under-side of her apron, I would touch the stone with my magic wand, and turn it into a loaf of salt-rising bread, or brown bread, with a mansard roof on, and the look the poor woman would give me, when she found the stone was bread, would be worth a thousand dollars, and I would go away feeling pretty cunning. I should want to be able to turn cord wood into canvas

"Yes, that is all right to talk, but you shirt ho get, yet," said the grocery man. "The detective this ward says he is shadowing a lot of you yor that are holding claudestine neetings in a tirn, and he thinks you are up to some deviltry, on had better look out or the detective will have up boys all pulled."
"Don't you worry about us," said the boy as he were the trains a quarter to buy the next made

and we are going to

Make It Het for Widows.

and don't you forget it. The bumane society man is going to tell us when they take a load of wood o a poor widow's house, and us boys are going to neak up to her house after dark, armed to the to a poor windows house, and us boys are going to sneak up to her house after dark, armed to the teeth with buck-saws, and saw bucks, and axes, and before a widow knows what kind of a gang we are. We are going to saw up her wood, and split it, and carry it in. We made the darndest mistake last night, on the South Side, though. We found a load of wood next to a poor widow's house, and sawed it up, and carried it in, and after we had got it all done, a Dutch eight maker, next door, who owned the wood, got mad about it and made us pay \$4 for the wood. It took all the money we where the wood came from. I had to sell my skates to raise my share, but there is no ice anyway. I suppose that delective thinks he will run on to a kit of burglar's tools when he makes a raid on us in the barn, but he will find us fling saws. Pa says us boys have struck a lead now that makes him proud of us, and it we can't find wood chough to saw he will buy struck a lead now that makes him proud of us, and if we can't find wood enough to saw be will buy some. If he does we will give it to some body that is poor. We are not sawing wood for people that are able to hire a Polacker to saw it."

"Well, you take the cake," said the grocery man, as he cleaned up the single crumb that the tramp left. "One spell I expected you would bring up in State prison, and now I wouldn't be surprised any Sunday to go to church and find you in the pulpit."

the pulpit."
"No, you needn't expect to find me in a pulpit,"
said the boy, as he scratched a match on his pants
to light the tramp's pipe. "I shall practice, and

[Detroit Free Press.] A day or two ago a well-dressed man, who had aken three or four drinks too much, was weaving around and falling down and getting up on Mont-calm street, when along came a kind-hearted citi-

who asked:
'Where do you want to go?'

"Where do you want to go?"
"Waz go home." was the reply.
"How far is it?"
"Noz ir: I'll show you."
They walked along in company for a block or two, when the inebriate suddenly paused and

two, when the inebriate suddenly paused and said:

"Zish 'er place,"

"You recognize it, do you?"

"Shurthaly—shurtinly. I'm 'er greatest recognizer in Detroit."

He was assisted up the front steps, and as the door happened to be ajar he was helped into the nall. Here his kness gave out and he fell in a heap and his patron left. The latter had not gone half a block, however, when he heard a great hubbub behind him, and he turned to discover the drunkard rolling down the steps, followed by a pail of water and a coal-scuttle. While he stood and stared a servant girl came down the steps with a broom in hand, waved it over her head and shouted:

shouted:
"You leave another drunkard in our house and "You leave another drunkard in our nouse and I'll have you where the dogs can't bite you."

And the man lying on his back on the walk opened his eyes in a dreamy way and replied;
"I'm 'er greatest recognizer in Detroit! I recognize zhat I live 'bout four blocks furzer on."

Burglars Who Stola Water

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]
There are not a few humorous features about the water famine in New Orleans, as, for instance, the water famine in New Orleans, as, for instance, the burglary committed out on Canal street, when Mr. Hoyle was awakened about midnight to discover burglars in his yard armed with buckets and boilers and prepared to steal the water in his circum. It is said that young ladies actually go out visiting at helghbors' in order to be invited to have a glass of water.

A Long Came of Seven-Up.

tKirwin thief.]
game of "seven-up," adjourned eleven years ago next Christmas in one of our Kansas settleHINTS TO GOOD HEALTH.

Why Do Teeth Decay ?- Eating at Night-Manner of Eating-How Salt Injures Flesh Floods - Etc., Etc.

Now listen to the answers that are given as to Why teeth decay?

1. "Because we eat sweet things. Do you not

remember how the affected teeth ache when sugar comes in contact with them?" "Because we eat sour things—acids. We use enon juice, vinegar and acids, and destroy he enamel of the teeth, and then the work of lestruction goes on."

the enatuel of the teeth, and then the work of destruction goes on."

3. "Because we use very hot and very cold food and drinks. We take into our mouth hot coffee, then ice-water, nowsa scalding pudding, thence-cream. These extremes crack the enamel, and thus begins the work of destruction."

I have no doubt that each and all of these things is bad for the teeth, but you may indulge in every one of them and not lose your teeth, if you will keep them clean! Clean teeth don't decay. Look at that man's front teeth; see how white and clean they are. How long do you think that it would take that front, flat white surface to decay if kept as clean as it is now? Never, you say. You are right. Now, let me ask you another question. How long would it take other teeth to decay if kept equally clean? I answer for you, they would not decay in 100 years. I will show you as many white blacklands as you will show me clean white teeth beginning to decay. It is, I think, a physiological impossibility. All there is of this business is simply this: Keep your teeth clean and they won't decay!

How shall they be kept clean? Of course, with a tooth-brush, says some one. Yes, a footh-brush is good, but a tooth-brush does well in keeping the flat sides of the teeth clean, but on these flat surfaces the food does not stick, and so there is but little tendency to decay. The mouth is a

yet in our warmest weather a piece of neat begins to decay in twenty-four hours. If we can head today for dinner, the little pieces which find their way between our teeth will, exposed to the heat of the mouth, begin to decompose; ought we to be surprised that the teeth and ginns should suffer? I am rather astom-hed that they do not take on disease even earlier. Now, a cooth-brush will not go between the teeth (especially the double teeth, where decay begins the earliest), and remove those buts of food. A toothpick is the great preserver of our teeth. The brush helps the teeth to look white, but the means of breservation must be something which goes between the teeth and removes the particles of food which find their way there when we eat.

must be something which goes between the technical and removes the particles of food which find their way there when we eat.

Details—1. On rising from the table use a goosequilitoothpick thoroughly, and, if practicable, rinse the mooth, so as to remove such particles as the toothpick may have left behind.

2. On lying down at night use a tooth-brush, broad and soft, with pulverized soap and prepared chalk; do the same thing on rising in the morning.

3. As soon as you discover any tartar about the necks of your teeth go to a dentist, have the tartar carefully and thoroughly removed, and then scour away with your brush and the above dentifrice, which, by the way, the nearest druggist will presare for you.

Parents, see that your children attend to their teeth. How they will mourn over their loss. Ah, what would not I give to restore some which I lost before I knew what I am telling you! So complete is the protection afforded by cleanliness, that a cavity in a tooth, if excavated and kept clean, will not decay any further. I once knew a young lady whose front teeth were badly decayed.

clean, will not decay any further. I once know a young larly whose front teeth were badly decayed. Two or three of them were here shells. Comfog into possession of a fortune, her friends urved attention to her teeth as beditting her new surroundings. She had a particular dislike of small points and masses of gold shining out when sho spoke or laughed. She came to consuit me, and I advised the thorough removal of the decayed matter by a dentist, and the use of a syringe with warm water after each meal to keep the cavifes clean. It was more than twenty years ago that this young woman's teeth were excavated by the dentist. I cannot see that in these years the teeth have changed. I never saw gold plugging preserve the teeth so perfectly. I firmly believe if the teeth were skinned deprived of their enamel, and kept perfectly clean, even the naked bone would not decay. vould not decay.

The dentist is a most useful member of society,

and should be visited frequently with reference to the possibility of any new points of decay.

There is much more to be said upon the subject than the mere mention of its offtimes beneficial effects. It is not only that it may, under certain circumstances, be advisable to eat near the hour of retiring for the night, but it is quite as much a question how and what should be taken to have it not only prove harmless, but to produce favorable

An apple or other fruit taken near bed-time is to

How Salt Injures Flesh Foods. A French physician, Dr. Hussen, has been mak ng experiments to discover the effects of salt and other condiments when used in cooking, and adds other condinents when used in cooking, and adds his testimony to the facts already in possession of the hygicusts. His experiments show among other things, that in cooking butchers' meat only an ounce of salt should be used with from six to twelve pounds of meat. If more is employed, it will do one of two things, it will modify the structure of a portion of the muscular fibre so as to render it more resistant to the action of the gastric junce, or it will itself check and retard the peptic fermentation, the very groundwork of digestion. It follows that the action of the gastric juice, or it will itself check and retard the peptic fermentation, the very groundwork of digestion. It follows that salted and smoked meats are more indigestible than fresh. Vinegar, it appears, may be used with good effect, provided it is not in a quantity to irritate the stomach, and it is a pure dilution of acetic acid, freed from sulphuric or hydrochloric acids, the latter of which, through an active principle of the gastrie juice, must not be in excess in the stomach, or it will retard digestion. The hungry man will, therefore, be careful how he uses salt and vinegar, and Dr. Hussen will by and by tell him something about pepper and mustard.

Let us suppose a well-cooked meal on the table (which will hardly admit of any fried meat, by the way), and the family seated, it may be a question how to dispose of it. The American fashion is way), and the family seated, it may be a question how to dispose of it. The American fashion is generally to get through it as soon as possible, to save time. This is another economical error. Food caten slowly and well masticated is less likely to produce temporary indigestion or permanent dyspepsia than when eaten rapidly, or botted, as the saying is. Moreover, a smaller quantity of food, eaten slowly, actually nourishes the system more than a larger quantity eaten with undue haste and insufficiently masticated.

There is a rational mean between loitering over meals and cating too bastily, or boiling, which should always be observed. Very often a man hurries too much to get tock to his business, or his children are hurried to get to school. This is all wrong. Aleals should be taken regularly and deliberately; neither feasting in the sense of overfeeding, nor fasting, is commendable under ordinary circumstances. Indeed, either is ant to entail the other as a common sequence. Children should never have long intervais between the times of taking heals or food. Their digestion is more rapid than that of adults.

The process of digestion is, or ought to be, accomplished usually in from four to six hours; and this accomplished, nature calls for a new supply, and her demands should be duly respected. No man can do his work effectively, either mental or physical, without a sufficient supply of food, abundant in quantity and good in quality; but when he has enough, he ought to stop. Enough is as good as a feast, it is said, and more than enough is sure to bring penalties. Remote disease surely, and sometimes sudden death, is the result of overloading the stomach.

Wheat, corn and rye, furnish our bread; practically, we may take the first only for consideration. The composition of wheat is very remarkable, as this grain contains within itself nearly all essentials of 100d. It is composed largely of starch, of gluten (which has many of the properties of animal matter), of a mucilaginous saccharine sub

stance, and a notable proportion of mineral constituents, as potash, magnesia, soda, lime, with phosphoric acid and other acids in combination. When these constituents are preserved in their natural proportions in wheat flour, the bread made of it must necessarily be among the most important elements of our food. The bread should be light and spongy, well baked and not burnt, of a sweet and pleasant taste, and nearly white. Good home-made bread is generally more easy of digestion on the day after than on the day of baking. The mest family flour does not make the most nutritious bread, on account of the exclusion of some of the mineral ingredients of the wheat. Bread made of such flour requires to be supplemented with other aliments to give adequate nourishment. Many persons indewed use cracked wheat, boiled, for this very purpose. Bread a little stale and slightly sour is improved by being toasted, as the heat dispels or corrects the acidity. It is somewhat a matter of taste whether bread shall be leavened or unleavened; crackers and Maryland biscuit, well made, may be considered good forms of bread. stance, and a notable proportion of mineral con-

THE MAN IN THE BOTTLE. Points as to the Ins and Outs of the Per-

ambulating Advertising Business. The gilded neck of a contrivance fashioned in above the heads of the throng in Sixth avenue. A

pair of legs protruded from the bottom. Half-way up, on the side which faced in the direction of its progress, was a small opening, with a grating across it. Stepping alongside, the Sun reporter rapped near the grating. Who's there?" came a challenge in hollow

tones from within. The response, "A friend," suggested itself, and

was spoken.

"What do you want?" said the voice.

"Want to ask how you like this thing."

The bottle became communicative, and, as it toddled along up the avenue, the voice said: "It all depends on the weather. A man as understands the business will accommedate himself to the seasons. He will tote a banner, or, maybe, carry a lettered unbrella or wear a painted linen daster during the heated term, take to boards when the season of raw northeast winds comes on, and go into a bottle for the winter. Boards is better than banners in cold weather. The wind always blows up or down the street, so a feller is pretty well protected most of the time. When he comes to a crossing, if he finds the wind whistling across pretty sharp, he can walk edgeways and protect himself. But in right-down cold weather a bottle is as much better than boards as a double-breasted beaver overcoat is better than a liver-pad.

weather a bottle is as much better than boards as a double-breasted beaver overcoat is better than a liver-pad.

"Then again, in hot weather no man as knows himself will go into a bottle, without he happens to be a chap as has seen a good deal better days and don't want to be recognized by his friends. Take a ward politician in reduced circumstances, it instance—he don't want to be seen carrying a banner or between boards; so he is glad enough to go into a bottle for the heated term. Then there is once in a while a chap as has reasons for sort o' keeping out of view, you know, and he is ready for a bottle any time in the year. I ain't telling no names, but I knew a party what kept away from the police for a month or more, till they got off his track, by doing the bottle act. He used to toddle along the avenue, right by the side of the detectives who were looking for him. He wasn't any of your poverty-stricken sort, but lived like a fighting-cock—carried a bottle of the best old stuff in his coat pocket, lunched on boned sardines when he was loaling along, and smoked real Havanas. The smoke? On that was all right. He blew it out of the lookout, and, if anybody saw it, they thought it just curled up from the cigar of somebody eise who was passing.

"We ain't all so tony as this chap was," the voice went on; "but I can offer you a hunk of gingerbread, half a sandwich and a clay type of tobacco. Generally speaking, it ain't safe to light a pipe till disk, and then you have to be careful when you shoke. But the neck of the bowl when you smoke, in and you can sniff it up half a dozen times before it gets out.

"Heavy?" the voice said in response to an inquiry, "Not very. You see, this thing is made of a sort of oil-cloth over a skeleton like a hoop-skirt. The whole business don't weigh much more than an ulster. For a rainy day there ain't nothing like it. No matter how hard it pours, you're dry as a husk. Another advantage of being in a bottle when the weather is suitable is that you can go against the whol da bout a

on can go against the wind about as good as with t-presents a smooth and rounding surface and you don't get blown all over the sidewalk, as you do with big flat boards.

"Oh, a bottle is good enough for me till next May," said the voice at parting. "Come around and call again during the winter. If I don't recognize your knock, just sing out and I shall know your voice."

FIGHTING A WOUNDED BUCK. County Woods-A Narrow Escape.

(New York Sun.)

MONTICELLO, N. Y., October 29.—Andrew Couch of Black Lake, this county, is a famous deer hunter and guide. A few days since he was engaged by a party of Montteello hunters to "drive" the woods in the Black lake region for deer. The first day's hunt resulted in the starting of two deer, but none of the party sneeeded in getting a shot. Or the second day the dogs started a big buck and drove it to where Couch was standing on a run-way. Anxious that some one of the visiting hunters should have a shot at the deer, Couch fired one barrel of his gundu front of it with the intention of turning its course. Instead of the deer changing its course, as was expected, it turned and made directly toward Couch. When it came within shooting distance, the guide fired his remaining charge at the deer, and it thropped in the scrub oaks. Couch, supposing that it was dead, ran to where it lay, and drew his hunting knife to cut its throat. As he was stooping over it the buck suddenly sprang to its feet, and furiously attacked him. Couch had his empty gun in his hand. He jumped quickly to one side as the deer raised in the air and struck at him with his fore feet, and escaped the full force of the deadly aim of a wounded buck that all hunters fear. One of the sharp hoofs struck Couch on the left shoulder. It staggered him.

As the buck gathered itself for another leap the nunter dealt it a blow over the head with the gun.

the sharp boofs struck Couch on the left shoulder. It staggered him.

As the buck gathered itself for another leap the hunder dealt it a blow over the head with the gun. The blow had little effect on the buck, but broke the stock of the gun from the barrels. The buck renewed the attack, and this time planted its fore feet square on Couch's shoulders, knocking him down. Before it could leap upon him with its hoofs again the hunter regained his feet, and, knowing that his only hope was to keep himself clear of the buck's hoofs, clasped the infuriated animal around the body, with its two fore legs over his shoulders. Blood was streaming freely from the rifle-ball wound in the buck's breast, and Couch felt that the wound must be mortal, and that it would be only a question of a short time when the buck would succumb. The wound did not prove to be as serious as the hunter had beheved, and after nearly a quarter of an hour's wrestling with the buck in the serub oaks, during when time the animal twice broke Couch's hold and trampled him beneath its feet, cutting and bruising him badly, the guide saw that unless he could manage to make some decisive movement, or the other hunters did not appear upon the scene and get the betier of the buck, he could not hold out against it much longer. He was nearly exhausted. His clothing was nearly all torn from his body, and he was covered with blood from head to foot.

At the first onslaught of the buck Couch's hunting knife had been knocked from his hand, and when he closed with the buck he dropped his gun barrel. The struggle flaally brought the contestants to within a few feet of where the gun barrel lay. Couch, by a quick movement, disengaged himself from the buck, and, springing forward, secured the weahon. He had barely time to rise to his feet before the buck was again upon him. Couch dealt the animal a blow back of the antiers which felled it to the ground. The hunter quickly followed up his advantage, and with another blow crushed the buck's skull and killed it. Couch then

A HERO UNKNOWN TO FAME. Pietro Micea's Sacrifice t Save the City of Turin from the French.

(London Queen.)
A small hamlet called Sagliano-Micca was the pirthplace of Pietro Micca, one of those men whose self-devotion and patriotism thrill the whose self-devotion and patrolism thrill the heart, no matter at what distance of time. On the 20th of August, 1706, the French, besieging Turin, effected an entrance and poured in over the breach. Pietro Micca was only a poor private in the artillery, but he was a hero as great as Leonidas and as brave as Horatus Coeles.

When he saw the Piedmontese Guard overcome, and the French marching triumpliantly up the great gallery, he remembered the door at the head of the steps and the mine which had been prepared behind that door and under the gallery. With no orders from superior, no hope of saving himself, but with all his heart on fire for his country, he gave one last prayer for wife and child, try, he gave one last prayer for wire and child, then dashed up the stairs and closed the door, fired the mine, and sent himself and the invaders headlong to eternity. He saved the city and earned for himself a name that will never die, and gave an example that will never fail.

The American Journal of Forestry records an

The American Journal of Forestry records an instance of handsome profits received for ten acres purchased ten years ago in Logan Valley, in Nebraska, and planted with black walnuts, by Colonel Van. He gave \$1.25 per acre for the land, and after it was handsomely covered with a dense growth of thritty black walnuts, 10 years old, he sold the ten acres for \$3000. The time will certainly come when all this timber will be wanted at an advanced and handsome price, and there is nothing for which there will be a more extensive demand than the best large second-growth selected timber. Judging from the way in which our native forests are disappearing, the market will not be glutted.

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All subscriptions should be sent by postal order, registered letter, or draft on New York or Boston, though, if more convenient for the sender, postage stamps will be accepted. When stamps are sent they should be of the denomination of one, two or three To ensure immediate attention and prompt answers

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TO OUR READERS.

When you answer any of the advertisements in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE.

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, NOV. 13, 1883.

A NEW STORY

begins this week on page 7. It is entirely different in plot from any story yet published in THE GLOBE, and of such power and interest that it will 1885, we shall publish sixteen original and entertaining novels-all for \$1. Read the new campaign offer and form a club.

RENEW AT ONCE.

Between now and January 1, 1884, a large number of subscriptions will expire, the majority of which will be renewed.

We respectfully request each subscriber to examine the date upon his paper, and, if his subscription expires within that time, to renew at once before it expires. This will retain his name in type, and pre-

vent the loss of any copy of his paper. Renew at once and keep your name on the mailing list. Renew a once and avoid the rush. Read the new campaign offer and form a club.

The minister who preaches short sermons replete with ideas is the one who is popular with his congregation.

The report that General GRANT's army and other Republican friends will try to run him for president next year, in the belief that the prejudice against a third term has died away, indicates, if true, that there is liable to be some huge blundering on the Republican side.

After reading the reports of the sale at auction of Marwood's effects, at which a pair of old stockings brought \$2 and his two favorite ropes \$220, one must conclude that the English people are not only in need of sweetness and light, but that they have not advanced too far for a little of the ante-Arnold kind of civilization to be a good thing for them.

"Reduced royalty on barbed-wire fences" is the headline over an item in the daily papers. Royalty has been having a pretty rough time of late years, and some of it is sadly reduced, but we think it is unnecessary to add to the misery of Queen Isabella, Empress Eugenie and the rest by putting them on barbed-wire fences. It must be the work of Nihilists.

If the Washington correspondents are to be believed-and they all agree in their statements-Secretary CHANDLER is the disturbing element in the President's cabinet; hence all these rumors about changes therein. Mr. CHANDLER seems destined to injure the administration at the very moment when the Republican journals are pretending to see a "glimmer of hope for 1884." In sailor parance. WILLIAM will "douse the glim."

Brooklyn's big bridge has made its appearance in the United States Supreme Court as a common nuisance. A Brooklyn warehouseman began the suit more than seven years ago, but judging by the questions put to his counsel by Justice GRAY. Justice MILLER, and the Chief Justice the big bridge is in no danger of going, and the warehouseman would have been wiser to have moved his warehouse than to have attempted to have the bridge torn down.

In retiring from the army General SHERMAN predicts that there are wars in the future for this country. Very likely history is apt to repeat that a war will find us with a decent navy. An official report of the board of engineers of the navy, just made at Washington, states that if the near approach of war should find our coast in its present condition there would be no probable chance of resisting a modern attack, made, as the interest of an enemy would dictate, with force and celerity.

According to Ruskin, an educated man ought to know these things: First, where he is-that is to say, what sort of a world he has got into; how large it is, what kind of creatures live in it, and how; what it is made of, and what may be made of it. Secondly, where he is going-that is to say. what chances or reports there are of any other world besides this; what seems to be the nature of that other world. Thirdly, what he had best do under the circumstances-that is to say, what kind of faculties he possesses: what are the present state and wants of mankind: what is his place in society; and what are the readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it. The man who knows these things, and who has his will so subdued in the learning of them that he is ready to do what he knows he ought, is an educated man; and the man who knows them not is uneducated, though he could talk all the tongues of Babel.

The New York Sun says: "There is one very pleasant feature about the Massachusetts election, and that is the general good nature with which the Democrats in that State and all the 1mmediate friends of BUTLER took their defeat. The Republican fight was very like a crusade in which no language was too foul and no means of attack were too disreputable to be resorted to. that new biographies of him should be published; Billingsgate was a fathom deep all over the State. and the alleged respectability of the Republicans was totally submerged. Their State committee breathed fire and slaughter, and if they had been beaten they would have set up a howl that would have stirred up the very heart of Hull and rumbled through the Hoosac Tunnel most appallingly. But Butler and his friends don't make any faith and worship. For this is his significance as hullabaloo at all. They are beaten, and they own it, and hope for better luck next year. These are happy days for the Boston Journal and the rest of the Republican organs in Massachusetts, but we advise them not to whistle till they get out of the woods. Next year we shall see just how things stand there."

"More perfect" is one of the peculiar expressions seen occasionally even in publications of the highest character, and in which the usual carefulness of editing would indicate that the expression was not an undiscovered mistake, but a recognized idiom. One can hear it quite frequently from the lips of cultivated people, and altogether it is becoming quite common, notwithstanding the evident absurdity of saying that anything already perfect can become any more so. It is of a piece with all our exaggerated use of language. We apply the most high-sounding adjectives, "magnificent, "superb," "perfect," and all the rest of them, to common things, which are not by any means magnificent or superb, and which fall ridiculously short of perfection. And when we come to something a little farther along

erty to the necessity of coining some such anomaly as "more perfect." Americans are and always have been absurdly extravagant and intemperate in their use of descriptive language.

112.800 DAILY GLOBES.

We think that all of our readers will be glad to know that we printed and sold Wednesday ONE please every reader. Between now and March 4, HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND NINETY COPIES OF THE DAILY GLOBE.

That issue contained the full election returns, and although it recorded the defeat of our candidate it showed that our views were endorsed by 150,000 men.

Standing alone as we did among Boston newspapers in the fight which was so peacefully and amicably settled on Tuesday, the result showed that we had a tremendous constituency behind us in the battle. And it was only 10,000 less than the number who followed the lead of the rest of the Boston papers, all of which, directly or indirectly, supported GEORGE D. ROBINSON.

The enormous circulation of Wednesday has been surpassed but once before by THE GLOBE, as we recall the figures, and that was on the day that we issued the famous GARFIELD Memorial Number, which contained original poems by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and other well-

The steady growth of THE GLOBE during the last two years leads us to think that at no distant day our regular circulation will equal and surpass the handsome figures of Wednesday. Certainly no work or expense will be spared which may be needed to produce that desirable result.

THE ENORMOUS VOTE.

Election day brought out a voting strength that astonished both parties. Everybody knew that the State was stirred from side to side as it had never been befere, and that the contest had waked up and interested every voter that it was possible to interest in public affairs. But nobody imagined that it would be possible to draw out such a vote as that of last Tuesday. For there were few who believed that the State contained it. The proportion usually reckoned of voters to population is one to five, and computing the vote on that basis the State must have expended almost her last iota of voting strength. The poll was not only phenomenal in her own history but unusual in the history of elections of other States. In proportionate size the vote of New York equalled it in the presidential election of 1880 and ex-

celled it in that of 1876. The hot, closely contested fight through which we have just passed, the interest in which, as election day drew near, rode atop of every other interest, public or private, has been a most excellent thing for the people of the State. The apathetic putting aside of public duties, the indifference to public affairs, which have cut down the vote of the State to proportions of shameful smallness, received a most salutary pummeling and working up.

The man who is willing to sponge off of the efforts of his neighbor to secure good government has a screw loose in his moral make-up as surely as has the man who is willing to sponge his living off of his neighbor's bread and beefsteak. And any contest that can awake these men to a consciousness of the services they owe the State is in itself a boon and blessing, both to them and the State. The vote of Tunday was more than 50,000 greater than any vote ever cast in the State except at a presidential election, and nearly itself in that as in other respects. All we hope is 100,000 greater than the average vote of the last thirteen years. Possibly, after having been so thoroughly waked up, these shirkers and laggards will be more willing to perform their public

LUTHER'S ANNIVERSARY.

Germans all over the world Sunday celebrated the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of MARTIN LUTHER. The grandest glorification occurred at Eisleben, his birth-place.

It is a mighty man who lives a life great enough to have his birthday remembered and celebrated four bundred years after his advent. It is an occurrence phenomenal in history, when a man's services to his kind are thus commemorated, four centuries after he lived, over almost half the globe. The proposal for the celebration of MARTIN LUTHER'S anniversary came from a Catholic source, and Protestants and Catholics have united in anniversary exercises.

And yet all this does not show that the men who have done vast good to their kind are so rare that there are few worthy to be remembered in this way. It only means that Luther's services were of a kind to touch men's hearts and arouse their sense of gratitude. Other men have done service equally important, whose birthdays are never thought of, and whose life, or birth, or death, or great deeds, never receive special commemoration. What they did does not touch the emotional side of man. They and their works are remembered with an intellectual gratitude, but not with a heartfelt thankfulness. Writing of LUTHER in the Critic,

Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM says: It is not strange that the birthday of LUTHER should be celebrated in the land of his nativity and the places made glorious by his achievement; that portraits of the man should be distributed; that his books should be reprinted; that essays and discoveries by eminent men should be given to the public; that fresh estimates of his character and work should be made by distinguished thinkers. The marvel is that the whole Protestant world does not indulge in enthusiastic encomium of its great founder, does not magnify the author the new dispensation of spiritual liberty in a historical character; this is his conceded position among Protestant believers. The people commemorate persons, not principles. It is safe to predict, moreover, that his ultimate thought, though altered in expression, will rule over philosophy as long as long as Christian theism, with its endeavor after communion with God through Christ, is professed among men. The Protestant idea will ever be associated with his name, though interpretations may change and expositions vary. Protestantism and MARTIN LUTHER are synonymous terms."

And Rev. R. HEBER NEWTON, writing in the same journal, says:

Wholesome the renewed study of such a powerful personality must prove to our generation, gone daft upon the idea of impersonality; wholesome alike in the culture of individual character, in the fashioning of a philosophy of history and of a philosophy of nature-another and a deeper matter than science. Such a study cannot fail also to give us the key to the religious movement of which he was the masterful leader. The genius of LUTHER is the genius of Protestantism. Ultramontane Protestantism (or is it ultra-marine?) is so thoroughly satisfied with this constructive work of its German pope that his every word bealty is to submit all individual thought to the die of LUTHER's mind, and to accept as good no truth in the scale of excellence, we have bankrupted that was not minted in Wittenberg, four hundred ourselves, we have nothing with which we can | years ago. Who that has carefully studied

to the rising light, that conscience pointing steadfast toward the right, could doubt that LUTHER, coming back to us today and thinking amid our knowledge, would be the first to throw off the authority of the father of Protestantism, now ossified into a new papa-ship or papacy? LUTHER in New York in the nineteenth century would be the last to put bis neck in the yoke of the Wittenberg LUTHER of the sixteenth century; the last to surrender the rights of concience and reason to any external authority. He would stand, now as of old, for freedom and prog-

HELLO, READERS OF THE GLOBE!

BANGOR, Me., November 5.

To the Editor of The Globe: I hope you will not drop the Telephone after election. I for one have enjoyed that feature of THE GLOBE very much, and I know others who would join me in expressing a desire to see it continued in some form. Excuse the liberty I take in offering advice, but as a reader I am somewhat interested in the matter.

Yours truly. The above is one of many letters we have received on this subject, all indicating that our Telephone is a popular feature.

As there is probably much unemployed talent among our thousands of readers, we have decided to make an effort to draw it out for the benefit of all, and to offer premiums for the best material for telephone articles dealing with subjects of general interest.

For the best article offered we will pay \$50.

For the second best \$25. For the third best \$10.

The articles should contain about 1600 words each, in order to make a column of type. Accompanying the manuscript must be a sealed envelope enclosing the title of the article and the name and address of the author.

The envelopes will be opened after the merits of all the articles submitted have been passed upon and the award of premiums made. All manuscripts sent in will become the property of THE

We will also give three premiums of \$25, \$15 and \$10 for the best three sketches in outline for cuts to be used at the head of the Telephone column, accompanied by suggestions of appropriate subjects for telephone conversations. All sketches submitted to become the property of

Artist competitors should also inclose descriptions of sketches, names and addresses in separate sealed envelopes.

Decisions will be made on the judgment of a competent committee, and all communications should be addressed to the Telephone Editor. All competitors must have their manuscript and

sketches in on or before November 18. Let some of our bright young readers take hold of this and see what can be done. We know there are ideas enough in the heads of many GLOBE readers to furnish much amusement for the rest, and THE GLOBE is ready to pay for the best and give the literary and artistic amateurs a

chance.

THE GHOST OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

That was a ghastly spectacle in London last Friday. The poor old corpse of mediæval mummeries known as the Lord Mayor's procession, hooted, hissed, jeered at and pelted with apples in the London streets, through which it has been accustomed to ride in all the eclat of popular admiration and applause, has at this distance about such an appearance as would that of the grinning, ghastly skeleton of some long-dead court fool, bedizened in his motley garments and paraded through the streets of a modern city amid the jeers and shouts and ridicule of the populace. Near half of London, the despatches say, crowded the streets through which the procession passed. And they manifested in a very emphatic manner their disapproval of the whole affair.

The English populace has never given a more decided declaration of its growing impatience with mummeries of this sort, or spoken so plainly its indignation when its own desires have not been regarded. One cause for the demonstration was that the Court of Aldermen had not chosen the man for mayor whom the people had very plainly signified they wanted in that office. And so they hissed and hooted the Lord Mayor along his entire course. Strange sight for Lord Mayor's day, which has always been the occasion for cheers and loyalty and enthusiasm! Another reason was the impatience of the populace with the show and the parade and the red-tape splendor of it all, and their discontent with their own condition when compared with this display. Parliament has promised municipal reform none too soon.

In another way the demonstration is significant. It is a fair sign of the discontent, the growing liberalism, the increasing sense of the disjointedness between the real condition of the English people and the monarchical system with which they are over-ridden, the contempt for royal and civic ceremonial which have been spreading through the kingdom and which now and then in one form or another have decided manifestation. It is a matter of the people, not of party. Leaders in both parties show an uneasy sense, occasionally, that something is wrong, and give expression to their uneastness in some startling proposition. It was a Conservative who last year proposed the abolition of a hereditary House of Lords. It is a Conservative who has just proposed a state loan for the better housing of the laboring class. The undercurrent of the people's demand for change, for reform, appears on the surface in the intermittent agitation of the franchise reform and kindred questions. England is in training for a revolution, a peaceful one if it can be had, and if it cannot,

IRELAND'S FOLLY.

There is no peace, no rest for the Irish peasant. When not actively oppressed and bullied by the government, the poor, distracted factions harass one another and keep the country in a miserable turmoil of religious riot. The senseless, even insane feud between Orangemen and Nationalists has brought about a condition of things in Loughrea as deplorable as any that grew out of the efforts of the government to crush the land agitation. Last Thursday morning at daylight detachments of police and soldiery appeared unexpectedly at many places in Loughrea and evicted tenants by main force, putting them and their effects into the roadways, under the orders of landlords and constables. The evictions were well under way before the neighbors of the sufferers were made aware of what was going on. Then all the farmers and farm hands for miles around gathered in groups about the different scenes of eviction, and nothing but the overpowering strength of the well intrenched military prevented the worst forms of rioting and bloodshed.

that virile reason, that mind thrown open come of the worse than foolish feud between Irishmen. Instead of uniting for the good of their country, with one common purpose, these people fall into all manner of confusion, distraction and tumult, thereby putting a scourge into the hand of their common enemy and filling the hearts of Ireland's friends with despair. Not by Orange riots shall Ireland be regenerated and made free. Not by evicting one another at daybreak can Irishmen demonstrate that they ought to be emancipated from the tyranny of England. Not by wild brawling among themselves can they ever achieve any good on this earth for Irishmen or any other men. There are wise, brave, true men in Ireland who could lead her people on to freedom and prosperity; but the mournfullest thing for Ireland is that her people will not follow these men. That is worse for Ireland than all tyrannous laws, coercion acts and injustices whatsoever perpetrated by English parliaments.

THE VOTE OF TEWKSBURY.

The people of Tewksbury knew better than to swallow BUTLER'S Munchausenism about the almshouse in that town. They gave Robinson thirty-nine majority.—[Boston Herald.

By the above paragraph the readers of the Herald would be led to suppose that the voters in the immediate vicinity of the now famous Tewksbury almshouse had risen up in their might against Governor Butler on account of his bringing before the people of the country the manner in

which that institution had been conducted. The Herald's statement looks well till the facts

are known; and what are they? Last year Tewksbury gave General BUTLER 77 votes and Bishop 155. This year Governor BUTLER received 118 and Mr. ROBINSON 157. If this does not look like an endorsement of

Governor BUTLER we lack comprehension. Had the BUTLER vote increased throughout the State as it did in Tewksbury he would have received 187,600 votes.

A DEMOCRATIC GAIN.

An analysis of the vote of Tuesday and a comparison with the years in which Massachusetts has cast her largest votes is worthy of the careful perusal of both Democrats and Republicans.

Compared with the three last presidential years, 1872, 1876 and 1880, the result is as follows: 1872-Grant, 133,472; Greelev, 59,260, 1876-Hayes, 150,084; Tilden, 108,788, 1880-Garfield, 165,204; Hancock, 111,960. 1883-Robinson, 160,175; Butler, 150,174.

1876—Republican plurality......41,306 1880—Republican plurality......53,244 1883—Republican plurality......10,001 Has the Republican party lost or gained by the

ncrease of the vote? A careful study of the figures shows that it is so largely in favor of the Democratic party that the time is not far distant when the Republican party will be in a hopeless minority.

Notwithstanding the fact that the vote of the State is about 30,000 larger than that af 1880, Mr. ROBINSON received 5000 votes less than Mr.

In 1880 the vote of Boston was 27,221 for HAN-COCK and 25,550 for GARFIELD, a Democratic majority of 1871. This year, on a much bigger vote and with the

expenditure of unlimited money and no end of hard work by the Republicans, the Democrats nave 6528 plurality. Mr. Robinson had but 211 votes more than Gen-

If the Democrats could carry Boston in 1880 after a Democratic majority of 1871 in the State election, with a strong ticket it can certainly win

And the Democratic party will be pretty sure to name candidates who will be elected.

THE DEMOCRATIC COLUMN,

[From the N. Y. World.] OBIO. TEXAS. NEVADA. FLORIDA. GEORGIA. OREGON. VIRGINIA. ALABAMA. INDIANA. MISSOURI. ARKANSAS. LOUISIANA. DELAWARE KENTUCKY. MISSISSIPPI. MARYLAND. TENNESSEE. CALIFORNIA. NEWYORK. NEW JERSEY. WEST VIRGINIA. SOUTH CAROLINA. NORTH CAROLINA. Twenty-three States, with 250 electoral votes.

Necessary to a choice, 201. THE REPUBLICAN COLUMN. NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MASSACHUSETTS. CONNECTICUT. PENNSYLVANIA RHODE ISLAND MIN N ESOTA. WISCONSIN. COLORADO. NEBRASKA. VERMONT. MICHIGAN. ILLINOIS. KANSAS. MAINE. IOWA.

Fifteen States, with 151 electoral votes.

Germany has added another article to her list of tabooed American products. Along with the American hog, she now closes her doors against the American land advertisements. Those little pamphlets from the West that describe in glowing terms the western prairies, of milk and honey, and have moved so many thousand German farmers to desert the fatherland, are not allowed now within the Kaiser's dominions, and when found are promptly seized. Prince BISMARCK, with his law against emigration and this new attempt to keep the temptation of America out of the people's way, seems to think that Germany is in no danger of over-population.

A curious feature of the recent elections is the change in the strongholds of the two parties. Formerly the cities were depended on for the Democratic majorities and the Republicans put most dependence in the vote of the country and the smaller towns. But this fall all this has been And all this inhumanity and misery is the out- | changed. Ohio showed an immense and unex- | not by a large majority. Alexis was believed to | READ THE NEW CAMPAIGN OFFER.

pected Democratic gain in the country districts, with Republican increase in the cities. In Massachusetts the Republican gain was largely in Boston and the larger cities. In New York it was New York City, Brooklyn and the cities of the western part of the State that elected the Republican secretary of state. And in Virginia the country districts swelled the majority against Mahone. What does it mean? Why, that the change in the political sentiment of the country is becoming fundamental. The people of the country districts and of the smaller towns are the last to be reached, the last to cling tenaciously to a ticket they have always voted, the last to change their political faith. And when a change is working among them as manifestly as the election returns show it to be, it is evident that an upheaval is near at hand.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

The size of Governor Butler's vote must make many ex-Republican governors feel envious and wish that they had as many real friends. How about New York? What is the matter with such a Democratic victory as has been

achieved there? Governor Butler has increased the Democratic vote of Massachusetts most 50,000. The news from New York, New Jersey, Missis-

sippi and Virginia is cheering. Thousands of young American swells are said by a fashionable New York tailor to wear nothing of American make. Their measures are sent to London tailors, hatters and furnishers, who pro vide the articles ordered very promptly. true that garments thus obtained are liable to prove poor fits, but there are English tailors here also, whose sole employment is to complete im-

ported suits in a manner to make them fit. A German poet says that when Satan was hurled from high heaven he was broken in pieces and his limbs distributed throughout the world His head fell in Spain, which accounts for Cas tilian pride. The heart found its way into Italy, which accounts for the stiletto. The legs gyrated a long time through space and at last settled in France, which solves the origin of the cancan and explains French fidgets. The stomach landed in Germany, which gives a great first eause for beer and accounts for the gluttony of the Germans Satan's brains were probably knocked out when he was hit and scattered over the North American

Sun: In a horse a good and strong, but quiet, pulse beats forty times a minute, in an ox fifty to fifty-five, in sheep and pigs not less than seventy or more than eighty for ordinary health. It may be felt wherever a large artery crosses a bone A rapid, hard and full pulse in stock denotes high fever: a rapid, small and weak pulse also fever, caused by a weak and poor state of the subject. A very slow pulse indicates brain disease, while an irregular one indicates heart trouble.

A baptism in hades' depth
As hot as boiling tar
Awaits the man who quits a room
And leaves the door ajar.
And he who softly shuts the door
Shall dwell among the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

—[N. Y. Sul -[N. Y. Sun.

Detroit Free Press: "You know Blank, don't you?" queried a citizen, as he entered a Griswold street office yesterday. "Yes." "Have you any influence with him?" "Well, I may have." "Then you are the man to go to him. He has a son about 16 years old." "Yes." "That boy is on the road to ruin because his father is too good-natured and too much wrapped up in business. Seems to me it is your duty to go to that man and tell him in a friendly way that he must exercise more government or his boy will be lost." "I don't think I'm the man," replied the other, as he chewed at a blotting-pad and gazed out of the window. "But why?" "Well, I've got a boy about the same age, and I'm just going up to the Police Court to pay a fine of \$20 for him smashing up saloon furniture!

Try the next." Hereafter the retail sale of intoxicating liquors on credit in Prussia will be punished by withdrawal of the license.

If all the other colonels had attended his funeral the report would have gone forth that there was The latest dodge of the tramp is to boldly ask for ten cents for whiskey. He knows human nature and is pretty sure to strike a sympathizer

Chaff: We used to hear of the power behind the throne, but in these days of dynamite and Nihilists it is the power underneath the throne that does the business. Although he is defeated the Republicans still

fear Governor Butler, and are wondering what he will do next. The abuse which is still being heaped upon General Butler we presume is intended by the Republican editors to win back the thousands of Republicans who voted for him, but it is apt to have

a very different effect. Rev. J. W. Bain of Philadelphia told the Pittsburg people something about heaven on a recent Sunday, enumerating the things not found there as follows: "There is no darkness there, no clouds, no sickness, no graves, no funerals, no preachers -." At this point, seeing a smile rippling over the congregation, he explained: "I mean there's

no preaching there." Moody has begun his six months' siege in London, where he preaches in an iron chapel holding 5000 people.

"We can't crow," say many Republicans: "the majority isn't large enough, and besides there is no knowing what the 'old man' will do next." Secretary Chandler denies a report that he is worth \$1,000,000. Men like to be called millionnaires privately, but when the fact gets into print it worries them because they fear assessors will read it.

A young man wrote to a Chicago paper the other day that he was disposed to marry, but that he thought he could hardly make a home comfortable on \$10 a week. Two young ladies have written to the paper that they do not think \$10 a week too small an income. Either would cheerfully superintend its disbursement, but one would insist on no tobacco, and the other on no drinking habits.

Exchange: "Papa, what does this mean?" asked a bright little Jersey girl, pointing to the line. "Still so gently o'er me stealing." Looking at it with the intense earnestness characteristic of a man who has been hovering around the polls all day, he mumbled, "Musht mean (hic) applejack (hic) m'

A lovesick Englishman follows Mary Anderson

around and serenades her at night. He is rich, but the actress does not call him in out of the wet. A mild winter is being predicted by farmers. General Grant hopes to see General Fitz John Porter vindicated by Congress this winter. Philadelphia Call: A travelled Englishman says

Americans have a "tired, dispirited, distressed,

overworked look." He has evidently been observing an audience on its way out from a lecture by one of his distinguished countrymen. A curious story comes from Brentford, England. A servant of Dr. Terry was sent out to carry a nessage. She was short-sighted, and failing to return it was feared she had fallen into the canal. It was dragged, but without success. Several days later an old barge woman suggested that a

loaf of bread in which some quicksliver had been placed should be floated on the water. This was done, and the loaf became stationary at a certain point. The dragging was resumed at this point and the body found. The superstition is said to be centuries old, but no one had seen it tried there for many a year. for many a year. Arkansaw Traveller: "Fare," said a railway conductor to an old negro. "Sah?" "I say, fare." "Yas, an' we's needin' rain, too." "I say, I want your ticket or your fare." "Oh, yer wants money?" "Yes, hurry up." "How much does yer want?" "Where are you going?" "Sah?" "How far are you going?" "Don't know how many miles it is." "What is the name of the station?" "Jones's woodyard." "Fifty cents." "I ain't got no money." "Well, what made you get on?" "Cos I wanted to ride, but stop de car

It will interest and perhaps make many females envious in this country to learn that the Grand Duke Alexis is engaged to be married. But then an engagement does not always mean marriage,

an' I'll get off, fur it 'pears like I ain t welcome

heah, nohow. Good day, boss. Dis is de wood-

be engaged a good many times when he was in

Ex-Lieutenant Flipper, colored, who has figured n several army sensations, is chief clerk in a laundry at El Paso, Texas. A West Point education has its drawbacks sometimes.

Norristown Herald: A Yankee has invented a new process for lasting boots and shoes. If he can last a ten-year-old boy's shoes so that they will last two weeks without requiring half-soling he

According to figures furnished to the American Bar Association there were 23,939 lawyers in this country in 1856, 40,876 in 1870, and 64,187 in 1880. Today there are 70,000. It would be interesting if the number of successful ones were

According to the New York Morning Journal, Mr. and Mrs. Beecher went to the theatre the other night and had a very pleasant time. But when the ballet came on Mrs. Beecher as. serted herself. "Henry," said she, rising and put ting on her cloak. "Yes, yes, dear," replied Mr. Beecher, "just one moment; I"— "Not another noment," said Mrs. Beecher. "We go at once!" 'But"- "Henry Ward Beecher, don't you dare to 'but' me. Come away from here this instant!" Mr. Beecher followed his good lady to the carriage. At the main entrance he lingered for a moment-only one little moment-to catch a glimpse of Cavalazzi as she waltzed to the footlights on her

The Sun sensibly maintains that the results of the legislation of the Democratic House of Representatives at Washington this winter will decide the presidential election next year.

One of the pest enterprises in the interests of the masses of the people is the publication of standard books and novels in cheap editions. Dickens' Oliver Twist, for example, can be

The female voters of Cheyenne, W. T., make it almost impossible for a saloon keeper to be elected

and the women retain their teeth longer.

Exchange: "Father, do they call you Hon. John Johnson because you have been in the Legisla-ture?" "Yes, my son." There was a long pauso as the father finished and sealed his letter, and then he suddenly asked: "Why, my son?" "Oh, I didn't know whether it was because you had been in the Legislature and held free railroad passes, or because you got a job building a \$10,-000 county jail and made \$13,000 out of it. The next boy who says you are 'Hon.' because you stole \$13,000 is going to get licked!"

In Washington Mr. Blaine's presidential stock is very high now. Mahone's defeat has given President Arthur's boom a decided set-back.

merchant, "Yes, think I can." "An' will ye?" 'Yes, here it is," and he handed him five nickels. 'But hold on. Where's the twenty-five cents?" 'Oi hev no twinty-foive cints, yer honor. Oi only wanted change fur wan, and ye said ye'd give it to me. Good day, sor." When the party in front of you in a railroad train opens a window on a cold day just twist a

newspaper into a semi-funnel shape and hold it at such an angle that you will be protected and the draught be directed against the back of the neck of the window opener. Bob Burdette intends to get a patent on this screen. Hemlock is said to be used in large quantities

their elegance." There is nothing like favorable Troy Telegram (Rep.): With all his faults Gove ernor Butler is a positive man and one possessing many virtues. When he shall have finally disap peared from the American stage the historian, writing dispassionately, will give him proper credit for his good deeds and for fact, for fact it is, that he has ever been a steadfast friend of the

"haven of rest," and Miss Terry "had no idea of

I sing the song of the flaturon, The flatiron heavy and hot, The Nihilist brave of the laundry,

Over surfaces soft, starched or sodden, I press, plough and pound in my power, Frantic cries in hall, bedroom and boudoir Are my deep-rooted delicate dower; But, hilarlous, I leap to my pastime,

And of folds that criss-cross I'm the flat-footed boss,

The curling tongs clank with amazement, The fluting iron wrinkles with spite, As washboard and wringer, their victims, Prepare for my fiendish delight; And I hiss as I scorch cuffs and collars,

And the pleats pucker under my play. Fine needlework dies at my touch, And, with me at my best, not a garment Need wait for Time's sundering clutch,

As I tramp, twitch and twist in the Chinaman's

A Free Ride. [Arkansaw Traveller.

'How far are you going?'

"Don't know how many miles it is."
"What is name of the station?"

Still Waiting for Henry Clay. On the streets recently, says the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, one might have seen an aged gentleman whose hair flowed in white waves over his shoulders, while his beard was bushy and

Big Boots at Robinson's Home. One of the Chicopee shoemakers has recently broken all the local records by the manufacture of a pair of big boots for a worthy but large-footed

"MAGNIFICENT promises sometimes end in pal-"MAGNIFICENT promises sometimes end in pal-try performances." A magnificent exception to this is found in Kidney Wort, which invariably per-forms even more cures than it promises. Here is a single instance: "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time, but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney Wort she got a box, and it has completely cured her liver complaint."

READ THE NEW CAMPAIGN OFFER. READ THE NEW CAMPAIGN OFFER.

should open a branch office in this town.

dainty toes.

bought, complete, in London for two cents.

All the women smoke in Spain. In Italy the like habit is general; in Germany, Austria and other parts of the Continent it is the fashion to smoke cigars. In Turkey every female has her hookah, narghileh and chibouque. There is less lung disease in Turkey than in any other country

Arkansaw Traveller: "An' ken ye give me the enange fur twinty-foive cints?" asked Dennis of a

A dealer in precious stones estimates that he saw fully \$1,000,000 worth of diamonds at a New York theatre the other night. One lady had \$40,000 on her person Lord Coleridge said the hotels of America have attained perfection, Matthew Arnold is "pleased" with them, Irving refers to the Brevoort as a

to adulterate beer in the West.

A colonel in the South has committed suicide.

man who has to work for a livelihood. The Song of the Flatiron. [Nathan D. Urner.]

Who for others' rights cares not a jot; For whether to smash, smutch or mangle, To rumple, rend, roughen or rip, I laugh at all laws in the Chinaman's claws Or the Irish girl's lion-like grip.

As my song self-complacent I sing.

I smoke as the wristbands I fray, And I laugh fit to drop as the shirt buttons pop In embroidery and old lace I revel,

And still my brave song of the flatiron

Or the brawny Hibernian grip. "Fare," said a railway conductor to an old

"Sah?"
"I say, fare."
"Yas, an' we's needin' rain, too."
"I say, I want your ticket or your fare."
"Oh, yer wants money?"
"Yes, hurry up."
"How much does yer want?"
"Where are you going?"
"Sah?"

"I ain't got no money."

"Well, what made you get on?"

"Cos.I wanted to ride, but stop de car an' I'll get off, fur it 'pears like I ain't welcome heah, nohow. Good day, boss. Dis is de woodyard."

over his shoulders, while his beard was bushy and long, and his wide-brimmed soft felt hat and strange garb told that he was a stranger. He was Judge N. Banning Norton from Dallas, Tex., and years ago he was a violent Whig. When Henry Clay made his first great race for the presidency Judge Norton solemnly vowed that he would never cut his hair until he saw his leader in the White House. But Henry Clay never reached the White House, and consequently for all those years since 1842 the judge's hair has been growing and growing, and will still continue to grow until the hand of death cut it short.

mechanic. The boots are 16½ in size, and beside them an ordinary man's feet look like dwarfs. In-asmuch as the wearer is 6 feet 10½ inches tall, it is to be presumed that it would not be healthy to be kicked in earnest by those boots.

GOVERNOR BUTLER

Interviewed on Politics by a Globe Reporter.

Corruption in the Late Campaign.

Some Specific Cases Frauds Cited.

Ideas Upon the Presidential Question.

His Opinion of His Own Political Prospects.

A reporter of THE GLOBE, knowing that an inerview with Governor Butler would be of especial nterest just at this time, called on him in his parlor at the Revere House, Saturday afternoon. He was very pleasantly greeted, and the follow-

Reporter-Governor, The Globe would like to get your ideas about the late campaign if you have no objections to giving them.

Governor Butler—I don't know why I should have. I have nothing to apologize for or to regret in it. I am most proud and happy to know that I bave the hearts and best wishes of a very large majority of the people of the State, although I have not their votes. I said in a telegram the other night that the large increase of vote was obtained by corruption and fraud on the part of my opponents; and thereupon the New York Tribune printed that telegram as far as the word "fraud," and put in a period there and then said that I had confessed that my vote was obtained by corruption and fraud.

An editor who would do that would steal a sheep except for the fear that he might be caught with the animal on his back and be punished by

Let us now speak of the corruption. Thousands of votes were bought directly and indirectly. In some cases grocers were hired to supply prohead would vote for Robinson. In another case an agreement was signed to pay men in certain employments an extra day's wages if they would vote against me. In another case men were carried to the polls and given a dinner if they would vote against me. In many cases men were given that their places of work depended on their votes. votes. In the case of a considerable number of mills, in obedience to a circular of the Republican State Committee, a canvass was made of the workingmen in the mills. Many of them were asked how they would vote. Some who intended to vote for me said Robinson, not caring to disclose their preference. These lists of voters were placed in the hands of agents of the corporations, and when the voter came up he did not dare to vote differently from what was entered on those lists. I am quietly having these matters investigated, and one of these days will produce the

Free Ballot vs. Coercion.

To show to what extent corruption was carried on, however, a piece of general evidence will be convincing to any man's mind. It is well known that the shoe business is quite prosperous now; that is to say, so far as the labor is con-cerned. There is a scarcity rather than a surplus of skilled labor in that business, so that the men

Now look at all the shoe towns, save one-Natick, Weymouth, Braintree, Holbrook, Middleboro, Randolph, Lynn, Danvers, Marlboro, Haverhill, Beverly-in all those my vote was very largelly increased. In Fall River, New Bedford, Worcester, Lowell, Billerica, Chelmsford, there was a large increase for my opponent, although not a large decrease of my vote of last year on account of the large general increase of my vote.

In Lawrence and Holyoke my vote, while not decreasing from last year, because of the very large gain I made, my opponent's vote was in creased. These facts, carefully analyzed, will show that the Democratic party has been beaten by civ-

ilized bulldozing.

Now I have not one sentiment of unkindness toward these poor laboring men. Their necessity. their "poverty and not their wills," consented. For instance. I do not believe that any man voted against me for the sake of a carriage ride and good dinner; but that was a contrivance of the employer to get all his voters to the polls at the same time, and then overlook them while they

Give the voter the secret ballot which was found Give the voter the secret ballot which was found necessary by the Free Soil party and Democracy when united, in 1851, to prevent the same sort of bulldozing by the Whig manufacturers, and by Which they carried the State against the domination of the Whig party for twenty-five years, and this State is Democratic by 25,000 on the largest possible vote. And there is not a sensible man but knows it, and therefore we could not get the secret ballot proposition even considered by the last Legislature.

ballot proposition even considered by the last Legislature.

The leather business needs substantially no tariff protection, and I think in the revision of the tariff will get all it wants, but I think the cotton and woollen men have made a mistake in thus abusing their power. Bulldozing their employes to vote against the Democratic party will not be found to be a high recommendation to a Democratic Congress to give their business protection; especially when that protection will ald them to compete with the South and West in spinning and weaving their wool and protection will aid them to compete with the South and West in spinning and weaving their wool and cotton at home. Certain it is that I do not believe the cotton and woollen shares in corporate stock are worth as much by 10 per cent, as they were before election. And I am sorry to feel this, because I am a cotton and woollen manufacturer. I am pained to see them sacrifice themselves, especially as I am to be sacrificed with them and my business to be sacrificed with theirs.

But I will give you now a specific case of fraud used against us, and as that is proven it is as good as a hundred, because the men who will commit one fraud to cheat the people out of their election will commit a thousand, if that number is necessary. The Democratic City Committee of Boston had employed one Kiley to print their tickets. The proper blocks from which to print them had been proper blocks from which commenced about 9.30 o'clock Monday night, and proceeded without ino'clock Monday night, and proceeded without in-terruption until the larger portion of the Demo-cratic tickets were printed which were to be dis-tributed in the strong Republican wards.

This was the first step necessary, because if the lickets for the strong Democratic wards had been printed before the engine broke down, as will be seen hereafter, no considerable damage would have been done, for a very few tickets would have answered the purpose in the strong Republican wards.

wards.
The tickets for the strong Democratic wards were in the press being printed by power. Everything was going right up to 12.30 o'clock, when the engine was stopped for the purpose of taking

At 1 o'clock the chairman of the committee left, as he was to be out early in the morning to see that everything was right, and those in charge of the tickets were to call for them during the night. At half-past 1 o'clock the engine stopped. Upon repairing to the engine-room in the lower part of the building, the engine was found to have stopped on the dead point, or oil the centre. Three or four members of the committee went down to help the engine off the centre, which was done. They came up and the engine ran a few minutes longer, when it stopped again.

By accident a gentleman came there to give an order for some tickets who was accustomed to run an engine. He numediately went down, ascertained what was the matter, found the engineer verdrunk or very stupid. He refused to give him any information as to what was the matter. The steam was down and the fire nearly out and the blower by means of which the rate of speed rould be kept up was shut off.

Seeing that the steam was escaping through the packing in the steam; was to let the packing-boxes had been nuscrewed so as to let the packing-boxes had been encouraged to the steam to escape as fast as it could be made. He inquired of the engineer where the wrench was to screw up the nuts and it could not be At 1 o'clock the chairman of the committee left.

found. An engineer who had charge of a neighboring engine was sent for and the packingboxes were tightened, so that the steam no longer escaped. Finding difficulty then in starting the engine, he examined further and found that the boxes around the bearings had been so screwed down as to render it impossible for the engine to run steadily against such friction. He loosened those bearings, and after hard work and considerable expenditure of time, got up steam and started the engine again. And again it ran for about half an bour perfectly well. He then went up into the printing office, supposing that the engine might continue to run and the printing of the tickets be finished. He had been up there but a few minutes when the engine again stopped. He went down and found the steam, which he had left between forty-five and fifty pounds, had been run down to ten bounds. He got up steam again, and the engineer was still very drunk.

A Mysterious Stranger. At all times when he was down he found a man, a stranger to him and apparently a stranger there, who seemed to have no business there, loltering about the engine-room. After getting up steam he tried to start the engine again, and he found it was impossible to make it run for any available

What was the matter with it he could not tell, although he did his best to find out. He remained until 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning when the regular fireman came in who was enabled to start the engine after a while, and it has run very well ever since. ever since.

The regular engineer of this engine has run it for many years, but for some reason at present unknown he stayed away from the engine that night and had put this drunken man in charge of

the engine.

The engineer who came to get his tickets printed and worked on the engine is convinced that the engine had been fixed by somebody so that it could not run. Mr. Kiley says that the belt had broken between 1 and 2 in the morning. The engineer who came for the tickets, and who started her up and remained with her, says that when he left, at 5.30, the main belt was uncut and unbroken.

broken.

The consequence of this performance and the results from this conspiracy were that several of the most important Democratic wards in Boston had not their tickets furnished them until a late hour in the morning, although quite three-fourths the votes were thrown before 1 o'clock that were thrown in the day.

the votes were thrown before I colock that were thrown in the day.

It is not useful to inquire who did this great wrong, or who were parties to this conspiracy.

The fact is a patent one, that the engine was dis-abled in order to accomplish the purpose which was accomplished. This was not done for nothing, even in the inter-This was not done for nothing, even in the interest of the party of all the "purity, integrity and honor." We find the fact. We know the result, and we know who was benefited by the result, which has more or less largely contributed to the diminution of the Democratic majority in Boston and helped the election of George D. Robinson. He is welcome to his seat on these terms. A victory won by such means ought and will sink the party out of sight which compassed them.

What the Republicans Dare Not Do. Reporter-Do you think that the Republican government next year will undo what you have

The three principal things I have done is to repartment, and get the Marshes out of Tewksbury, State prison, Tarbox from the insurance commission, or put back the Marshes, any of them. The reform at Tewksbury, if I have done no other thing, will pay me for a hard year's work.

The Presidential Question.

Reporter—But they say your defeat has de-stroyed your presidential prospects. Governor Butler—I never claimed to have had have claimed that if I was elected this year my candinature was certain, and my election more than probable. The mistake they made is in laying stress on election. It is the votes that are wanted in 1884, not an election in 1883. If the vote of Mr. Robinson and myself had been the same as that of Bishop and myself had been the same as that of Bishop and myself hat year and I had been elected by 134,000 against 120,000, that would have been halled as a great victory. Yet any far-seeing politician would have seen that that by no means put Massachusetts in the list of the doubtful States, because Gagfield in 1880 had 54,000 majority, and that immense Republican vote lying back would have seemed to make Massachusetts certain in 1884 for the Republicans.

Now, Robinson did not get as many as Garfield within 5000 votes on an increased total of more than 30,006 votes. Taking into consideration the expenditure of probably \$500,000, counting everything, an importation of senators, congressmen from other States, the whole press with but a single exception against me, so far as the city press was concerned, the civilized buildozing which our manufacturers will get heartily sick of beföre next year, or I am mistaken, all directed against one man leading a minority party which was 45,000 in minority three candinature was certain, and my election more

sick of before next year, or I am mistaken, all directed against one man leading a minority party which was 45,000 in minority three years ago, and defections to some small extent by the men who desire to lead that party in the present as they have in the past, keeping the number conveniently small so that in case of a national victory there might be offices enough to go round, it may be easily determined that the last vote being cast that can be cast in Massachusetts in 1884, whether 10,000 majority in 310,000 votes under the circumstances does not leave Massachusetts not one of the doubtful States but a very certainly Democratic State.

Reporter—Are there any other elements which you think would be likely to affect the election and give an increased Democratic vote next year? Governor Butler-O, many others; but those which might be personal to myself I do not care to talk about. But I can mention two. Our Democratic mothers twenty odd years ago began Democratic mothers twenty odd years ago began having children at the rate of about three to one against the Republican mothers. Children do not flourish on Beacon street and at Tewksbury. Those are now coming of age, and four out of five of them will be Democratic, and that will put about 5 per cent. on the Democratic vote.

On the other hand the Republicans raked so near the grave for their voters that any life table will teil you that at least 4 per cent. of their voters are liable to die within the year. A vote of 150,000, after the canvass that has been had is a number that even George M. Stearns of Chicopee respects when he has his best clothes on. Even with that addition he is at a loss to know how I came to know the number of cards in a pack. I am glad to give him this source of my knowledge. From my youth up I consorted with the party of which he is a distinguished member, and he and I know some of the annusements of that party.

Reporter—But you have not told me, Governor, anything more about your political prospects than that you think you are stronger with a heavy vote than you would have been to have been elected with a light one.

The Governor's Political Prospects.

The Governor's Political Prospects. Governor Butler-Mr. Reporter, I told you that I claimed no political prospects, but somebody is to lead the Democracy to victory, under somewhat difficult circumstances. The Democracy had in New York almost 200,000 majority last year; but then there was only a vote equal to that which Hancock had in 1880. That majority has melted away to 10,000 on the other side. I should not have thought that I had made my political prospects better if such a thing had happened in the State of Massachusetts. But I had last year 23,000 votes more than Hancock had in 1880; and I have so husbanded my vineyard that I had this year 17,000 more than that upon an increased vote in the State of quite 30,000, while New York was lost, as I have said. While New York was lost, as I have said. While New York was lost as I have before stated, Connecticut is doubtful, in New Jersey the Democracy has just scraped through, in Pennsylvania the Democratic majority of last year has turned into a Republican one of an indefinite quantity, the exact amount of which nobody will know until the counting is completed in Philadelphia. Even Maryland is shaking in the wind. The election in Virginia by the overthrow of Mahone has shown the Democracy that they can have a sond South. But a soild South has always had a very strong tendency to bring about a solid North; so we are drifting into the old sectional lines of division of the war.

Even with a soild South a party may elect a candidate without a hope of New York. Therefore it becomes the Democracy to look to their resources for present and future strength. A victory for the Democracy and only be obtained by uniting the labor element thoroughly with it where it naturally and properly belongs, and adopting such measures and such platform as will satisfy that element and give us a victory. New York almost 200,000 majority last year; but then there was only a vote equal to that which

Paste This in Your Election Hat. This table shows the difference between the

| new and old time in prominent cities | throug | h the |
|--------------------------------------|--------|--------|
| country. The new time will be: | | |
| Albany 5 m | | |
| Baltimore 6 | 8 | lower |
| Bath. Me20 | | faster |
| Boston16 | | faster |
| Charleston 15 | 8 | lower |
| Detroit32 | | lower |
| Hamilton, Ont | | lower |
| Montreal 6 | | faster |
| New London12 | | faster |
| New York City4 | | faster |
| Dide deletie | | lower |
| Philadelphia 1 | | |
| Fort Hope, Can14 | | lower |
| Port Huron, Mich30 | E | dower |
| Portland19 | | faster |
| Providence14 | | faster |
| Richmond | 8 | lower |
| Savannah24 | 8 | lower |
| Toronto | | lower |
| Washington | | lower |

A Negress Turning White.

HUNTINGDON, Penn., Nov. 12.—Mrs. Julia Mor-rison, a respectable colored woman living in Carbon township, this county, has undergone a complete transformation in her color. About two years ago white spots began to appear on her face and arms, and increased in number and size, until now they cover her whole person. The physicians who have examined her are at a loss to account for this remarkable change.

FIGHTING JERRY GREENING.

Incidents in the Life of an Old Hunter.

A Family Which Has Terrorized Over One County for Many Years Past.

The Record Brought Out by the Murder of Mr. Cheever.

SHOHOLA, Pike County, Penn., November 12 .-The murder of A. C. Cheever on his farm in Dingman township, seven miles from this village, on Saturday of last week, has brought the potorious "Jerry" Greening family and its record once more minently before the public, and the exploits d characteristics of its members at present form unty. The Greenings live on a backwoods farm adjoining Greening's, where she spends her time with her family during the theatrical vacation. The Greenines live by hunting, fishing, acting as guides to visiting sportsmen, and by the sale of milroad-ties, hoop-poles, cord-wood, tan-bark, ship-knees, and other products of the woods, which they have ransacked and stripped for miles around, irrespective of ownership or title. Some member of the family—and frequently two or three of them at once—has been defendant in a criminal suit of some kiad, generally assault and battery, at nearly every term of the Pike county courts for twenty-live years. They are vindictive and unforgiving, and any neighbor of theirs, or any other resident of the county, who has given them either real or imaginary cause for a "grudge" against him, know; that sooner or later he will be made to feel their Vengeauce in One Way or Another.

This is especially true of the Greening "boys." Old Jerry, although as hale, hearty, tough and active at 75 as he was at 40, has been compara-

quit drinking, and has never been known to seek a fight since.

In old Jerry Greening's younger days he was the terror of the whole region. There was one man in the township, however, that he was afraid to "tackle." One fall a backwoods preacher, known as the "Mountain Ranger," opened a protracted meeting in the school house, three or four miles from Greening's. One Sunday, as Greening was hunting deer in the woods, he met a neighbor, who was a noted fighter. This neighbor told Greening that if he wanted to see some fun to come along with him, as he was going over to the school house to "bust up" the meeting, because his wife had got religion and spent too much time at the school house. Greening went along to see the fun. When they reached the meeting the services were at their height. The two men staiked in. The aggrieved neighbor walked straight up to the preacher, who was a tall, wiry, big-fisted man, and boldly announced that he had come there to "lam" him and "bust up" the meeting. The preacher paused in his sermon, and stepping up to the intruder, caught him by the collar and flung him bodily out of a window. He did not come back.

The Preacher Knew That the Man

The Preacher Knew That the Man was held in almost as much terror in the com one else in the township would dare to fight him, his post behind his desk, solemnly declared that it was entirely owing to the power of religion that he had been able to so quickly vanquish his assailant, and asserted that any one in the audience could have done the same thing if they had faith

The effect on Jerry Greening of the preacher's

here!"
He rushed from the school house, and seeing the and made for the creek. Before he reached the run-way he heard a shot and knew that some one had shot the deer. It was his dog that had driven the deer in, and he made up his mind to go on and claim at least part of the deer. When he got to the spot

There the Deer Lay Dead.

and standing over it was the one man in the township whom he was afraid he could not "lick." He laid claim to the deer, though, and the man said that if he got that deer he would have to whip him first. Jerry then thought of the "power," and, saying to himself, "I kin lick him, for I've got religion," pitched in. In less than three minutes Jerry was the worst whipped man that ever lived in Pike county. He went home and told his wife that "if there wan't no more good in religion than that they could go to — with it." He never went to meeting afterward.

During the war of the rebellion old Jerry Greening was drafted. When the notice was served on him ne swore that he would never answer the call unless the government sent enough men to take him by force. A detachment of soldiers from a recruiting force then in the county was ordered to go to Rattlesanke and bring Jerry to the front. He made a fort out ef his house, and for days, with the aid of his boys, he defied the government. Two of the soldiers were badly wounded by shots from the Greening gins, and reinforcements had to be sent to the aid of the soldiers. The government forces, after a week's siege, surprised the Greenings by strategy, and captured Jerry. Through the influence of parties in Philadelphia, who were in favor with the suthorities, he escaped punishment, and was discharged. He has made it his boast ever since that he had "cleaned out" nearly every fighting man that was in the county, and then ended up by getting the best of the whole United States government.

A brother of "old Jerry" Greening lived near his place for several years, but Jerry took offence at him for something, and the brother was at last obliged to move to another part of the county to escape the persecutions of Jerry and his family. In investigating the Cheever murder witnesses have given testimony with great reluctance, saying that they feared the consequences of saying anything that would tend to irritate the Greenings. One witness that he knew because he was afraid the Greenings that he knew because he was afraid the Green ship whom he was afraid he could not "lick." He laid claim to the deer, though, and the man said

MILFORD, Ct.. November 10.—The menhaden steamers, George Curtis and Vista of the George W. Miles company, brought in over 1,000,000 fish last night. Value, \$5000. This news is enough to fire the heart of every menhaden fisherman with joy. It is a most remarkably large haul, particularly for this time of the year. The fish now are fat and unusually fertile in desirable material.

for Ethical Culture, his subject being "Modern Slavery." He argued that slavery had not been abolished in this country, but still existed under a different arrangement, which virtually placed the modern slaves at a disadvantage, inasmuch as their masters are not under any obligations now to take care of them as they were under the old system. "What is the use?" asked the lecturer, "of empowering a man to put a piece of paper in a box once a year, and in solemn mockery telling him he is a freeman and may aspire to the proud privilege of being the president of the United States if he can hardly earn enough to keep him from starving?"

WRECKING TWO LIVES.

What a Young Lawyer's Ambition Led Him To-Obtaining Pardon for Two Innocent Men Imprisoned Eighteen Years-They Are Released with Silvered Hair and Backs Bent Double.

ALBANY, November 10 .- In the summer of 1865 the house of an old man living in Livingston county and beat and robbed him. They were overtaken nd arrested on a charge of robbery just as they were on the point of boarding a Panama steamer lodged in the Livingston county jall the old man, he victim of the robbery, died. The charge was then changed to murder in the first degree, and the prisoners were sentenced to life imprisonment. clouded his days," and professes to be auxiously desirous now, in his old age, of whoing out the "dammed spot" as nearly as is possible. The Governor was instantly moved by the pitiful and plausible story, and today liberated the two men, whose unjustly long confinement had stamped out their hopes, bent their backs and silvered their hair, were today remitted to walk out into a strange country and among strange people. One left this evening for the western part of the State, where he joins his little family, and the other goes to Washington Territory, where he hopes to pass the few years yet left him in liberty and rectitude. The men served full fifteen years more than they would had they been justly prosecuted on the charge of housebreaking.

FIVE DAYS ON A WRECK. The Thrilling Experience of a Woman on Lake Erie Years Ago.

justly prosecuted on the charge of housebreaking.

BUFFALO, November 10.-The recent disasters on the lakes, with their usual attendants of loss of life and property and narrow escapes of shipwrecked sailors and passengers, have given old curious and thrilling incidents of navi-gation on either one or the other of these great inland seas. The most remark-able experience that has been related is that

these great inland seas. The most remarkable experience that has been related is that of an elderly woman, an aunt of the late Captain Gillman Appleby, who commanded lake craft for nearly forty years. Fifty years ago he lived at Conneaut, O., and was at that time one of the owners and captain of a well-known schooner, the State of Connecticut. Mrs. William Johns. his aunt, was visiting at his father's house, and became suddenly homesiek and expressed her determination to return to her home at Black Rock on her nephew's schooner, which was about ready to leave for Buffalo. The captain was then superintending the building of the steamboat North America at Conneaut—a vessel which he afterward commanded. It would be ready to launch in a few days, and he begged his aunt to wait and return home aboard the new vessel. She insisted on returning at once, and the captain reluctantly placed her in charge of the schooner's crew.

Two days afterward the crew returned to Conneaut in another vessel. They reported that just after they had passed Erie they were caught by one of those sudden and violent squalls that are such a terror to the sallors on Lake Eric. The schooner was capsized, but although in a very short time becoming nearly full of water, did not sluk. Mrs. Johns was in the cabin, and the crew, beheving that she was drowned, and being anxious to save themselves, lowered the schooner's boat and deserted the vessel without paying any attention to the passenger. They succeeded in reaching shore safely at a small village near Dunkirk, and made their way back to Conneaut.

It was the third day after the wreck before Captain Appleby could arrange to go in search of the body of his aunt. The steamboat Peacock, from Detroit, which was on its way to Erie and Buffalo, was engaged by Captain Appleby to look for the wreck and take the body of his aunt to Buffalo. The steamboat came across the wreck, which was engaged by Captain Appleby to look for the wreck and take the body of his aunt to Buffaio. The steamboat came across the wreek, which was drifting on its side as it had been left, and a number of the crew boarded it. In making an examination of its condition they found it to all appearances full of water. They thrust poles down into the cabin, but did not come in contact with anything floating about. Believing that the body had floated out in the lake, they left the wreek as they had found it. Word to this effect was sent to Captain Appleby, and on the fifth day after the schooner had been capsized he went in search of her himself, with facilities for righting her if found. A son of the missing woman accompanied him. They found the schooner still drifting about

found. A son of the missing woman accompanied him. They found the senooner still drifting about in the lake on her side.

After several hours the schooner was straightened up on her keel, and before she had hardly righted, Mrs. Johns, haggard, worn almost to a skeleton, and every shred of fer clothing dripping with water, staggered up the cabin stairs and fell unconscious on the deck. The thought of her being alive never having been entertained, her sudden appearance before her relatives and the crew was so startling that the crew fled in terror to the other vessel, and it was some time before the captain and his nephew recovered their self-possession.

sion.

Mrs. Johns was restored to consciousness, but she was so weak that she was unable until the next day to tell how she had saved herself and managed to keep alive during the five days the schooner was drifting about on the lake. She said that when the schooner went over she did not know what had happened. She was thrown down, and hy the time she arose to her feet the water was up to her waist. It subsequently rose to her arm-pits, and was at that height most of the time. She could not lie down, and although the cabin door was open, the water was nearly three feet above it, and she could not get out. When the crew of the steambout Peacock boarded the wreck she could hear the men walk and talk overhead. She called to them as iondig as she could. She saw the pole they thrust into the cabin, but it always came in at a spot where it could not touch her nor she grasp it, and before she could make her way to the spot the pole would be withdrawn and thrust in at another distant place. This failure to make her presence known, she said, removed every vestige of hope for her.

All that Mrs. Johns had had to eat was a water-soaked cracker and an onion, which came floating to be a support to the spot the pole would be withdrawn and thrust in at another distant place. This failure to make her presence known, she said, removed every vestige of hope for her. Mrs. Johns was restored to consciousness, but

All that Mrs. Johns had had to eat was a watersoaked cracker and an oniou, which came floating
to her. Twice she tried to drown herself by putsing her head under the water, but she could not.
She fell asleep several times while standing in the
water. It was only by the most superhuman
efforts that she gathered sufficient strength to make
her way up the cabin stairs when the schooner
was righted by Captain Appleby. She heard
the men walking from the time they arrived on
the scene. She did not know who they were, and
listened to them in a listless, dazed manner, which
only left her when the vessel turned back on her
keel. Then she appreciated the situation, and
escaped from the scene of her five-days' misery
and terror. Mrs. Johns lived many years after her
extraordinary experience on the schooner, and
always spoke of it with a shudder.

COUNT SALM, DAY LABORER. He Quarrelled With His Cousin, the Prince, About an Ignoble Love Affair.

CHICAGO, November 12.—Still another romantic career of a German nobleman culminates in Chicago. Alfred, Count of Salm, 22 years old, is the career of a German nobleman culminates in Chicago. Alfred, Count of Salm, 22 years old, is the oldest son of Frederick, Prince of Salm, one of the wealthiest of German nobles. Prince Salm is a cousin of General Salm, who won that rank on the federal side of the war of the rebellion, and afterward served under Maximilian in the Mexican war. Count Salm, while a volunteer in the King's regiment of hussars and a student of purisprudence at the University of Bonn, on the Rhine, fell desperately in love with the daughter of a wealthy but not noble citizen of that city. Prince Salm opposed the match, and a year ago last October the count left Germany and nothing was heard from him until last September, when he turned up in Chicago. Prince Frederick was then notified by Carl Schneider, a laborer on the Illinois Central rairoad, that the count was employed as a day laborer by that road, about five miles from the city. Schneider, the informant, recognized the count, having seen him in the army in Germany. The two have lived together at 703 Larrabee street for some time past. On learning of the condition of his son's life and whereabouts, the prince despatched the administrator of his state, the baron of Waltzohn, to this country. After a fortnight's stay in Chicago the count, the baron and Schneider departed for Germany by the Pennsylvania road, all differences between the prince and his son having been amicably adjusted. Schneider is to be rewarded for his sagacity with a position in the army.

PUZZLING THE DOCTORS.

Mrs. O'Neill's Trance Brought on by Great Fright.

A Rough-Looking Tramp on the Highway Scares Her Into Convolsions.

Her Mind a Blank-A Most Remarkable Case.

Norristown, Pa., November 12.—The case of Mrs. Edward O'Neill still attracts great attention and sorely puzzles the physicians. She is an attractive woman, 25 years of age. Saturday evening she walked to Bridgeport, purchased some confections and a tew domestic articles at Holstein's drug store, and between 6 and 7 o'clock she set out upon her homeward journey, apparently in excellent spirits. At 7.30 Mr. O'Neil was aroused by the closing of the door of an outer kitchen or shed attached to the house, and thought that his wife had returned. An hour later she had not made her appearance, and O'Neil, becoming uneasy, lit a lamp and made a tour of the premises. Entering the shed he beheld a sight that terrified and unnerved him. Sitting bolt upright upon the floor, perfectly motionless, was the form of his wife. Her lips were covered with form of his wife. Her lips were covered with froth, and her stony eyes were rigidly fixed in a ghastly stare like those of a frightened imbecile. Upon trying to arouse her the husband found his wife wholly unconscious, incapable of speech or motion. The articles purchased at the drug store had been deposited on the table in an inner room. Glancing at these the man concluded that his wife had taken poison. Upon the arrival of Dr. Corson prompt measures were taken for the woman's restoration, but the stomach-pump not only proved that no poison of any kind had been administered, but demonstrated that for forty-eight nours no food had passed the woman's lips except a little candy, evidently eaten on her way home. Abandoning the theory of landanum poisoning, the physician treated the case as one of apoplexy. The Heavy Breathing, Prolonged Unconscious-

and the dilated eye, showing pressure upon the

the symptoms were very contradictory. The best hors gathered about the house, and the story related by two young girls appeared to throw some light upon the mystery. The Misses Henshaw, returning home from the Norristown mills, had taken the same route as that traversed by Mrs. O'Neill. It is a dark and secluded road, skirting the bank of the river. As they walked along the narrow path the girls discovered that they were followed by a strange, rough-looking man, apparently a tramp. They tried to avoid him and stood aside to let him pass, but he doggedly continued to shadow them, until, becoming frightened, they ran toward home, and the tramp abandoned the pursuit. They pressed Mrs. O'Neill upon the road, but were too much agitated to stop and relate their experience. The popular theory how is that the tramp, after the girls escaped, in some way terrified Mrs. O'Neill. Running home in fright and becoming exhausted, the shock to her nervous system is supposed to have thrown her into convulsions, which, in the absence of aid, brought on congestion of the brain.

The Past Forty-eight Hours are to Her a She can remember nothing about her journey along

the dark road, and questions skilfully put by Dr. Reed prove that she does not even know that she Reed prove that she does not even know that she left her home Saturday night. She supposed she had retired with her husband as usual. From Saturday afternoon until the present the record of events registered upon her memory seems to have been wholly and forever obliterated. The suspicious tramp has not been found.

"She will recover," said Dr. Reed, the family physician, this evening; "but she and her friends will probably never know whether she was the victim of her own hervous apprehensions or of something more serious. She is naturally a very nervous woman and dislikes to be out after dark. She is, however, strong and healthy and never before has suffered from any such attack. The case has been so peculiar that I hardly know what to call it; but I am incined to believe that it was a form of apoplexy induced by some acute fright, together with extreme exhaustion. The woman's swollen tongue, bitten by her teeth, shows that she suffered convulsions after reaching home and depositing her purchases." Dr. Corson, who first attended her said that the case buffled him

she suffered convulsions after reaching home and depositing her purchases." Dr. Corson, who first attended her, said that the case baffled him completely. He had never seen anything like it, and the strangest part of it was that the woman oid not die. Dr. Corson said that Mrs. O'Neil was a woman of very peculiar temperament and disposition, at times pleasant and affable and again sulen and morose. After some domestic infelieity she would often shut herself in a room and sulk for several days, refusing all food. She is keenly sensitive, passionate and nervous. "If the woman had died, as we were sure she would," said the doctor, "the remarkable symptoms could have been diagnosed; but her case will probably have to be enrolled among those exceptional ones that occasionally baffle the skill of the best among us."

DECREASING THE EXPORTS.

More Satisfactory Reports for American Shippers-Trade at the Stock Yards the Past Week Reported as Fairly Active. The export of live stock and dressed meats from ending Saturday, November 10, 1883, shows a decrease, both in live cattle and dressed boef. Advices received by special cablegrams during the week have been more satisfactory to shippers than those received the previous week. The de-creased shipments of the past week will undoubt-edy have its effect at foreign markets, both in the

demand and values.

The advices received from London and Glasgow show the trade to be in good condition, and values showing the advance in keeping with the difference between Liverpool and the two former markets.

showing the advance in keeping with the difference between Liverpool and the two former markets.

The following have been the shipments per steamer for the week ending November 10, 1883: Cattle, 888; quarters of beef, 1804. Trade at the stock yards last week has been fairly active, and values for Western beef cattle show no material change from those quoted one week ago, but a stronger tone in the demand for home slaughter, The export demand was limited to two resident and one Canadian shipper. The Northern and Eastern beef cattle on the market, of good quality, found ready purchasers at strong prices, while the drovers having common, coarse, half-latted cattle found that they had stock which was unmerchantable and unprofitable, not only upon this, but upon every market; such stock should be retained at home. Sheep and lambs from the West are taken direct to owners, who have agents at the principal Western markets procuring their supplies, therefore it makes it innossible to place any values upon this class of stock on these markets, as none are offered for sale. The sheep and lambs from the Northern and Eastern States were in light receipt, thus enabling drovers to advance the prices from the current rates of the previous week from \(\frac{1}{4}\alpha\)(\frac{1}{2}\alpha\). \(\frac{1}{2}\bigcup \alpha\) chicks object by his week, having extra good beef cattle on offer, found no difficulty in obtaining prices in keeping with those of Brighton dressed. There have been on the market during the past week large quantities of common grade beef which has been sold at such prices as commission dealers could find bidders. The mutton and lamb trade during the past week has been more active in the demand, with no great change in values; if any, in favor of the selling interests. The activity in the demand for home dressed was caused by the lailing off in Eastern dressed. On the whole the markets during the past week were in a healthy condition and more favorable to home staughterers and dealers than for several weeks past.

READ THE NEW CAMPAIGN OFFER. READ THE NEW CAMPAIGN OFFER. READ THE NEW CAMPAIGN OFFER.

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

Henry Ceorge on Modern Stavery.

New York, November 12.—Mr. Henry George lectured Wednesday before a large and fashionable audience in the rooms of the Society

Afrily.

I was severely afflicted with hay fever for twenty-five years. I tried Ely's Cream Baim, and the effect was marvellous. It is a perfect cure. Wm. T. Carr, Presbyterian pastor, Elizabeth, N. J.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

STOCK AND MONEY REPORTS.

Boston Money and Stocks and General State Street Gossip. STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, November 10, 1883.

The money market continues unchanged, and the week closes, as did the last one, with a steady market ruling. Money is in pleuty and cheap to the right parties, those who can supply the required security; but while inquiry for the use of loanable funds is moderately active, there is complay their conservative part, and after supplying certain of their own depositors, which they do at a range of 5.651/2 per cent., they show little inclination to listen to the wants of outside customers. theless, the general run of good mercantile paper is quoted as ranging from $5\frac{1}{2}$ @6 per cent. discount, with 6, perhaps, as the ruling figure. Prime corporation paper is still scarce, but is nominally the banks the note brokers are doing a rather range from 5@6 per cent., according to the grade. 3\(\frac{1}{2}\)\(\frac{0}{2}\)\(\frac{0}{2}\)\(\frac{1}{2}\)\(\fr

mercial bills, 4.80½; franes, sight, 5.20; 60 days, 5.22½@23½.

In New York the money market shows no change in its conditions. Time leans remain easy, while commercial paper continues duil; double-named paper, of the first-class, from 5½@6 per cent. discount, while that of a slightly lower grade, but regarded as good, ranges from 6@6½ per cent.; single-named paper of the first quality ranges from 6@7, good 7@8, and that of a lower grade from 9@10 per cent.

The ruling figure on the street for money has been 2 per cent, during the week, but today at the close money was offered at 1 per cent., with the last loan made at this figure.

The bank statement today is a most favorable one, but probably represents, to a good extent, the disbursements made last week on account of dividends and interest, and which came rather late to

The banks are now \$1,740,995 in excess of legal confrements, against \$687,695 in excess last requirements, against \$687,695 in excess week, and \$3,924,700 below for the correspond period last year.

Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 3 P. M.

| Market Mr. Co. Co. Co. Co. Co. Co. Co. Co. Co. Co | | |
|---|--------|--------------------------|
| Bld. | Asked | Bld. Asked |
| Boston Land 53/8 | 51/9 | Bos & Prov 166 - |
| Boston W P., 23/8 | 21/9 | Ch. B & Q 12784 128 |
| Brookline 21/2 | **** | Cin, S & Cley 1749 18 |
| BONDS. | | Fitchburg 125 - |
| A.T&SF1sts.1201/g | 1203/4 | NY&NE 341/9 3434 |
| A.T& SF1g. 113 | | Old Colony 1401/4 1401/9 |
| Eastern 68 11114 | 1111/2 | T, C & St L 11/a |
| NY& NE78. 1048/4 | 105 | Wiscon Cen. 17 171/8 |
| NY & NE 63. 96 | 97 | Mexican Cen 1134 12 |
| Or Short L 6s 93 | _ | MINING COS. |
| U P 68 1121/9 | | Atlantic 101/2 - |
| UP78 | 108 | Bonanza 15/8 |
| UPsf8s1153/4 | 116 | Cal & Hecla, 240 |
| A & P 68 92 | 921/8 | Catalpa 271/9c 30c |
| A & Pinc 26 | 0278 | Franklin 111/4 118/4 |
| Mex Cen 7s 587/8 | 59 | Harshaw 40c 621/90 |
| Sonora 78 99 | 9914 | Buron 11/4 (5/4 |
| RAILROADS. | 00-74 | Osceola 18 18/9 |
| A. T& SF. 821/4 | 823/8 | Pewabic 349 4 |
| F& P Mar 831/4 | 331/8 | |
| do pref1041/e | | |
| LR& FS 20 | 25 | |
| M. H & O 33 | | Sullivan 9334c 1 |
| | | San Pedro 122/90 150 |
| Metrop H 72 | | TELEPHONE COS. |
| Cam Horse. 90 | 901/9 | Bell 204 205 |
| Connection V. 13/4 | 2 | Mexican 27-16 21/2 |
| Bos & Alb'y, 175 | 1751/4 | |
| Bos & Lowell - | 110 | MISCELLANEOUS. |
| Bos&Maine. 1611/2 | 162 | Pul Pal Car 123 1231/8 |
| | | |

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

OFFIGE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, I SATURDAY EVENING. November 10. I BUTTER.—There has been a firmer tendency for fine grades, but buyers do not readily respond to any advance. We quote:

Northern Dairy—I'me Franklin County, 26@28c for his choice Vermont and New York, fresh, 24@25c for his choice Straight dairies, 20@23c for his fair to good, 17@19c for his common to poor, 11@16c for his choice Western ladie, 15@17c for his do common to rood, 10 @16c for his common to food, 10 @16c for his common to rood, 10 for his his choice fresh, 26@28c for his Summer make, 23@26c for his Summer make, 22@25c for his Summer

and orders are quite nominal. Lima Wood is also quiet and nominal.

EGGS.—The market continues short of fresh of Eggs. We quote:
Fresh Eastern Eggs sell at 30@31c & doz; Aroostook county. ...@...c & doz; New York and Vermont. 28@21c & doz; New York and Vermont. 28@21c & doz; New York and Vermont. 28@21c & doz; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. 27@29c & doz; E island. 23@24c & doz; Western. 26@26c & doz; Imes. 22@24c & doz.
held stock. 23@26c & doz; limes. 22@24c & doz.
held stock. 23@26c & doz; limes. 22@24c & doz.
held stock. 23@26c & doz; limes. 22@24c & doz.
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held stock. 23@26c & doz; limes. 22@24c & doz.
held stock. 25@26c & doz; limes. 22@24c & doz.
held stock. 25@26c & doz.
he FRESH MEAT.—The demand has been fair for Fresh, Mutton and Veal, and prices are unchanged. We quate;

Beef hindquarters, 12@12½cF b: do common, 7@10c b: do choice forequarters, 6@0½cF b; do common to good, 5@5½cF b b: transmitted has been sold at 9@10c B b: common to good do, 4@7c F b:; choice Spring Lamb, 7@9c B b: common to good do, 4@7c F b:; choice Spring Lamb, 7@9c B b: common to good do, 4@7c F b: spring Lamb, 7@9c B b: common to good do, 7@8c B b: common to good do, 4@7c F b: spring Lamb, 7@9c B b: common to good do, 7@8c B b: common do .4@5c B b: worcester county common 7@9c B b.

Dressed Hogs—Western dressed, ...@...C B D: do do extra heavy, ...@...C B b: Northern, 6½c B b: counds, \$11 B bb: tongues, \$5 50 B bb!; halibut heads \$3 50 B counds, \$12 pew trimmed halibut tins. B bc. Live Hors. 5½qB5-qc B b.

GUNNY BAGGINK,—Inc market has been firm; for Domeetic Bagging; prices range from 11½c fot 2¼ bs; 10½c for 2 bs; 5½c for 1½ bs; and bc F yard for 1½c bs.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market fer Hay has been quiet and we quote the sales of choice Eastern and Northern Hay at \$100@17 00 B ton; ged. 5; 4; 435; ine, \$13 00@14 00 B ton; poor, \$10 00@12 00 B ton; damaged H:* his been sealing at 9½10 @ ton; Western Theory, \$16@... B ton; Oxad Lays, \$20 B bol; for No. S. No. 4 are dull, we should be for the paper and bagging grades.

When you answer any of the ments in this paper, please do us to mention that you saw the sam BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBES.

prices are no maternally changed. Sales backude Cordova kips at 221/2c; River Plate kips at 21/2c; dry Texas at 15/2c; and wer saled kips at 21/2c; dry Texas at 15/2c; and wer saled kips at 23/2c; dry Texas at 15/2c; and wer saled kips at 23/2c; dry Texas at 15/2c; and wer saled kips at 23/2c; dry Texas at 15/2c, and we saled kips at 23/2c; dry the sale flates and 45/2c; dry the sale flates at 55/2c, and 45/2c; dry the choice, 1882, 24/2c; dry the fair to good, 13/2c; dry the choice, 1882, 24/2c; dry the from 98/2c; dry the choice, 1882, 24/2c; dry the from 98/2c; dry the choice, 1882, 24/2c; dry the from 98/2c; dry the choice, 1882, 24/2c; dry the from 98/2c; dry the choice, 1882, 24/2c; dry the from 98/2c; dry the choice, 1882, 24/2c; dry the from 98/2c; dry the choice, 1882, 24/2c; dry the form 98/2c; dry the market for 19/2c; dry the from 18/2c; dry the from 18/2c; dry the from 18/2c; dry the from 18/2c; dry the for 18/2c; dry the from 18/2c; dry the for 18/2c; dry the from 18/2c; dry the for 18/2c; dry the form 18/2c; dry the for 18/2c; dry the from 18/2c; dry the for 18/2c; dry the from 18/2c; dry the for 18/2c; dry the from 18/2c; dry the for 18/2c; dry the first the first the first the from 18/2c; dry the for 18/2c; dry the form 18/2c; dry the for 18/2c; dry the first the first

1 b. Grease has been selling at 667c % lb. as to maits.

WOOL.—The marketfor Wool has been quiet and rices remain about the same as before noted. Sales of sichigan X bave raaged from .485c. Onio and semsylvania ficeces have sold at 37c for X. and 38% oc for XX, up to 41 for XX and above, and very holce selections are he d for an advance. Unwashed ad unmerchamables have sold at 27% 630c for Western; Michigan at 27c. California Wool has been a light request, at 30c for choice Northern spring. Palled Wools continue in light request and some holce Maine and Eastern supers have ranged from 10.643c % lb. and common and good supers at 25.66 sections.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

GROCERIES.—Rés costée options oucned higher, but closed weak, with part of his advance lost; sales, 27,250 bags No 7; November, 18 doc; December, 19,160 bags No 7; November, 18 doc; Lice, modasses and raw sugar quiet and unchanged; refined sugar duil and casier; granulated, \$1,500 feet, 19,160 bags and the sugar duil and casier; granulated, \$1,500 feet, 19,160 bags and the tone at the close was easy; sales, 2000 blerces; closing, November, 7,73,67,75c; December and year, 7,700 feet, 19,160 bags, 11,160 bags, 11,

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets. Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, November 9, 1833; Western cattle, 5515; Eastern cattle, 129; Northern cattle, 688. Total, 3312.
Western sheep and lambs, 4180; Northern sheep and lambs, 1621; Eastern sheep and lambs, 4049 Total, 9850.
Swine, 21,621, Veals, 377 Horses, 193. PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.)

GLOUCESTER, November 13—(For the week past.)—
There has been a quet trade this week, as jobbers are looking for lower prices in the various kind: of fise products, and a number of them are purchasing in small quantities, 1, lieving that the market wil be favorable to them in he near future. The season fet mackerel fishing is about over, most of the deet haven he had not not not not be the market wil be mackerel fishing is about over, most of the deet haven he had not not not not not had balibut have been light, but the average is about the same as in former years. The whole number of arrivals reported for the week is 71, of which 49 were from mackerelling, with 5030 barreis; 15 from Goerree Banks, with 286,000 pounds codfish and 15,800 pennds of fresh halbut; 5 from Western Banks, with 83,000 pounds codfish and 15,800 pennds of fresh halbut; 6 from Western Banks, with 83,000 pounds codfish. 125,000 pounds codfish. 125,000 pounds codfish. 125,000 pounds codfish. 125,000 pounds codfish had dock, 20,000 pounds had dock, 20,000 pounds policek, 70,000 pounds had dock, 20,000 pounds barreis of curred thake and 450 qts cured codfish were received at this port. Total receives, 394,000 pounds haddock, 20,000 pounds ball halbut 5025 barreis mackerel, 125,000 pounds policek, 70,000 pounds haddock, 20,000 pounds haddock, 2 (Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.)

TO OUR READERS.

When you answer any of the advertise ments in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE A Salient Point that Proved to be an Impregnable Confederate Position.

Heroic Hand-to-Hand Contests in the Field of Battle.

[M. Quad in Detroit Pree Press.]

"Bring up the guns!" Let the order be heard by a regiment of infantry crowding to the rear in a panie, and it will halt the men in their tracks and make fighters of them again. There is something in the companionship of a field battery that makes a foot soldier braver than when his regiment fights alone. The guns may be wasting ammunition as they roar and crash, but it seems to the regiments on flank or in rear that every discharge is driving great gaps through the enemy's lines. So long as the battery remains the supports will remain. Even when the order is given to double-shot the guns, and the infantry can see that half the horses have been shot down, he still carries the feeling that grape and capister will win the victory. The loss of horses, wagons and small arms is lightly mentioned in official reports and the losers feel no degradation, but let a brigade lose a single gun from one of its batteries and every soldier feels the shame. It is next to losing the flag presented to a regiment as

tharched from home.

When McClellan, in his change of base, took posttion at Mechanicsville his left rested near Ellison's mill. For 300 yards in front the ground was open, a part of it being a ploughed field. Two hundred feet in front of the Federal lines ran the pull-race, which then had perpendicfield. Two hundred feet in front of the Federal lines ran the mili-race, which then had perpendicular banks and contained four feet of water. Thirty feet back from the race the Federals had made an abattis of rails, tree-toss, limbs and manarpened stakes. Then came more than thirty field-pieces in line, and behind them on the same slope were infantry supports three lines deep. Fender's brigade of D. H. Hill's command advanced alone to assault this position, intending it as a flank movement to turn the Federal left. They had no sooner moved out into the open ground than the arttllery had a full sweep at them. Grape, canister and short-fussed shell were hurried at them almost by the ton, and in five minutes the four regiments which had left cover in beautiful order were little better than a mob. However, instead of retreating in a panic, the men dropped to the ground and Began a Sharp Musketry Fire.

Began a Sharp Musketry Fire.

This was answered by volleys from beyond the mili-race which literally ploughed the ground. Pender hung until the assault became a butchery Pender hung until the assault became a butchery, and then the order was given to retire. Pender's brigage numbered less than 3000 men, and yet in twenty minutes its loss was nearly one-sixth of its strength. It was an exception to find a man who could not show a bullet hole through his clothing, and some of the wounded were hit three and four times. Those who buried the dead said that of the 200 or more killed by the artillery fire at least 175 were so torn and mutilated as to be little better than a bloody mass.

As Pender was driven back he met Ripley's brigade, of the same command, coming to his support. Lee knew the position, but he must carry it to turn the Federal left. This second brigade had less than 2400 men, and, united with Pender, the total strength was not over 5000. Four times that number could not have made an impression upon that place.

when Pender had rallied his men, the two bri-When Pender had rallied his men, the two brigades advanced in column of assault, breaking cover with a cheer and on the double-quick. The Federal guns were worked with terrible energy, but under cover of the smoke, and by crawling uon hands and knees the Confederates reached to mill-race. Indeed, several hundred of them crossed it. Then, for forty minutes, there was a terrific struggle. So fierce was the Federal infantry fire over and through the abattis that it was gradually whittled away. Limbs as large as a man's arm were barked chipped and splintered as if lightning had played over them, and the surface of the mill-race was covered with splinters, twigs and leaves.

of the mill-race was covered with splinters, twigs and leaves.

Pender and Ripley could not advance beyond the canal in force. They could not long maintain their lines where they were. The fire from the Federals searched every foot of ground, and every minute their lines were melting away. When the order was given to fall back the artillery raked them again as they crossed the open ground, and when the men finally reached cover the loss of each regiment had become amazing. For instance, the Forty-fourth Georgia, which numbered only 700 men, lost 338 officers and men. Every Field Officer Was Killed.

d of the ten captains and twenty lieutenants only twelve remained. It was the same with the Third North Carolina and other regiments.

Third North Carolina and other regiments.

At Frazier's farm, during this same eventful week, Randali's battery of six pieces was on McCleilan's right, and supported by the Fourth Pennsylvania. The front was an old field, devoid of sielter, and the battery was playing into the woods half a mile beyond. This battery so annoyed the Confederates that a brigade was ordered to charge it. The Rieventh Alabama had the lead and was to be closely supported by the other three regiments. Through some blunder the Alabamians, numbering about 750, were permitted to advance alone. They were seen as soon as they broke cover, and more than 100 of them were killed by the artillery fire as they advanced across the field. The men were thrown into disorder one moment to be railled the next, and, finally, with

broke cover, and more than 100 of them were killed by the artillery fire as they advanced across the field. The men were thrown into disorder one moment to be railled the next, and, finally, with muskets at a trail and cabs swinging in the air, they made a rush straight upon the guns. As they came near the Pennsylvanians rose up and delivered two or three volleys right into them. These were returned, and then the final rush was made. In a moment a wild mob was swirling round and round the guns—bayonets drinking blood—clubbed muskets felling men—the wounded staggering up to clutch an enemy and pull him down.

The guns were won. The Fourth was pushed slowly back, but as the cheers of the Alabamians drowned the noise of the battle to the right and left, the Seventh Pennsylvania came to the support of the Fourth. The fight which now took place was withessed by at least two generals and half a dozen colonels, outside of the hundreds in the ranks. It was two regiments to one, but the Alabamians had won the guns and were determined to hold them. Not a single company formed in line—not an officer had a command. Two thousand mad and infuriated men rushed at each other with murder in their hearts. No ope asked for quarter—no one gave it.

At the end of twenty minutes the Pennsylvanistic gave way, not overpowered by numbers but pressed back by such dare-devil fighting as nobody had ever witnessed before.

The Guns Had Been Taken.

but there were no horses to draw them away. The captors were making arrangements to draw them away when there was a rally on the part of the Federals. The smallness of the Confederate force suddenly became plain as the smoke lifted,

Federals. The smallness of the Confederate force suddenly became plain as the smoke lifted, and before a gun could be moved hot fire was opened from a whole brigade, followed by a charge. The Alabamaians were pleked up and hurled back in a broken mass, and the last of them had not reached the woods before the guns were again playing upon them. The loss of the Confederate regiment was over 150 men, 100 of whom, including eight company commanders, died around the battery.

The day after the repulse of the Fifteenth Corps at Kennesaw mountain the Fortieth and Fifty-seventh Indiana. Ninety-seventh and Twenty-sixth Onio, Twenty-eighth Kentucky and One-hundedth fillmols regiments, each numbering about 800 men, were selected to assault a salient on a ridge 300 yards in their front. The lines were formed in regimental divisions, and while the front was only the width of two companies the depth was thirty lines of men in open order. It was in fact a giant wedge of fiesh and blood and steel which was to drive itself through the Confederate lines.

As the men stood in line their officers explained to them in low and earnest tones what was planned and what was hoped for. It was a forlorn hope indeed. Every man must have realized that there would be a terrible loss of life, even before the salient was reached, but each one seemed to nerve himself for what was to come. During the twenty minutes' interval between forming and the order to advance there was almost dead silence in the ranks. The men leaned upon their muskets and peered through the forest in their front which hid the Confederate position, and the supports on the flanks moved up and into position as if fearing that their footsteps would disturb the dead of the day before.

and the supports on the flanks moved up and into position as if fearing that their footsteps would disturb the dead of the day before.

It was not positively known to the Federals that the salient was defended by cannon. The hope that it was not gave the men more spirit, as the lay of the ground—forest, thicket and ridge—furnished fair shelter from musketry fire.

Soon after 8 o'clock a single low spoken order brought every man to a front face. The moment had come. As the column had been formed under cover it was hoped to take the defenders of the salient by surprise. The lines were dressed, and in a moment more were moving through the woods. From the valleys at the base of the Kennesaw, Lost or Pine mountains to their crests there is scarcely a level spot. The sides are covered with forest and thicket, and the ground is almost a succession of rocky terraces. Over this difficult ground the great blue wedge forced its way at a rapid pace, but no cheers were heard—no shouts were given.

"Cracket brack! crack!"

shouts were given.

"Crack! crack! "Crack!"
It is the alarm from the Confederate skirmishis, who have crept down almost to the base of the mountain. They are posted behind great as and hidden behind ledges. They cannot reat: they must

Surrender or Fight It Out. They chose the latter course. Nine out of every ten hold their positions until the point of the blue wedge reaches them and brings a savage death with it. All along the sides of the grim mountain the back seat

skirmishers bar the way, seeking to detain the skirmishers bar the way, seeking to detain the wedge and alarm the defenders of the sallent. Here and there a Federal throws up his hands and falls back, but the column makes no hait. Up, up, up, and now an officer in front waves his sword as the slopes of the parapet come into sight. Here the cover suddenly ends. From the bushes to the salient, a distance of 200 feet, the ground has been swept bare of tree and bush, and rocks have been rolled aside. At the foot of the parapet is a palisade—outside of that an abattis. Behind the works are a thousand muskets—a thousand Confederates with fingers on triggers. At regular invervals along this line—250 feet front—are six field pieces, each one loaded with grape and canister. The men within are waiting. Not an order is given nor a head appears in sight until the first line of blue is out of cover.

Now, as if one finger had pressed the thousand triggers, a great sheet of flame leaps forth and scorches and blisters and sirvels the advance. The second line crowds up over the dead and dying—the third and fourth cheer as they come. Now, with a crash as if a volcano was breaking through the crest of the mountain, the six guns belch their contents into that mass of men sixty deep. The effect was horrible. What were men a moment ago are now bloody shreds blown against the rocks and scattered afar over the ground. Some of the govy fragments fall upon the lines yet half-way up the slope.

The advance halts in confusion—the rear lines close up. There is another bloody feast ready as soon as the cannon can be charged. Then comes the order to break lines and divide to the right and left to get out of range of the artillery. The nien rush forward to the abattis—some lie flat down—others take cover behind rocks. For fifteen minutes heroic courage holds them before the sallent. The Confederates have them at their mercy, Men take deliberate aim and send a bullet through the heads of the living targets. When the burdal party comes to do its work it will find that seven out of every te wedge and alarm the defenders of the Here and there a Federal throws up his

The fire of musketry might have checked the assault, but, aided by artillery, the check became butchery. Grape and canister searched out spot secure from bullets, and men in the very real secure from bullets, and men in the very rear ranks, who did not even eatch sight of the abattls, were struck down by the fron missiles. No assault could have brought out more nerve and herolsm, but it was the wave dashing against a rocky cliff. When the men had fallen back to their original positions the roil of dead and wounded was a shock to those who had escaped. No one had blundered. Johnston's lines were there, and they must be carried by assault. Sherman was looking for a weak spot to drive a wedge into. That salient was one of the strongest points on the Confederate line.

MACNIFICENT SCENERY.

An Enthusiastic Correspondent's Raptures Over the Lower Columbia River and What is to be Seen Along Its Bank.

The scenery of the Lower Columbia is more grand and savage than that of the Hudson, and on a far more magnificent scale than that of any European river. Lofty mountains crowd each other on either side, and cliffs of eccentric and curious formation, mostly perpendicular, line the

other on either side, and cliffs of eccentric and curious formation, mostly perpendicular, line the borders of the stream. The peaks nearest the river range from a height of 1000 to 3000 feet. The cliffs are often 1000 feet high, and these steep walls of rock, for the most part, form the margin of the river, along which the deep and silent currents slide downward toward the sea. The rock is basilite, and the general structure is columnar. The tail cliffs, red, gray and black, rise in groups of shatts like the pipes of an organ hundreds of feet high, crowned with the verdure of evergreens, and with the bright hues of autumnal follage. The bases of the cliffs are water-worn, the eroston of the stream leaving small caverns whose ragged sides are lined with gigantic crystallized basalt. Above the cliffs rise the mountains, terrace above terrace, until the clouds are reached and the sharp peaks of the highest ranges disappear in the drifting vapors. Here and there a waterfail leaps down from the mountain fastness and plunges over a wall of rocks into the Columbia.

The scenery at the Cascades is very grand to the mountain panorama and the cliff-line shores being added the striking feature of waterfail and the roaring rapids. The water bols and hisses among rocky masses at the Cascades, and as the train stops on the high bank above we look down into a seething caldron of waters, broken here and there by swift sheets that bass through occasional channels. The picture is one of strange and savage grandeur. A canal is being constructed around the Cascades, lit is a vast work, requiring \$5,000,000 or more to complete. When finished, the canal will permit the passage of river steamers to the Dalles, forty miles above. Five miles above Dalles City we reach the Great Dallas, a marvellous gorge in the mountain range, where, sunk in beds of adamantine lava, the Columbia basses in a single narrow channel to the westward. On the shore of the river at this season of the year one sees nothing but forbidding fields of black lava b aromatic pipe, with the subsequent penalty of gidthe river at this season of the year one sees
nothing but forbidding fields of black lava between
him and the further shore of the river. But a
short walk, with many a climb over the rugged
surface, brings one to the brink of a stream
sixty-five feet wide. The current flows in
a narrow cut, close to the Washington
shore, silent, myscerious, fathomless. To this
narrow span has the mightlest river on the continent been confined. A boy might fling a stone
across it, yet human ingenuity has failed to measure
its depth. It has been well said that this is
the Columbia river turned up on its edge. Above
the Dalles the scenery becomes wild, forbidding,
treeless and savage. The bluffs are truncated
cones. The banks are lava beds partly covered
with sand, and above these rise the grim, windworn forms of basalite cliffs and precipes. The
Columbia below the Dalles is picturesque and
the river at this season of the season and sick headache, as after a blundering
administration of chloroform. It requires only a
dimess and sick headache, as after a blundering
administration of chloroform. It requires only a
dimess and sick headache, as after a blundering
administration of chloroform. It requires only a
might for of the stomach to return to Boer tobacco a
second time; to return to Chinese a second time
you must turn Chinaman. In singular contrast to
real Indian, which is both light and fragrant—even
when there is no tobacco in it. For the savage
cannot always obtain the precious leaf, and
very often when he can, economy and, it
with various vegetable substances of pleasant
favor. The most usual is the inner bark of
the red willow, which I have helped Navajo
Indians, in the valley of the Riv Virgin, to prepare
the red willow, which I have helped Navajo
Indians, in the valley of the Riv Virgin, to prepare
the red willow, which is not observed and the inner bark of
the red willow, which is not observed and the inner bark of
the red willow are cut into lengths of about two fee worn forms of basaltic cliffs and precipes. The Columbia below the Dalles is picturesque and grand. Above, it is still wonderful, but almost horrible in its forbidding grandeur.

Brooklyn's Climate Conducive to Kissing. Developments of one kind and another for many years, says the Brooklyn Eagle, have established the fact that the glorious climate of Brooklyn is conducive to kissing. They have in Brooklyn every sort of kiss, from the famous paroxysimal clear through to the multitudinous, which seems to be the cheaper kind, and mostly sent in letters, a thousand or so at a time. What Brooklyn hasn't learned or invented in the line of kisses isn't worth the knowing. The Brooklyn kiss, in one way or another, however, often gets people into trouble. A pretty Brooklyn girl went into court the other day in pursuit of a recreant lover who had been tunsparing in his kisses. The inquiry showed how exciting must be the love-lite of a Brooklyn girl. This girl had not only been kissed paroxysmally—which is a sweet way of Brooklyn invention—but she had been liberally supplied with kisses by letter. This could hardly have been as agreeable, but as they came along a thousand or so at a time she allowed them to accumulate. With pride she told the court that she had received as many as 83,000 kisses. This probably beats the record anywhere except in Brooklyn. But after all this kissing the Brooklyn girl was in tears, because her lover had gone away. He has left her with a broken heart and 83,000 kisses, which she doesn't seem to know what to do with. In this respect she is rather more innocent than the average Brooklyn girl, who wouldn't waste much time in finding some young man who would willingly take the 83,000 kisses off her lips. She should seek some advice on this subject. Doubtless there are lots of young men in Brooklyn who have been brought up on kisses. Meantime the Brooklyn girl's experience ought to be a warning to girls in general that kisses—even in great number and variety as afforded by Brooklyn—are not all there is of life. It is a nard iesson for girls to learn, but some do learn it. Some, also, 40 not. Developments of one kind and another for many years, says the Brooklyn Eagle, have estab

A Colored Preacher Defends Wife-Beating. [Correspondent Philadelphia Times.] "Dere is annuder matter we is noted for, beating our wives. Now dar de Scriptur cuins in agin. ing our wives. Now dar de Scriptur cums in agm. De good book say: 'Husbands, keep your wives in submission.' And how is you gwine to do dat thing? Why, beat 'em, to be sure, 'case they needs it. Yes, gemmen, we is de kings of the yearth and we must rule de women. 'case if we don't rule dem, dey is mighty app to rule us. Den agin, we is de sait of de yearth and we is got to keep pretty sharp to keep de yearth salted. Den, agin, if you give a woman an inch she is more an app to take an L. So I 'vises you all to do your duty and keep de women in hand. Now, sisters, I ain't in no wise 'posed to you when you don't try to get 'yond yourselfs, so I will close dis here lecture by wishing you all good luck and 'vising you to devote posed to you when you don't try to get 'yond yourselfs, so I will close dis here lecture by wishing you all good luck and 'rising you to devote your time, your eddication and your 'complishments to us gemmen, case, as I said afore, we are de kings of the yearth, and you can't bu'st that fac' if your tongues are longer and your heads pretty strong. I 'spects I don' made you sorter mad, but facs must be spoken, and, as I tole you afore, the sait got to be rather sharp to keep dis yearth saited, and it don't do in no wise to let de women think dey is nowhar nigh the equals of we gemmen, case dey is monstrous easy to spile, and if dey rets de upper hand dey is more 'an app to keep it. I speaks from 'sperience, and 'sperience, my frens, bredren and sisters, is a good teacher, case if any of you had my Eliza Jane for your wife you could tell den why I 'vises you to rule de women in de 'gimning, case, 'fore de Lord, when dey get de start you had just as well try to move a mountain as to rule a woman what you is 'lowed to get sot in her ways."

Nature Will Out.

A youngster of 6 years, who was noticed by her mother to appear rather partial to the society of the male youth of her age with whom she was acquainted, was addressed by that relative the of the male youth of her age with whom she was acquainred, was addressed by that relative the other day with the remark: "Weil, Gracie, I think you like the little boys who go to your school better than you do the little girls." "Yes, mamma," said Gracie, "I think I do. I believe I am beginning to love boys, and oh!"—with a great burst of confidence—"I do think It's horrid!" Thus at times, but happily not habitually, does the female mind break out in the rebellion against manifest destiny.

An observing Englishman, who has spent some

An observing Englishman, who has spent some time in this country, finds the American burglar and the American pickpocket decidedly inferior in audacity, enterprise and definess to their English colleagues. We can't expect to excel England in ail our industries. This country is young yet, and our burglars and pickpockets lack experience, But when it comes to bank officials and office-holders, who create a "shortage" of \$100,000 or more in their accounts. America will not take a book seat.

TOBACCO.

Cosmopolitan Smoker.

Good Smoking Only Possible in Centres of Civilization - Varieties of the Weed.

The Stuff That is Smoked by Boers, Chinamen, Asiatics and Indians.

[St James Gazette.] I have smoked tobacco of many of the out of the way kinds in many out of the way places; and recalling them as well as I can to my mind's nose, the blended reminiscence is such as to make me think that good smoking is only possible in the centres of civilization. Of course, if you are intimate, in Cuba, with a Cuban planter, and can enjoy in his yeranda one of those green, limp Havanas which never reach the lips of the Euro pean millionnaire, you are in possession of alluxury that even London is powerless to bestow. But here I think is the one, and the only one, excep-tion to my rule—that the best of smokmeans the best of everything else, and that the further you recede from good government, good manners, good anythingexcept, perhaps, scenery and all-round sport—the further you recede from good tobacco. In the course of my travels up and down the earth I have blown clouds of the "white pigeous" of Sioux legends-with the native of Hindostan and with the red Indian of the Far West, with the China man and the Mexican, with the Kaffir and the negro, with Boer, Afrikander and Creole, with Turks and Egyptian, Mormon and Gentile, with Hindoo, Mahometan, Buddhist and idolator, with black and brown, red, yellow, and even plebald (two Malagassy boatmen at reunion were as checkered as circus horses); and I must confess that some of the ideas of tobacco that I have encountered have been so rathetic in that a boate. countered have been so pathetic in their aborig-inal crudity that I could have wept for my inno-cent brother. But compassion is very often mis-placed, and it is a good traveller's rule to

Reserve Pearls for Those Who Appreciate Them. Thus, a native of India will not smoke your tobac co, even if he will take it at all, till he has mashed it up with molasses and musk. Share the contents of your pouch with a red Indian, and the untutored child of the prairie will forthwith mix it up with other vegetables to make it go further. The Afrikander despises what you smoke; the Chinaman calls it hay. For tastes in tobacco differ as much as tastes in personal beauty, and each thinks that which he is accustomed to be the best. The Boers grow and manufacture a tobacco of their own, which is of such a detestable odor to civilized man that I remember during the Zulu. civilized man that I remember, during the Zult war, we used to tip the Kaffir or Afrikander driv war, we used to tip the Kaffir or Afrikander drivers of mail carts not to smoke except during the halts or stages, and then always to leeward. It was no use offering to them our superior article, for the dreadful Dutchmen scorned it as 'trash. Equally odious is the ordinary tobacco of the Chinese. The Boer stuff smells rank and green and acrid; but the Celestial has a heavy, clinging clogging odor that suggests opium in the composition.

The South African leaf when ready for comsumption looks like crumbled hay, with miscellaneous dead garden rubbish and the sweepings of a conservatory added. It is full of twigs and knots and threads of vegetable matter, and is of a general greenish tint. The China, on the other hand, is curiously soft; it lifts up in silky skeins of exquisitely fine hair like strands, and is of a deep chicory color, and resembles some vegetable fibre steeped in jargery rather than tobacco leaf. The Boer tobacco blows out of the pipe, it is so dry and vagrant, but the other pads down into the pipe close and firm, and the bowl has to be filled as lightly as possible in order to obtain any draught at all. To smoke a pipe of the former is to scorch the tongue and to go about all day With the Taste of Turkey Rhubarb in

Your Mouth : to venture on the latter is to enjoy a cool, highly aromatic pipe, with the subsequent penalty of gidin the following way: The young withes of the willow are cut into lengths of about two feet; the outer bark is removed, and the inner is then peeted up in long strips, one end being left adhering to the withes. These are then stuck into the ground round a charcoal fire, and kept there till the strips of bark, hanging down in fringes, shrivel up with the heat and curl themselves into crisp ringlets round the upper ends. When they seem sufficiently dry they are crumbled up in the hands into pieces of the size of ordinary bran. To this, if the shrub grows in the vicinity, the smoked leaves of a species of sumach are aaded, which are simply prepared by roasting them over the cinders and then crumbling them. If, finally, a leaf of tobacco be crushed up and mingled with the willow and sumach, a smoking mixture of an agreeable aromatic flavor and fragrance and of harmless mildness is obtained. It is smoked, to correct the heat, in a long-stemmed pipe, ending in a capacious cylindrical bowl of clay, which, compared with the small reed-stemmed optum-pipe kind of instrument which the Celestial favors, or the villainously unclean dhudeen of the Boer, is as much superior to both as the mixture smoked in it is superior to either of the others.

How the Asiatic Smokes.

How the Asiatic Smokes.

The Asiatic, so far as my observation goes, never smokes his tobacco pure. The simple leaf is too strong for him; and his taste for sweets leads him to mix it with sugar, molasses, or honey, and—in the case of the luxurious, noticeably the young Mahommetan "swells"-to perfume and qualify the mixture with paste of roses and spices. When ready for the pipe it looks like crude opium, a crude tenacious amalgam, and when kindied gives out a faint sickly odor, suprisingly tenacious and penetrating. A Hindoo, smoking his hookah, or even the plebetan hubble bubble, can be smelt out from a long distance as the lurking servant often finds out to his cost. Apparently unconscious of the far-reaching properties of the scent, he will squat just round the corner to have a quiet smoke with a friend when he ought to be about his work; and retribution, guided to the spot by the nose, suddenly overtakes him in his fancled security. The varieties of tobacco grown in the East are chiefly shiraz and Latakia; and though they differ in degrees of quality, they are very seldom above mediocrity for the European taste. There is no preparation of the leaf worth calling preparation; for the oriental smoker depends upon his particular tobacconist of his own servants to mix up the compound to suit his own taste. The flavor of the actual leaf itself therefore goes for little. When away from their own country, however, the natives of India will change their habit and smoke the pure leaf—as, for instance, in the sugar plantations of Mauritus, where I have seen the coole smoking original looking eigarettes of his own manufacture. But the most surprising specimens of the self-made cigar are to be found among the emancipated negroes of that earthly paradise, the Seychelles Islands. There the tobacco plant has run wild, and the negro will sometimes so far bestir himself as to order his wife to make him some cigars; and the results are such ready for the pipe it looks like crude opium, a

Distorted Preposterous Caterpillars of Tobacco

as might make a Regent street tobacconist howl. The material, however, is excellent, being the best Havana or Virginia leaf run wild, but without curing or preparation of any kind is naturally coarse and acrid. The negro, however, likes it, and consumes his home rolled eigars in unstinted

During the bombardment of Alexandria one of the houses that suffered severely was that of Hajji Nasim, the cigarette manufacturer. But he improvised temporary quarters, and in a jury-rigged sort of way managed to keep abreast of the extraordinary demand which the presence of so many British officers created. And what superb cigarettes the old Hajji made! I remember sitting with him one evening smoking, overlooking the bombarded square and listening to his reminiscences of Alexandria temporis act. He told me, among other things, that one of the best judges of tobacco he had ever known was the late sultan. And he clapped his hands, and a girl brought him a box of his majesty's private brand, the sultan, and I certainly found it the daintiest, most ladylike smoking. But in the evening I unrolled a couple and charged my Turkish pipe—a large amber bead for mouthpiece, jessamine stem and bowl of damascened clay—with the contents; and when I had finished the pipe it seemed as if I had been smoking only the ghost of tobacco, a mere adumbration of the weed. Fairles, if they smoke at all, probably smoke Sultaus.

But as this paper seems to have concerned itself chiefly with criticisms of others' tobacco, I ought in fairness to add that the very worst tobacco I ought in fairness to add that the very worst tobacco I ever put into a pipe—worse than the Boer, we rese than the Chinese—was some of my own growing and manufacture. When in India I was permitted to assist at the public cost in some experiments in tobacco cultivation, and for my own hobby selected Guatemala seed. The result was amazing, terrific, disastrous. I distributed it all among my servants, and they, poor wretches, out of respect to me, smoked it. But it took them months

to finish five pounds. I thought I should never have smelt the last of it.

OLD ENGLISH PRINTERS.

Studies and Conclusions of a How a Bonfire Helped Business - An Anonymous Satirist on Hanging vs. Mat-(The British Stationer.)
In 1515 King Henry VIII. gave to Richard Pyn-

son, Esq., a printer, £4 annually, to be paid from the receipts of the exchequer during life. The title of esquire, which we gladly notice as thus formally bestowed upon him, he ever after-wards used in his colophon, the letter-press of which thus ran: "Emprented at London, in Flete strete, at the sygne of the George, by St. Dunstan's strete, at the sygne of the George, by St. Dunstan's Church, by me, Richard Pynson, Sqyer, and Prenier unto the Kinge's Noble Grace."

In 1521 the earliest edition of Christmas carols was printed in London. Of this there only remains the last leaf, which records that it was printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The imprint runs: "Christmasse Carolles newely emprenied at London, in the Flete Strete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde. The yere of our lorde m.d.xvi." This precious scrap was picked up by that great collector, Tom Hearne. At his decease Dr. Rawlinson purchased it, bound up in a volume of tracts. He in turn bequeathed it to the Bodielan Library, where it is now.

of tracts. He in turn bequeathed it to the Bodleian Library, where it is now.

In 1525, and subsequent years, John Butler, or Boteler—for he spelt his name both ways—was a justice of the Common Pleas and a printer. The only relic that remains of his apparently not very prolific press is "Parvalorum Institutio ex Stanbrigiana Collectione." It consisted of two sheets, "Imprinted at London in Flete Strete, at the syone of Saynt John the Evangelist, by me John Butler."

The first manual of existments mublished in this

Butler."
The first manual of arithmetic published in this country was in 1522, printed by Pynson and written by Cuthbert Tunstall, bishop of London, who bought up a whole edition of Tyndail's New Testament, and

Causing the Copies to be Burned in a Bonfire at Paul's Cross, enabled the Gloucestershire reformer and translator of the "Evangel of Our Lord" out of the gams thus acquired to have a

Lord" out of the gains thus acquired to have a new and more accurate edition printed in the Low Countries. As told in detail some months ago in this journal, every copy was smuggled into England and devoured by their purchasers, eager for truth and light.

The only copy which is now in existence is in the Baptist library at Bristol. About eighty years ago it was purchased by a person employed by the then Lord Oxford to make bibliopolic purchases for him. His lordship considered it so valuable an acquisition that he settled £20 a year upon the agent who procured it for him. Bravo, Lord Oxford,

It is no less singular than true that the Kings' It is no less singular than true that the Kings' and Queens' printers, from Pynson in 1500, down to Eyre and Spottiswoode in this year of grace, have all had their habitat in or close to the parish of St. Bride, which was the English Alma Mater of the profession. The total number of printers in this and the adjoining parish of St. Dustan's-in-the-West almost defies enumeration. Nowhere else in the world is so much printed matter produced within a like radius.

In 1536 died John Rastell, a celebrated printer of London. He was a native of London, and went to Oxford, where he studied philosophy and law. In 1517 he commenced to follow the occupation of printing, which at that time was esteemed a fit calling for a scholar and a gentleman. Being dis-

ling for a scholar and a gentleman. Being dis-guished both for piety and learning, he became intlinate friend of the lord high chancellor of England, whose sister he married. He printed "at the Mermaid, at Paul's-gate, near Cheapside." As in the case of the devices of many other early printers, Rastell's colophon was mainly formed From the Mermaid, the Sign of His House,

Robert Wyer was an early English printer, who appeared from 1540 onwards, for some score ears. No fewer than sixty-three of his producceeding extract): "Here beginneth a little alled the 'School House,' wherein every man may read a goodly treatise of the condition of women." This satire provides women." This satire upon women is in seven-line verses. The author's estimate of the ladies may be gleaned from these words:

may be gleaned from these words:

Truly some men there be
That live always in great horror,
And say it goeth by destiny
To hang or wed. Both hath one hour;
And whether it be, I am well sure,
Hauging is better of the twain,
Sooner done, and shorter pain.

The first English primer, or reading book, was
executed by John Byddell, and entitled (again I
modernize), "A Goodly Primer in English, newly
corrected and printed, with certain godly medi-

modernize), "A Goodly Primer in English, newly corrected and printed, with certain godly meditations and prayers added to the same, very necessary and profitable for all them that right assuredly understand not the Greek and Latin tongues." Byddell's first residence was at the sign of "Our Lady of Piety, next to Flete Bridge." This crossed the Fleet Ditch, connecting Fleet street with Ludgate hill. He afterwards removed to "The Sun, near the Conduit," which stood at the bottom of Shoe lane, and supplied the neighborhood with water.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's Reminiscences of Dr. Ripley-Roston Clergy Seeking to Flood Concord and Sudbury.

November Atlantic. with him, and in passing each house he told the story of the family that lived in it, and especially he gave me anecdotes of the nine church members who had made a division in the church in the time of his predecessor, and showed me how every one of the nine had come to bad fortune or to a bad end. His prayers for rain and against the lightning, "that it may not lick up our spirits," and for good weather; and against stekness and insanity, "that we have not been tossed too and fro until the dawning of the day, that we have not been a terror to ourselves and others," are well remembered; and his own entire faith that these petitions were not to be overlooked and were entitled to a favorable answer. Some of those around me will remember one occasion of severe drought in this vicinity, when the late Rev. Mr. Goodwin offered to relieve the doctor of the duty of leading in prayer; but the doctor suddenly remembering the season, rejected his offer with some humor, as with an air that said to all the congregation: "This is no time for you young Cambridge men; the affair, sir, is getting serious. I will pray myseif." One August afternoon, when I was in his hayfield helping him with his man to rake up his hay, I well remember his pleading, almost reproachful looks at the sky, when the thundergust was coming up to spoil his hay. He raked very fast, then looked at the cloud and said: "We are in the Lord's hand," and seemed to say: "You know me; this heid is mine—Dr. Ripley's, Thine own servant!" He used to tell the story of one of his old friends, the minister of Sudbury, who, being at the Thursday lecture in Boston, heard the officiating clergyman praying for rain. As soon as the service was over he went to the petitioner and said: "You Boston ministers, as soon as a tulip wilts under your windows, go to church and pray for rain until all Concord and Sudbury are under water." he gave me anecdotes of the nine church members who had made a division in the church in the time

Fire-Eaters and Stone-Chewers of the Last Century. Not long ago Ramo Samo earned a subsistence by swallowing swords, and in getting his living came by his death. Indeed, things more wonderful than this have been achieved, if we are to be-In the year 1826 one "M. Chambert," describing himself as the "Continental Salamander," performed the following feats at White Conduit Gardens. Having partaken of a hearty meal of phosphorous, washed down with a copious draught of oxalic acid in a solution of arsenic, he drank of a jorum of boiling oil, and with his naked hand helped himself to a serving of motion lead by way of dessert. On

arsenic, he drank of a jorum of boiling oil, and with his naked hand helped himself to a serving of moiten lead by way of dessert. On another occasion the "Monsieur" walked—like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, in the Book of Daniel—into a fiery furnace, stayed in some considerable space of time and came out whole and unburnt. He represented the furnace as hotter than it really was, though as a matter of fact he took in with him a raw beefsteak and brought it out brolled to a turn.

Strutt, from his own personal knowledge, gives the case of a professed fire-cater named owell, whom he had seen performing during the latter part of the eighteenth century, and who was well known in different parts of the kingdom at that period. Powell used to eat burning coals from the fire. He could place a bunch of lighted matches in his mouth and blow the smoke of the burning sulphur through his nostrils; and he thought nothing of carrying a redhot iron in his teeth around the room. When Powell wanted to broil a steak he took a piece of lighted charcoal and laid it on top of his tongue, on top of which he placed the beef. He would then request one of the bystanders to blow up the fire with his breath until the meat was cooked. This gentleman's soup consisted of pitch, brimstone and molten lead, which he laked best in a state of liquefaction, blazing furiously. Strutt has another case—that of a contemporary artist, who, says the veracious chronicler, "amused the public and filled his pocket by eating stones," which, it is said, he actually cracked between his teeth and alterward swallowed.

[Laramie Boomerang.]

The Arapahoe war dance is not, strictly speaking, a parlor pastime. True, it resembles the racquet so far as kicking the lamps out of the cirande-liers is concerned, but there are reasors—and liers is concerned, but there are reasors—and good ones, too—why it has never become popular in the most recherche and baked-beaned circles. For instance, the costume is pretty light. About twenty bucks participated in the soirce, we refer to, and the prevailing style of dress seemed to be a bandana handkerchief, a little red paint, and a chew of plug tobacco worn in the eff cheek. Then the postures are anything but graceful, and the music somewhat harsh and discordant to the cuitivated ear. It usually emanates from a few joints of stovepipe, under the influence of a powerful castigation at the hands of the dusky maidens of the forest, who wear a few more clothes and more paint, but about the same amount of the bacco. "THE OLD MAN."

Like a Dramatic Incarnation of Old Port.

In No Other Line of the Profession Likes Come Together in Matrimony.

An Old-School Gentleman With Old-Time Ways-His Deputy.

The soubrette of the theatre has well been likened to champagne; to follow out the same line of comparison the old man deserves to be regarded as the incarnation of old port, write Alfred Trumble.

He is always big and bluff and hearty to look upon, like the bottle which is consecrated to that famous vintage. And, as the port bottle shows its age in dust and cobwebs, so does the old man emonstrate his by his frosted hair and his adherence to obsolete fashions in costume. His shiny silk hat has a bell like swell to the crown and a straight and ample rim, such as we note in the fashion plates of some generations back. He wears buff vests with gold or silver buttons, and a noble oid chronometer, as flawless in its timekeeping as he is in his deportment, inclosed in a warming-pan case and carried in a top with a bit of broad black ribbon and a big seal dangling from its rim. His complexion lends his genial features that ruddy glow complisseurs criticise when they hold their glasses up to the light, and his conversation has a solid yet rich and inspiriting tang like the fruity stimulus of the glorious old wine so few people get a chance to appreciate

For, as old port was young port once, and had a life and sparkle to it, so our old man was a young man in his time and rated with the gayest. He began dramatic life, being a handsome fellow, as a singing walking gentleman. Indeed, he still preserves his voice, but the tenor has become a sort of bass, with which he chants such slittles as "The Owl," "The Old Sexton" and "Old King Cole" after a fashion that makes his auditors thirsty for strong ale as the most appropriate liquid to toast the singer in.

In Those Days Our Old Man was a Dashing Fellow,

as we have said. He could show you (if he was not too true a gentleman to do it) bundles of yellowed letters tied up with faded ribbons which still exhale an aromatof lavender and musk. He keeps them in the most sacred drawer of his desk, and takes them out to-look at, but never read, now and takes them out to look at, but never read, now and then. His wife knows they are there, but she never permits her curiosity to violate the sanctity with which he surrounds them. She has passed the age of jealousy, and besides, if shedreads anything under the sun, it is her husband's anger. Like all men who are slow to be moved to wrath, his is dreadful when it does come.

I might as well observe here that the theatrical old man's wife is gloways, or at least the sloways.

In high as well observe here that the theatrical old man's wife is always, or at least the always been, a theatrical old woman. In no other line of business in the profession do two likes come together in matrimony. You always find the heavy man married to a sonbrette, the low consedian to a leading lady, the heavy woman to a utility man with comic leanings, and so on. But the old man and old woman, being no longer capable of that professional jealousy of one another which would make husband and wife in other lines of business envy each other a "hit," are happily mated, and travel side by side encouraging themselves as only husband and wife can, by mutual love, admiration and generous support.

Every year, when the anniversary of their wedding comes amound, the theatrical old man and woman dine gheir friends, professional and nonprofessional. These latter are always old-timers of the most solid som. None of your Wall street millionnaires, but rich men and women

Whose Grout-Grandfathers Traded With the Indians

for the foundation of fortunes which will never leave the families. The gifts these generous friends present on each of these occasions are substantial and opulent, like themselves. Thanks to them, the gold and silver in the pantry of our old man would be no discredit to the table of a

old man would be no discredit to the table of a king.

For the old man has a pantry. It is in his own house, whose furniture is old and solid; whose walls are adorned with out-of-fashion steel plates and grim oil paintings, of which the files must be great critics, considering the attentions they have ipaid them, and whose service is performed by a couple of servants who have a manorial air of age land steadhess about them. In one corner of the house is the library (where the old man keeps those letters), which contains many choice reditions of the old playwrights, and many boxes and portfolios of prints and playbills which the tooth of age has gnawed for a ged. None of your empty new plays here. The old man bows like a gentleman to the necessity of doing justice on the stage, to parts in Mr. Boucicault's pieces and their like; but admit them to his ilbrary! Never! Those rich old walls them to his dibrary! Never! Those rich old walls are sacred to Shakspeare, to rare Ben Johnson, to Massinger, Ferd, Marlowe, Noll Goldsmith, purest and most honest of heroes of the pen, who ever won meagre comfort from the poverty of genius, and even to wicked, merry Congreve, and worthless Rochester, who knew how to write, albeit he was a titled blackguard. Our old man has all these by him, with annotations in his own old-fashioned hand upon their margins. He loves them as he would

The Children Who Have Never Come to Him,

and his wife will sit in silence and watch him for hours before the hearth on a winter Sunday, with his eyes upon a book, but not resting on it. soul. The tears rise to her lashes as she looks at him, thinking of the time when he was Jack Ab-

him, thinking of the time when he was Jack Absolute, not Sir Anthony. She was Lydia, not Mrs. Malaprop then.

About the theatre the old man is a magnate, superior even to the commands of the manager, whose salary he handles. He is a little dictatorial, to be sure, and somewhat opinionated as well. But these failings are forgiven him, principally because he would not mend them if they were not. He has the best of good words up all young actors who cared to be prosed to, and though he sees no good in any actor of today to compare with those whom he knew, there is ro malice in his depreciation of them. It would be well for them if they could say as much of their criticisms of one another.

them if they could say as much of their criticisms of one another.

Of course he has his innocent weakness for the ballet girls. What man, soever old, is there who has not a good word for youth and beauty? A poor old man is he, indeed, even with the millions of a Vanderbilt, who cannot, as our old man does, touch the chin of a pretty girl, or kiss her forenead like a gentleman without a sec and thought.

There are generally two old men labout a thelare, and they must by no means be confounded. Our old man, in dramatic parlance, is the "first old man." He is always what we describe. The "second old man" is never an old man at all. He is

A Species of Deputy or Second Low Com dian,

employed to do such small old men's parts as occur. There is neither dignity nor age about him. He atones for the latter with wigs and grease paint. For the first he has no use for it.

him. He atones for the latter with wigs and grease paint. For the first he has no use for it. His old men are always clowns, whether they should be such or not. He never gets higher than "second old man" about a theathe. When no manager will put up with his red-nosed absundity tany longer he joins a circus and fagures thenceforth as a "Shakespearean jester." Ferhaps some reader can tell me what a "Shakespearean jester" is. I never have been able to find out, after an experience of twenty odd years.

When our old man has spent his fifty years on the stage he becomes a species of dramatic soracle. When there is to be a Shakesperian revival, or a famous actor dies, or some other event of professional importance and curious disterest to the public occurs, the newspapers send reporters to interview him. His portraits have been printed so often in the illustrated papers that even the street boys are familiar with them and point him sout as he passes. Publishers send him new books, railroad magnates whom he knows deadlead him everywhere, for his reccommendation is worth its weight in gold, to them. In the same way that a swell modiste finds it profitable to trust Miss Limelight for new dresses which she knows she will never pay for, so does the tradesman discover it worth his while to beg Mr. Bluffer to accept a souvenir which helknows will attract attention on a cash principle. There is

One Old Man on the New York Stage who is said to have made the fortune of a local wine house, and another lives at a leading hotel, rent free the year round, for the patronage his presence there influences.

This old man is a widower, however, which

This old man is a widower, however, which brings me to remark that when the old man of the stage becomes such, he spends the zest of his life in decorous mourning, with a crape upon his hatband, and his buff vest banished to the closet. But he does not lose his galkantry or his admiration for the sex, the loss of his share of which he deplores. You find him, after that, dining at Donnarumma's, or some other quiet restaurant where good dinners are served not too expensively; always with some faded litale woman with a look about her that she needs dinners. Nobody knows exactly who she is except that she was an humble triend of his detad wife, and that he continues the patropage his wife extended to her. But she takes good care lof him; which he, being used to have a womant hie his neckcloth and lay his linen out for him, needs, and when he dies is generously remembered in his will.

In this fashion the first old man lives a quiet, steady-going and usef it life, whose greatest excitement is the benefit he takes once a year, to which

come a houseful of people who never dream of going to the theatre at any other time. When His Time Comes He Dies, Like Gentleman,

YE BOOK-AGENT.

An Old Canvasser Relates His Experiences

Trained.

on the Road - How a New Hand is

"It was somewhere back in the fifties that I

began my career as an agent for books," remarked a veteran canvasser. "Bookselling was not then

what it is now. There wasn't so much of it, and

it was not so much like a profession. I was but a

youngster, and had heard of another young fellow's success at it, so I determined to begin.

bought my books and started out to sell. Even in

Employ by Far More Men Than Women,

and more young men than old. Many of the col-

leges in New England, New York, Pennsylvania

leges in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and the Western States supply a large army of canvassers during the summer months in the long vacation. These are generally those who are supporting themselves in their college course. There are a great many details to be mastered by a young agent. Those old in the business go by experience, but the new men must learn from the advice of the old, so books of instruction are given to the beginners and are to be learned through.

After the new capvassers have made their pre-

given to the beginners and are to be learned through.

After the new canvassers have made their preliminary arrangements they receive their outfit,
which consists, as everyone supposes, of a sample copy and prospectus, order-book, etc. But in
addition to these the new agent also gets a bindle
of 'private instructions and advice' from the company, and he is bound to thoroughly learn every
bit of it. It tells him in plain style just how to
approach different classes of people, how to begin
conversation and how to turn it to the book in
hand, what to say when the person called upon
says he does not want the book under any consideration, or says he hasn't the money at present,
or declares that he cannot afford it. In fact, every
possible question or answer that can be ever expected under any possible circumstances of a

possible question of any possible circumstances of a book agent is here printed and set forth. "Well, after the apprentice has mastered all these details, he starts out to his territory, which

these details, he starts out to his territory, which for a new man is generally a small town, and finds his boarding place instanter. Then, with his prospectus hidden within his coat—it never does, you know, to show that you are a book agent, or entrance to nine houses out of ten will be denied—well, with his book concealed, he starts out and poes first to the village ministers and leading doctors and lawyers. To several of these he has obtained letters of introduction. His best work must be put in with them. Even if he has to make a deduction in price, it is worth his while, for, if they head his subscription list it is more than likely that

to subscribe also. He must be very suave, url ane cordial and polite. He must make his possible

customer feel that he cares more to have his name

hours is taken in one call, so that it is seidom that more than a dozen calls are made in one day. Out of a dozen visits in a day some agents will make ten sales, others six and so on down to none at all. At the end of a week the agent has to fill out a report stating the number of calls made, books sold, when to be delivered, etc. For each day of actual service some companies make a practice of paying \$1 or so in weekly instalments, so as to provide the agents with money for running expenses. This sum is finally deducted from their profits. When an agent has thoroughly canvassed a town and its adjacent country roads he has his books sent to him and then delivers and collects in person. Profits run from 25 to 45 per cent. More canvassing is done in the summer and early fall than at any other season of the year, and I have known young men to earn in June, July and August as much as \$950.

THE CONQUEST OF PIZARRO.

A Thrilling Betrothal Scene in the Ancient

(Chicago Tribune.)
"Whoa, Carl Schurz!"
The eleventh Duke of Galway leaned listlessly

over the dashboard of the street car as he spoke

those fateful words in an imperious tone to the

gallant palfrey whose buoyant spirits had caused

gallant palfrey whose buoyant spirits had caused him to shy at an oat which a passing farmer, with the inborn recklessness of his class for money, had seen blown from his wagon without even a muscle of his face changing. It was a scene for a poet or a poitceman. To the westward, his lithe, manly form sharply outlined against the crinson rim of the horizon, Pizarro Medinness, Earl of Blue Island avenue, leaned listlessly against an ash barrel, and as the street carrocked idly at its moorings a cold, cynical smile hovered like a last week's pie around his finely-chiseled lips. Still the horse car moved not, and Pizarro was equally motionless. From over the dashboard the Duke or Galway cast a fierce, contemptuous glance at the young man, but he heeded it not. Carl Schurz champed the bit impatiently and ever and anon struck viclously at the earth with his iron-shod hoof. Brought up on all the luxuries of the season, lucluding a Kentucky pedigree, the noble animal would fill brook restraint, and, once aroused, his passion was terrible to behold.

At last the sound of a clear, girlish voice broke

and, once aroused his passion was terrible to behold.

At last the sound of a clear, girlish voice broke the silence, and an instant later the Lady Constance Clancarty, daughter of the proud duke, emerged from the castle. Shooing with one wave of her hand a large flock of geese from the front yard, she walked in a stately fashion to the gate beside which Pizarro was standing. Then, for the first time, she saw her father's street car, and as her glance fell for an instant on that piratical craft a shudder passed over her lissome form and into her eyes there cane a startled, fear-haunted look, like that with which the fawn regards the hunter or the dry-goods clerk a wash-bill. But it

lino her eyes there came a started, fear-hammed look, like that with which the fawn regards the hunter or the dry-goods clerk a wash-bill. But it was too late to retreat, nor, indeed, had any such idea entered the lady's head. Walking up to Pizarro, she looked at him with a look that spoke only of love, and before he could tell which foot his corn was on was walking with him in the direction of the street car.

"Father," said she, stopping directly in front of the duke, "I love Pizarro McGinness and, God willing, will one day be his bride. Have you aught to say why this should not be?"

"Divil an aught," was the reply, "except that he is wan av thim loods,"
In an instant the blood had left the face of Lady Constance and she stood there as pallid as a marble statue. "Pizarro is not a dude, father," she said, in low, haggard tones.

"And why not?" queried the duke, in a sneering manner.

manner.
"Because," she answered, bursting into a storm of sobs, "he has inherited the family feet."

Who Would Have Thought It of Philadel-

The Philadelphia youth is growing more and

more precious. An up-town grammar school boy became so obstreperous that his teacher, new in

her vocation, young and pretty, determined to try
the plan of keeping him in. After school she sat
with grim determination until it became dark, and
then she let him depart. What was her astonishment at the gate to find the youth awaiting her.
He greeted her with:
"It's too dark for a young lady to be alone on
the streets. Will you allow me to see you home?"

(Peck's Sun.)
That the human family is growing tougher, mor-

phia?

City of Chicago.

of apoplexy or gout, or some other aristocratic allment. Then his library is put up at auction, and its treasures fought for by enthusiastic col-

A year-round spring, one form can ave impart, One face look: April through the sear leaves flying. But memory's sadness must remind the heart, That the leaf's splendor is a sign 'tis dying'. and its treasures fought for by enthusiastic col-lectors, who pay absurdly generous prices for them—all but the letters, that is.

For, propped up in bed, with the hand of death already lowering the veil before his eyes, he has watched the servant burn them, one by one, in the grate, until the last has fallen to ashes, like the passions they embodied. Only one wisp of paper remains to him, and when they find him dead and take it from his stiffened hand, they see only a blank paper with a dry little curl of fine golden hair within it. His wife's hair was brown; whose then is this? Ashes and dead men's lips keep their secrets well. 'Deed it Does. (Chicago Inter-Ocean.) A fortune awaits the man who will invent a penho'der that you can't stick in the mucilage bottle, and a mucilage brush that won't go into the ink-

The Little Pitchers. (O. W. Holmes.)

Much could I tell you that you know too well;
Much I remember, but I will not tell:
Age brings experience: gray beards oft are wise,
But oh! how sharp a youngster's ears and eyes.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Autumn Memories

A Kiss for a Cent.

According to the latest quotations, kisses are worth but a cent apiece. That is, if the verdict of a Philadelphia jury is to be taken into account. They awarded a woman \$3000 in a breach of promise suit, she having sworn that the man kissed her 30,000 times.

To a Violin.

(Celia Thaxter.)
What wondrous power from heaven upon thee What prisoned Ariel within thee broods?
Marvel of human skill and human thought,
Light as a dry leaf in the winter woods!

Sing Ho, the Merry Buckwheat. The pancake crop promises well this season, but in case of a shortage the good housewife will have the satisfaction of knowing that the more a buck-wheat pancake looks like a porous plaster the more fashionable it is.

Around Again. Now while the frost bedecks the plain, And frescoes every window pane, While winds blow odd across the moor, Both tar and near a cry of pain Comes once again—a sad refrain: "Jerusalem! Just shut the door!"

seen all the phases of a peripatetic bookseller's life."

"Are there many divisions of the work? you say. Well, I should say so. In the first place, there is the lung, motiey class of almost liliterate, poorly educated young men, and women, too, as for that matter, who turn to book-canvassing as a kind of makeshift. They take up some sensational firshy, trashy book, and lead a roving, wretched life, and, after a little while of bitter experience, are glad to give it up. These are the ones who do most to throw discredit upon the legitimate canvasser. They trudge along the streets or tramp through country districts, calling at everybody's door, and in the country, where they dare to, begging a night's lodging at farmers' houses and offering their book at half the price for the favor. Genume book-selling by agents is far different. Take a large publishing house in New York or Philadelphia, for instance. They have a new book on some popular subject to be sold solely by souscription. General agents receive divisions of territory, which they in turn parcel off to canvassers. The best book concerns His Wishes Were Respected. "Gentlemen." said the Texas man in the restaur ant when the waiter dumped a plate of hot soup down his back, "gentlemen, don't laugh." As he had risen to his feet and drawn two revolvers his wishes were respected.

An Old Club Squib. If any man loves comfort and has little cash to buy it, he
Should get into a crowded club—a most select society— While solitude and mutton-cutlets serve infelix uxor. he
May have his club like Hercules, and revel there in
luxury.

Beware the Fare.

It is not healthy for an Eastern man to find too much fault with or be too particular about his grub while travelling west of the Missouri river. A Boston man who found fault with the bill of fare in Montana was mobbed by the people and chased thirty miles. He got away but the people out there are waiting for him to return. Intaglio.

Intagilo.

[T. B. Aldrich.]

I would be the lyric
Ever on the lip.
Rather than the epic
Memory lets slip:
I would be the diamond
At my lady's ear,
Rather than the June rosa,
Worn but once a year. Beware the Base Ball-

[New York Journal.] Two base ball players in Connecticut have been arrested on a charge of highway robbery. Young men should beware of the first step to ruin and always keep close to the home base, avoiding the seductive attractions of the game which hardens alike hands and hearts.

Man.
(E. Norman Gunnison.)
His heart is the heart of a hare,
His soul is a lion's den,
His breath is a curse or prayer,
His sons are the sons of men.
His thoughts to the stars ascend,
He grovels on littly earth,
His spirit with heaven blends,
His birth is the muckworm's birth.

Another Outspoken Benedict. [The Merchant Traveller.] Archibald Forbes, the press correspondent, has been through seven wars and taken part in 150 papers that he is going to be married.—[Phila.Call.] That is easily explained. He has been a non-combatant heretofore and wants to know what active service really is. Such ambition is commendable. battles, but yet is not satisfied. We see by the

Every-day Heroes.

Oh, yes; they are all around us, And in every walk in life:
Heroes the best, that stand the test, In many an unnarked strife.
Heroes of home, of shop, of farm, And at duty's call alone,
Though unaware of honor's share, And by noisy fame unblown.

A grind-stone burst in a Detroit foundry last week with fatal results. Now let some newspaper man resurrect the story of the old lady who, having read about the accident had a grind-stone taken out of the cellar for fear it would burst and blow up the house. It is about time the com-bustable grind-stone was given another turn through the press. The mule has kicked himself out, and the banana peel has slipped away.

That Dangerous Dimple.

Puck. Pusure my heart lies buried there. In such a pit 'twere sooth no sin To fail. Your eyes were beacons fair; I drank the fragrance of your hair; You digged the pit. I tumbled in, And then you did not seem to care. But, oh, that dimple in your chin! I'm sure my heart lies bu lied there; Nor prince, nor peer, nor paladin Had e'er a tomb so rosy rare—So white without, so pink within—To kiss that sepuichre I dare? But, oh, that dimple in your chin!

They Are Always in Style. "Have you decided on your winter suit?" in quired an Austin tailor of a sad-eyed gentleman ounging in the doorway of the store.

"No," was the melancholy reply, "but I believe my wife has."
"Your wife has!" exclaimed the puzzled haber-"Yes. I believe she calls it a divorce suit."

The Waltz.

[W. W. Story.] To the rhythmic beat of the music.
In the floating ebb and flow
Of the tense voidh, and the hisping flute,
And the burring bass, we go
Whirling, whirling, whirling,
In a rapture swift and sweet.
To the bleading violoncello's tones,
And the puising plano's beat.

And the pulsing blands beat.
The world is alive with motion.
The lights are whirling all;
And the feet and brain are stirred by the strain
Of the music's incessant call.
Dance! dance! dance! it calls to us;
And borne on the waves of sound,
We circling swing, in a dizzy ring,
With the whole world whirling round.

[Logansport (Md.) Chronicle]
The Warsaw Wasp states that the Kosciusko county fair is thinner than the Cass county one. This must be the fair that had a pumpkin, a goose and a fox. The goose the first day ate the pump-kin. The fox ate the goose and floated off with a freshet the first night. When the fair opened the next day there was nothing to be seen but the jacks who got the thing up.

Coine By.

Coing By.

(The Wheelman.)

She pushes back her bonnet brown,
A rustic glance to raise.

Her blue-black lovelocks slipping down
To veil the bashful gaze;
In kerchief white and russet gown
A-dreaming on the painted town,
Half bold and wholly shy
She lifts her head—her foot she stays,
As I go by.

Across the laurel-bordered rise
The hills are blue as steel—

Across the laurel-bordered rise
The hills are blue as steel.
The splendor of the harvest skies
Is white against my wheel.
Again the look of swift surorise,
The graceful arm, the restivo eyes,
The graceful arm, the restivo eyes,
A stranger's glance of lost appeal
As I go by.

This Counts for the Professione [Wall Street News.]

"I am sorry for you, sir, but my daughter has been brought up to a life of luxury, and I can never allow her to become your wife."

never allow her to become your wife."

"But you forget. I am a prosperous broker."

"Yes, I know; but the markets are very uncertain, and you may be a poor man tomorrow."

"But I own a rolling mill, too."

"So I understand; but the iron business is subject to great fluctuation."

"And I have three woollen factories, am a member of a jobbing firm, and own a large amount of real estate."

"All of them are uncertain properties. Even real estate is being ruined by high taxes. Have you nothing else?"

"Yes, I own a newspaper."

"Oh! I beg your pardon. Take her, my dear boy. She is yours."

That the human family is growing tougher, morally and otherwise, is probable. There is a man in Warren county, Ga., who was in seventeen battles during the Confederate war, was wounded several times, has been struck by light hing three time, lay insensible from one shock three days, and is now not more than forty years of age, and is as healthy as any man, and weighs over 200 pounds. No man could have stood all this racket in any other State in the Union.

A TANGLED WEB;

LIFE ON A DESOLATE ISLAND.

A Strange Story of Friendship

and Treachery.

By WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

[Copyrighted, November, 1883.]

CHAPTER I. WRECKED ON A LONE ISLAND.

The rising of the sun upon one of the lone Islands in the South Pacific—one out of the way of the usual course of vessels—revealed a scene which was uncommon in that latitude, and the Bereaming of the startled sea-birds, that whirled about in countless numbers, told as plainly as words could have done that even they had not failed to notice the change.

pon a ragged reef, at but a little distance from the snore, a wreck had stranded. It was all that remained of a magnificent vessel, battered now and mastless, save the stump of the mainmast that had been broken off a few feet above the deck, with bulwarks stove in, rudder post twisted off, upper works washed away, chains loaded with rust, stern splintered, the ghost of what it had

ensign and streamers flying, and loaded, perchance, with wealth and youth and beauty.

The green, traiting, slimy moss upon its broken bides, and the barnacles clinging to its blackened copper, told of its having drifted at the mercy of wind and wave for a long time; of its having been unresisting prey for the elements, idly rocked or tempest-tossed, drenched in the rain, bleaching in the sun, a helpless wreck, for many weary months.

onths. As for life, there appeared to be none on board, we for the creaking of the useless blocks, the bbing together of the broken planks, the grating the shattered keel upon the sharp rocks beath, and a low, moaning sound as the winds the dthrough the deserted hold, and cabin, and recastle, there was nothing to disturb the terriestience.

f all the human beings who had once trod the Of all the human beings who had once trod the now opened and unpi ched planks, none appeared. How could they have survived during the long time which had elapsed since it was dismantled? Parhaps sickness and starvation had followed—then fever claimed its victims, until only one remained, and he, driven mad by the horrors of his situation, had leaped into the sea and put an end at once to life and suffering. Death in any form was to be preferred to remaining alone in such a vessel with, it might have been, festering corpses which he had not strength to throw overboard to the already fatted sharks that swarmed around.

The sun rose higher and the air grew hotter, the sea birds became more bold and settled down upon the wreck—the waves rippied suilenly against its sides, but had no power to disturb. It was at last anchored so firmly that wind, and water would scarcely move it again, save as fron rusted and plank rotted—the ever-busy worms bored, the saw-like rocks rasped it into dust, and it floated away plecemeal. Its wandering course was finished forever.

And none would ever know of its fate! The

away piecemeal. Its wandering course was in ished forever.

And none would ever know of its fate! The mourning friends in some distant part of the world would look in vain for the return of loved ones; the owner for the stately ship that was to belp swell his coffers; the wives of captain and mates and sailors had been made widows and their children orphans long before they dreamed of such bereavement. There would never be anything positively known as to whether she had cone down in midocean, foundered suddenly anything positively known as to whether she had gone down in mid-ocean, foundered suddenly with all on board, or if, one by one, they were stricken and perished miserably, with plenty of companions around, and none to assist or save—to place a cup of water to their parched lins, to close their eyes, to murmur a prayer, and commit their bodies to the deep.

Even if there had been some one to examine the wreck as it lay at its lonely moorings, very little would have been ascertained—all was so changed. The figure-head at the bow had been torn away, and of the name that remained upon the stern this was all—

"A L- of - O-."

Worse that than nothing, for it set conjecture t work without the least possible change of criving at any sane conclusion. "A. L." were arriving at any same conclusion. "A. L." were the initial letters of the name. They might have been the beginning of a thousand and neitifer of them the right one, and the central "O" in the place from which it hailed was of as little use for

them the right one, and the central "O" in the place from which it halied was of as lift e use for any purpose of recognition as the unsolved hierogryphics upon some Egyptian pyramid. All, therefore, that the greatest expert could have told was that a stout ship had been wrecked somewhere, at some time, and that it had drifted on until it had at length laid its bones to rot upon the shore of an apparently desolate island—that it was one of the mysteries of the sea, unlogged in the book of man, and recorded only in that of God.

The sun rose stall higher and its bright beams penetrated through the little glassless windows into the cabin. But there was nothing to tell of life even there—the place that would have ceriamly been chosen by any one who remained an board as being the most secure. A table stood in the centre, fastened to the floor, with the frame of a swinging lamp overhead. Books, a telescope and various little articles of use and comfort were scattered around. It appeared as if suddenly deserted and given over to dust and decay.

But the glorious sunshine revealed one thing which would have been of the most intense interest to any searcher. The log-book lay open upon the table, and had been used as a journal. The entries ran over a space of many weeks, and were a record of horrible loneliness, mental as well as bodily, suffering from the first hour of disaster. The hand that had written these things had evidently grown more feeble day by day; the brain

bodily, suffering from the first hour of disaster. The hand that had written these things had evidently grown more feeble day by day; the brain that dictated the words less able to think coherently, and suddenly the pen had dropped. There was a great blot upon the dust-covered page, and the sad history was left unfinished forever. near as could be deciphered the final entry

ran thus:

"The last, oh, God! the last. Will the end never come? I dare not look back to see—dare not think how long it has been since we were utterly wrecked—dare not think of the loathsome sickness that followed—how one after another was thrown overboard—how the last miserable wretch died, cursing man and God alike—and, horror—I was left alone! How have I lived? Heaven only knows. Lived? Is thigt follower nour after

died, cursing man and God alike—and, horror—I was left alone! How have I lived? Heaven only knows. Lived? Is it life to linger on, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, and wish to expire with every breath? God pity the poor wretch who has suffered even a hundredth part what I have, and I would have died long ago had it not been for the thoughts of—her. The name is too holy to be written on this miserable page. But my trials must soon come to an end. How often I have thought of killing myself, and would have done so had I not hoped to be rescued from this worse than lazar ship long before this hour. Alas, not even a shadow of hope is left! I shall die as I have lived—alone! But I have lost all fear of death—would gladly shake hands with it—welcome it as my best and only friend. And no one will ever know of my fate. Friends, loved ones and she—she may mourn, but, God be thanked, all will be spared the slightest knowledge of the norrors that preceded death.

"What! night come again? How often have I watched the fierce sun go down, praying that it would never rise for me again. But now I know that my end is indeed near. I feel it in every beat of my heart, in every throb of my feeble pulse. God be blessed! I shall never wake to see the light again! Gladly, oh! how cladly do I realize the truth of this. Death? What can it be but a release? But while I have strength let me write down the name of the doomed vessel and my own. I may have done so before a hundred times—without doubt have, but cannot remember. Yet once more—once more that name and mine, God be thanked. for the last time. It is the Al—"

The pen had dropped and the great blot been made just as he had written thus much, and not a single letter had ever been added. And as the weary, nerveless hand had let it fall, so even yet remained the little instrument that has been and ever will be a mighty power in the wc.fid for good or evil.

The ink in the bottle had first mouldered, then dried and crumbled into dust, the paper turned

il.

ever will be a mighty power in the world for good or evil.

The ink in the bottle had first mouldered, then dried and crumbled into dust, the paper turned yellow and become stained from the drippings from above. But how long since that latest record of a painful existence had been jotted down no mortal could ever know. Days and date had been alike obliterated from the brain of the poor prisoner on that wandering, accursed huik.

But where was the hand that had feebly traced the lines? Had it moldered away in that floating coffin, or had its almost bloodless flesh served to feed the ravenous innosters of the deep? What was his name, and where his native land? The open page told not. Like the wrecked vessel, he might be nameless, homeless forever more.

Noon came, hot and binding. The birds, bereft now of all fear, had flown down through the open hatches, were bicking and scratching at bales and boxes, and their wild screams made discordant musle, where unbroken silence had reigned so long. But suddenly they whirled, frightened, away. Something had disturbed them; something more than the groaning of the vessel or swashing of the waves; something more than creaking of mast or danking of rusty chains.

A dobr in the bulkhead between the hold and cabin had been opened, and a man was standing in it? A man, or what had once been one, for now he was more of a wreck than the one which had so long stood between him and eternity!

The sunlight that dazzled showed him to be young if years, no matter what ne might be in suffering; that scarcely more than five-and-twenty years had passed since his opening mind had are gently rocked him to slumber. He was tall, large in bone and muscle — broad of shoulder and deep of chest, but emaciated to the very last degree. His hair, that had once been raven, was long and intermingled with locks as white as snow. His black eyes were faded and lusterless, his face salow and the skim cleaving to the bones like wrinkled parchment. His hands were those of a skeleton, with the nails grown so

face was that of utter despair. His clothes, the few that he wore, hung in folds of rags, and, taken as a whole, he was the most ghastly, wretched figure that can be imagined—a starving, thirsting,

imost idiotic lunatic. But, in truth, he had not been deprived of the But, in truth, he had not been deprived of the means to subdue both hunger and thirst. The cases, barrels and cans of provisions and preserved meats and vegetables, and kegs of liquors and hampers of wine that remained untouched clearly proved this. Water he might have been without, but the want of it could not satisfactorily account for his present condition. It was the result of mental rather than physical suffering, though one had contributed to the other. The solltary, hapless life had told at length upon the strong man, and he became as weak and easily terrified as a little child. Yet no sudden fright could have worked such a change Long days and nights of the most intense anguish could alone have accomplished the work of ruin.

Aroused from what he had earnestly prayed would be his last sleep, the wretched man leaned against the side of the door, his remaining strength had been scarcely sufficient to force it open. There was an almost petulant expression about his pinched-up mouth, as if annoyed at being disturbed—a look like that of a child suddenly

have been following and watching for me so long."

The fierce screaming of the birds as they again returned cut short his brief speech. He pressed his skeleton fingers upon his aching head to try and collect his scattered thoughts. Certainly there was something familiar in these winged visitors—familiar, though he could not recollect where or when he had seen them before. Had it been when lost in the mazes of slumber—when he was but a little child? Had he sometimes read or been told of them? The impression was so indistinct that he could not grapple with it. His feebly working brain could not retain the image. But yet they represented something—he could not tell what—appeared like old friends, but he could not tell why. The eclipse of the present had blotted out all knowledge of the past. The mind was wrecked as well as the body.

He crawled back into the cabin, bowed his head upon the dusty table, and endeavored to compel thought to do his bidding. As well might he have

Wreeked as well as the body.

He crawled back into the cabin, bowed his head upon the dusty table, and endeavored to compel thought to do his bidding. As well might he have attempted to fetter the wind that was moaning, whisting and sobbing through the fast breaking-up wreck. Despairing at length of success, he mechanically turned towards a locker, opened it, drew forth a bottle of wine, and drank. The long dead desire to hive was quickened within him again. For the first time in many, many bitter days he was not purposeless. The strange objects he had seen had acted like electricity upon every nerve and fibre of his frame. He carried the idea of sustenance still further, procured and swallowed a few mouthfuils of food, stretched his weary limbs to rest, and after a time fell into a somewhat tranqui and healthy slumber.

Sleep was not of very long duration. The same noise that had called the unfortunate back from the shadowy realms of the grave aroused him again. The birds had returned in quest of food, He took another and larger draught of wine, and with his blood tingling in every vein left the cabin with renewed energies and very different feelings from before. Then the birds flew upwards and soared away with harsh screams and a fluttering of wings that almost deafened him. With a cry of

from before. Then the birds flew upwards and soared away with narsh screams and a fluttering of wings that almost deafened him. With a cry of exceeding joy he followed, climbed to the deck and stared which y around. One glance was sufficient. The prayers and wishes and hopes of months were answered. He drank in all, and, falling upon his knees, raised his clasped hands toward heaven and with trembling, unshorn lips murmured most fervently:

"Land! Blessed land! Great God, I thank you!"

But the excitement was too much for nerves that had been strained to their utmost tension for so long—the happiness too great for his overburdened soul, and he fell fainting to the deck.

He was truly in sight of the land he had looked for day and dreamed of by night. It was but a little distance away. He could have tossed a pebble upon the beach. He could see the waving of the green trees, hear the gurgling of cool, fresh rills; the singing of birds, and yet had not strength remaining sufficient to reach them—was dying in full view of the haven, the almost heaven he had so longed to see before his eyes were filmed with death.

Better to have perished amid the mighty waste of waters—better to have gone down with his companions among the grinning sharks—than to thus feel the pangs of hell grawing at his vitals and searing his brain, and relief—perfect, absolute relief—from all his sufferings, within reach almost of his outstretched and trembling hand! But the excitement was too much for nerves

forms—those of a man and woman. The former was above the usual height, the latter petite and beautiful, and both were young.

Lovers they evidently were, but the sad faces and tears gathering in their eyes told that life did not run smoothly—that the dearest wish of their hearts was thwarted; that a gulf was yawning in their path; that some barrier had arisen between them and the consummation of their brightest dream of happiness.

"Heaven pity us!" whispered the girl, as she softly laid her hand upon the arm of her companion, and looked up into file face through the heavy mist of tears, but with her blue eyes beaming with the most devoted affection; "heaven help us, dear Lewis, but it must be so. My father, stern as he now appears, has yet our good at heart, for remember he is your guardian by law, as mine by nature. I know all you would say, feel most deeply what both of our hearts would prompt, but I dare not even think of disobeying. Should I do so, it would embitter the remainder of my life to such a degree that even your love and kindness would fail to chase away the shadows or bring peace."

"You certainly cannot defend your father in tyranny and injustice, Clara! Long before the strange—I can never think of it in any other light, my darling—the strange death of my own father you know our vows were plighted, were sanctioned by both of our parents, and why should our marriage be delayed any longer? By the terms of the will I am to come into possession of the property at 25, and that time is now but three months custant."

"One argument is my youth, Lewis."

erty at 25, and that time is now but three months distant."

"One argument is my youth, Lewis."

"You are 18, and—"

"Consequently a wise woman in your eyes!" she replied with a sad effort at a smile. "But why should we argue the matter? We have talked it over and over again; have reviewed it in eyery possible light. And what is the result? You wish me to clope because my father will not give an instant consent to our union. Have you forgotten that he still has legal control over your actions?"

"No, I have not—have never forgotten the insane will that makes me, a man of almost twenty-five, little better than a schoolboy."

"Hush! my dear Lewis. You must not speak so of your dead father. Remember, the grave is sacred. You cannot judge of the peculiar causes that led to such a determination. He did what he thought was for the best, and if I were to accede to your wishes we should be without the means of living, and my father would utterly cut me off and curse me. That would break my heart."

"Then there is no other alternative but to wait yet for two years?" he asked bitterly.

"None, so far as I know. But it will not be so very long, my dear Lewis. The time will slip rapidly away. We are young and can afford to wait."

"Afford to wait!" he repeated. "What might

t."
Afford to wait!" he repeated. "What might not happen in two years?"
"Very much, it is true; but there is no other

"Afford to wait!" he repeated. "What might not happen in two years?"

"Very much, it is true; but there is no other way."

"Why not go and see your father once more? Surely his heart cannot be stone."

"Lewis, my great love for you made me even brave his anger and hint at such a thing last night. But he coldly told me that we had heard his ultimatum; that until you had been your own master for two years he would never give his consent to our marriage. Had it been of the least use I would have begged him, upon my knees, to change his determination; but I knew it would not. His will is iron.

"And so is mine. But, alas! I am in his power. My own father's mysterious death and strange will placed me so. Otherwise..."

The entrance of a servant with the request from the father of Clara that the young man would attend him in the library interrupted words that would have implied a threat. He waited until the messenger had gone, snatched a kiss, whispered a word of hope and followed.

Fut he would have preferred that the interview had taken place in another room. The library of that nouse had anything but pleasant recollections for him. It was there he had been called to hear the reading of his last will and testament; there the hand of the fair girl he loved had been refused to him until two years (a centurr, according to the wild ideas of lovers!) had elapsed. Charles Malvin was seated in his easy-chair and in his customary manner, with his back to the light, and so that it would fall upon the face of his expected visitor and betray every emotion. But a moment before he had arranged the blinds and curtains to that effect, for he was a crafty man in all his acts and dealings... a man who was not beloved, and yet forced a certain amount of respect from the world, for he promptly met all his engagements, and none could make the slightest charge against his honesty. But he was hard in his dealings, and exacted the uttermost farthing. He was a tall man, though he did not look it, from a habit of stooning as if his head wa

wore glasses, one would have said rather to conceal the sharpness of his gray eyes than to assist them, and never was known to lose command of his temper, no matter what might be the provocation. His age was a puzzle. He never gave the most distant clew to it; never spoke of his early days, and was variously estimated from 45 to 60, the latter being much nearer the truth.

A lawyer by profession, but of the class whose business was mostly done in the office (for he was rarely seen in the courts), he was the possessor of many family secrets, and had the reputation of keeping them inviolate. This had gained him clients he could not otherwise have approached, and the father of the young man who was courting his daughter had been one of the number. He, the lawyer, was reported to be a rich man, though

at grim spider, who waited patiently net ever spread, ready to mesh unsus-

"Ah! Lewis, my dear boy," he said, with the cordial manner he knew well how to assume when about to do an unpleasant thing, "I am very glad to see you—was hoping you would come today. Take a chair and make yourself comfortable. Our business relations are drawing near to a close. You will soon be your own master, and I must prepare to render up an account of my stewardship. I think I am not mistaken with regard to your gage?"

ardship. I diffic I am not mistaken with regard to your age?"
I shall be twenty-five this day two months, 'sty."
"So soon? How time flies! I had thought it a trific longer. But it is no matter. I presume you desire to celebrate the important event in some fitting manner, my dear boy."
"It certainly is my wil h, sir,"
"Will you permit me to ask you how? The deep

"He certainly is my with, sir,"
"Will you permit me to ask you how? The deep interest I take in all your affairs must be my excuse for the question that would otherwise be imper-You already know the dearest wish of my

"You already know the dearest wish of my heart."

"To marry my daughter? Ah! my dear Lewis, how more than pleased I would be to have it so."

"And why can it not be?"

"The objections are numerous. Clara is too young to assume the duties of a wife, for one thing. But I do not care to go over the ground again. Yet there is a reason that, more than all the others, has forced me to a decision against my will. Of that be assured I have never mentioned it to you before from the fact that you (and I will not deny with some show of reason) judge harshly of your dead father."

"He sanctioned our union, sir."

"And so do I most emphatically, my dear boy. There is no one thing in the world that would make me more happy than to call you my son. And so it shall be, if heaven wills. The only question about it is as to the time."

"As my father has already been dead for three years, I cannot see how he should influence the matter."

"Spoken like a rash boy. Pardon me, but your proor dead parent has all to do with it. I.

wars, I cannot see now he should induce the matter."

"Spoken like a rash boy. Pardon me, but your poor, dead parent has all to do with it. I, nothing. In talking with him upon the manner in which your education should be conducted in case of his decease (which happened so unexpectedly and was so universally regretted), he said that after you had passed, what he was pleased to term your minority, and had come into possession of your preperty, he wished you to travel for two years, and charged me not to permit the marriage until the expiration of that time. So you see, Lewis, that both you and Clara have blamed me unjustly."

"It is very strange that I have never heard of this before, Mr. Malvin," and he looked up, doubtfully.

ully.
"I have reserved it until all other things should have failed, for the reason I have already stated o you—I migh almost call it unfilial—dislike of our father's commands."
"Thank heaven! I shall soon be free to judge

"Thank heaven! I shall soon be free to judge what is best for myself, and act accordingly."
"In all respects but one, my dear boy," he replied with a bland smile, "I am bound in all honor to obey your father's wishes with regard to the marriage,—and I shall do so.
"Have you any other reason, sir?"
"None, whatever, but the happiness of yourself and my dear daughter. Of course, that is as it should be, paramount to all other considerations. There is nothing that could possiblyweigh against it. But calm yourself and listen to—me. I make every allowance for the hot blood of youth, for the fanciful dreamings of love, and knowing this make excuses for your clinging to the idea of a speedy union. But I am much your elder, have outlived boyish fashion, and can see things as they are and should be, not as I desire them." are and should be, not as I desire them."
"Your fixed idea is, then, that I should travel,

"Yes, for two years. Of course I will see you provided with ample funds. If I were twenty winters younger I would accompany you—would like it very much. But alas! that pleasure is denied me. In view, however, of your going abroad, I have a project that will combine profit with pleasure. A client of mine has a noble ship bound to Australia, and as it is a rare opportunity I have engaged passage for you.

"When does she sail?"
"On the 15th of next month."
"So soon?"

"So soon?"

"I should have preferred to have postponed it until after you were 25, but such a rare chance might not occur again in a life time."

"And be gone for two years!"

"No. I do not limit the time, but you will probably choose to return by the way of England. Go now, and talk to Clara. I will take upon myself

the care of all the arrangements, so that you will have all the time between this and the time of sailing to devote to her. Poor child! she will miss you sadly."

Three weeks from that day Lewis Armstrong departed. The father of his love attended him, watched the tearful parting, and turned his head away as if overcome with emotion. And so it was, though his feelings were very different from what would have been imagined. He chuched his fists and muttered from between his pallid lips:

"Winds, waves, tempest and lightning, do your work! May that ship never see land again. May she sink to the bottom in a thousand fathoms, and underneath all lie and grind into powder the form of Lewis Armstrong!"

The implous wish breathed, he turned to take charge of his child. She watched the vessel as it gided out from the harbor, watched until it had disappeared, and then was carried fainting homeward.

"There is a man waiting to see you, sir," said the servant, as he opened the door for his master. "What is his name?"
"I do not know, sir."
"Where is he?"
"In the library, sir."
"I will see him. Clara, my dear, I will be with you in a short time."
He hastened to the library, opened the door, stepped within, looked at his visitor, and, sinking into a chair, exclaimed:

o a chair, exclaimed:
"Great heaven! You here again?"

CHAPTER III.

SUICIDE!
Three years previously Willis Armstrong had een found dead in his bed-had committed until the state of the state suicide!

A prosperous merchant for half a century, and still a hale man, it was very difficult to imagine any cause for such a rash act. Certainly it was not from any monetary troubles. His estate was

still a hale man, it was very difficult to imagine any cause for such a rash act. Certainly it was not from any monetary troubles. His estate was large, and found to be unincumbered. There were no debts save triffing ones for household expenses, and the assets footed up in the round sum of half a million of dollars. There could be no fear of losses, for he had retired from business, and every investment was of a safe and paying character. A frugal, far-seeing man, he had made preparations for his declining years.

But he was 'eccentric in many particulars, and especially with regard to the education of his son and only child; in fact, might have been called a harsh parent, though liberal in everything that would contribute to his knowledge. He had marked out a plan for Lewis, and expected him to follow it without the slightest deviation—to pass through college, then travel, and upon his return from abroad to put on and wear the harness of business unfinichingly. But according to his idea a young man was but a boy, and unfitted to either think or act for himself until he had arrived at the age of 25, and consequently hot to be trusted. This was revealed in his peculiar will, that-left his confidential legal adviser, Charles Malvin, his sole executor and guardian of his son.

The will had been made but a few days previous to his death—that is, the last one, for no man of such strict business habits would put off so important an act until the sands of life were fast slipping away and earth was little more than the shadow of a dream. Still in robust health, and with the prospect of years before him, he had made an appointment with and met the lawyer in his library, and there the all-important instrument had been drawn up, witnessed and acknowledged.

In his terse, business-like way, the merchant had stated his wishes, and waited until they had been put hito form. With the exception of a few legacies of trifling importance, all had been given to his son, subject only to the restrictions of age. (which would scarcely have appeared necessary on account of its brevity), the merchant had amused bimself with a newspaper, and when noti-fied that it was finished had read and re-read it

carefully.
It is all right, Malvin," he said, "and I am

"It is all right, Malvin," he said, "and I am ready to sign it."
"The law requires two witnesses, sir. As you are standing, may I trouble you to sign the bill?"
"Certamly."
He did so, returned, picked up the will, held it until the necessary witnesses had been summoned, then placed his signature at the bottom of the page, saw the others sign, repeated the formula of acknowledgment, but it in an envelope, carefully scaled it with wax. stamped it with the signet ring he wore upon his fob ribbon, after the fashion of men of his age, and handed it to the lawyer for safe keeping.

Like all his transactions, he did not intend to leave a single loop hole for fraud. He had un-

leave single loop hole for fraud. He had unbounded faith in the honesty of Malvin—and intended to keep him honest. It had been a maxim with him through life never to place temptation in the way of any man, for the great majority had their price! jority had their price!

He watched the indorsing and locking up of the will in the safe that contained many such documents, and then continued the conversation.

You know, Malvin, my wishes with regard to my boy in case I should be suddenly taken away?"

"I believe I do, Mr. Armstrong, but I trust there will be no need of my rengembering. The probabilities are strongly in favor of my going first."

"We none of us can tell what a day will bring forth. I have already lived beyond the ordinary years of men. But I am glad you remember my wishes regarding my son. There is no one whom I could trust as well as you, for you have a reversionary interest in the matter."

The lawyer comprehended that he alluded to the proposed marriage of their son and daughter, but he made no remark upon the subject. He was there to listen, not to advise, whatever he might do at another time. So he simply nodded compliance, and the merchant continued:

"It is a great, very great consolation for me to know what kind of a girl Lewis is to marry—would make my deathbed more easy if I were upon it now. To you, also, it must be a sense of pleasure, for my son has grown up under your eyes, and your daughter will not have a penniless husband."

"That is all now. Come and dine with me. Nay, do not stop to arrange your papers. You will have plenty of time to do so upon your return. No one will dare to disturb them in your own house," and he hurried the lawyer away without giving him an opportunity to even lay his finger upon anything that was scattered over the table.

table. But the first action of Malvin upon his return was to light a lamp and examine every scrap of writing until he had found a particular one, which he read over with a satisfied smile, and then tearing it into strips, held it in the flame, burned it to ashes and tossed it out of the window.

"Armstrong has made his will. He is a careful man, very careful," he said, as he pushed his glasses up on his forehead and rubbed his hands together. "And this has been a pleasant afternoon. Armstrong is such good company—is a very rich man, and will leave a large estate. That is a great consolation for an executor—very great. What was it he said about not living? I must try and remember it. 'We, none of us, can tell what a day may bring forth, and I have already lived beyond the ordamary years of men.' Yes, I am certam those were the words. Well, well, I suppose we have all got to go some time. Ah! but this is a very unequal world. Property is not divided as it should be. I wonder when I shall see Armstrong again? Not until he chances to want something of me, I presume. But if he should die it would be a great consolation for him to reflect that his affairs were intrusted to honest hands," and he drew the lamp towards him and began looking over his papers, for he was a man who always worked far into the night.

He never saw his client again—alive.

Within a week from the time he had drawn the will and dined with Willis Armstrong he was startled by a notice in a morning paper that the rich and honored merchant had committed suicide!

"I would as soon have thought of doing it my-

"I would as soon have thought of doing it myself," he muttered, as he took his hat and cane
preparatory to leaving the house. "He commit
suicide! What in the name of heaven could have
tempted him to do such a thing?"

"What is the matter, father?" asked his daughter, who had caught the latter part of his words.

"Your father-in-law, that was to be, my poor
child, has killed burselt."

"Your father-in-law, that was to be, my poor child, has killed himsell."

"Impossible! It cannot be true."

"There is the account. Read it for yourself," and be hurried away, while the tears gathered in her eyes and she marnured "Poor, dear Lewis."

But reason or not, the lawyer found the story true. The house of his friend was closed, but his known hatimacy with the deceased and his high standing gained tim admission, and he was not long in arriving at the facts. In broken accents he learned the mournful story from the lips of the orphaned son, and it was corroborated by the frightened servants.

Condensed into a few words it ran thus:

Upon the previous evening the dead man had returned at a late hour from a meeting of the Pelican Insurance Company, of which he was a director, had gone at once to his own room, passing the servants be chanced to meet, but without speaking, as was his custom, without asking if

director, had gone at once to his own room, passing the servants he chanced to meet, but without speaking, as was his custom, without asking if his son was at home, a thing they never remembered of his having failed to do before. He had locked the door—they distinctly heard it; had failed to get up at breakfast time; was permitted to remain undisturbed until noon, when his son endeavored to arouse him, but in vain; he could obtain no answer to his repeated calls, and at length, becoming uneasy, had sent for a carpenter and had the panel of the door cut away sufficiently to pass his hand through and turn the key from the bner side.

Upon opening the door they were driven back by the funes of carbonic gas that rushed forth, and the first thing their eyes rested upon was a pan of charcoal ashes. That he had premeditated death appeared to be certain; for although it was summer and the weather remarkably warm, every window was closed as tightly as possible, the shutters fastened, and curtains drawn together. But they looked in vain for some writing, giving a ciew to the mystery. Not a single line could be found. Yet there were no evidences of excitement. Everything was found in its usual place. His clothes had been folded with the customary neatness; his watch and wallet rested safely beneath the pillow.

The testimony taken by the coroner elicited but little more, save the fact (sworn to by a groeer, a new-comer, and who had never known Mr. Arm-

The testimony taken by the coroner ellcited but little more, saye the fact (sworn to by a grocer, a new-comer, and who had never known Mr. Armstrong) that about the time of his (Armstrong's) returning home, at near 11 o'clock, a man had entered his place of business and purchased a small quantity of charcoal, and had requested him to put it in paper, which he (the grocer) thought strange, or else should have forgotten the entire transaction. A bag was produced that had been found upon the floor of the chamber, and was at once identified, and some of the servants remembered having seen their master with a bundle under his arm. Upon being shown the corpse the grocer thought he recognized him as the person who had made the trifling purchase, though he decided to swear positively.

This, with the statement of those belonging in the house, was all that could be learned, and the lawyer volunteered, as a partial explanation as to

the house, was all that could be learned, and the lawyer volunteered, as a partial explanation as to the cause; that but a few days previous the deceased had said to him, "No one can tell what a day may bring forth," and that he had already lived beyond the ordinary age of men, and argued from these premises that he (the deceased) had, even at that time, premeditated the fatal and guilty act.

But nothing of either theory or fact could restore Willis Armstong to life, and nothing remained but to bury him, which was done with all the pomp and splendor befitting his wealth. Then, when a proper time had elapsed, and a showy monument had been erected in Greenwood, the lawyer called the son into the library and read the will, saying as he came to the final clause:

"This, my dear boy, will strike you as very singular, as it did me at the time, but your poor tather insisted so strongly upon it, even against my repeated remonstrances, that to gratify him I at last consented. Fortunately, however, it will remain a dead letter—might as well have been left out," and he read:

"Tre.—In case of the decease of the said Lewis."

at," and he read:
"ITEM.—In case of the decease of the said Lewis

out," and he read:

"ITEM.—In case of the decease of the said Lewis Armstrong, my son as aforesaid, the said property, both real and personal, hereby bequeathed to him, is given and devised to by best friend, Charles Malvin, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, as absolutely as if he, the said Malvin, had been my first and sole heir. Meaning and intending hereby that the said Malvin, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, shall in all respects take the place of the said Lewis Armstrong, my son as aforesaid, and receive all the benefits from this my last will and testament, as he, the said Lewis, would do if alive."

"You see, my dear boy," continued the lawyer, "that your father intended (for I can put no other construction upon it) that, in the event of your being suddenly taken away before your marriage, the property should still be kept in the family; for he loved Clara as if she had been his own daughter, and he knew she would be my sole heir."

Too much stricken with grief at his recent terrible bereavement, the young man made no comments, asked no questions. Like his dead parent, his confidence in the lawyer was unbounded. But there were others who looked at the matter in a far different light, and it was the universal comment of the profession that although Charles Malvin might be above reproach, yet, in view of the large property, it was a dangerous temptation to place before any man.

But nothing arose to create distrust, and when the young man sailed there was not a shadow of doubt in his mind that his money, every cent of it,

the young man sailed there was not a shadow of doubt in his mind that his money, every cent of it, was just as saie as if in his own possession— probably more so.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMEN FENCERS. An Exercise Practised to Round the Arm

and Give a Jaunty Carriage. A man with a waxed moustache, mild blue eyes and a bald head stood in a martial attitude in his fencing academy yesterday and twirled a stick in long, half an inch in diameter and had a basket

hilt, which effectually protected the hand of the man using it.
"This is the implement that ladles handle in fencing," said the professor to the Sun reporter,

fencing," said the professor to the Sun reporter, balancing it deftly on one finger.

"Why don't they use the foll?"

They are afraid of it. Besides, they don't like towar masks, which rumple the hair."

"Have you many women pupils?

"Nine come here, and I have two families whom I visit twice a week. My outside pupils have gymnashims of their own, and two of them are quite expert with the sticks. I don't aim to teach them fencing—simply the short stick exercises. They do not thrust at each other with intent to strike, but merely for the side-arm movements used in parrying. It is all very nice and gentle."

"Then they do not learn to fence as men do?"

"Oh, no. They-scream if you attempt anything aggressive. What they want is the exercise of the thing. It gives them good color, makes their arms full, their wrists strong, and rapidly increases their strength. It is particularly good for girls who lack an erect and—shall I say, janniy——?"

"Yes., if you choose."

jaunty——,"
"Yes, if you choose,"
"Yes, jaunty carriage," said the professor, stepping about on his toes and toying carelessly with his waxed moustache.
"How do wemen dress when indulging in small stick practice?"
"In the blooming—I mean bloomer—costure
"In the blooming—I mean bloomer—costure

"In the blooming—I mean bloomer—costume commonly used for gymnasium exercise, knee breeches, long stockings, full waist, no beit and long skirt. Usually girls are satisfied to go through the simpler movements of the exercise and stop there, but once in a while a girl comes along who becomes ambitious for the real art of fencing. A little practical experience usually disheartens her. There are, however, kaif a dozen women in New York who are reasonably expert." "Women cannot compete with men, then?" "Oh. no. They have not the build or endurance. The exercise them on. The sticks satisfy them usually."

THE DEERSLAYERS.

Stalking Bucks by Squash Light in the Adirondacks.

Stories of the Woods-The Guide and the Man Who "Didn't Believe Nuthing."

A Swamp Which Was Haunted by the Ghost of a Dead Cow.

[New York Post.]

"We're about half way," said the guide, unloadng himself of a canoe, a rifle, a patent applied-for jacklight, consisting of a squash and several other articles, and throwing himself upon the grass of the overgrown carry, "And," he continued, "I want to let up right here and tell you about the last time I trod this 'ere old carry, Lord bless it!" he added, looking around and nodding at the limps and trees as if they knew him. The old place seems jest like home to me. D'ye know, sir," he continued, "it's a great blessing for a man to be able to have that quiet feeling of peace like steal over ye, and have it nat'ral to feel thankful every time ye look at the trees and the hills? Now, I'm a poor man; might say I aln't worth a dollar in the world; but I'm rich in appreciatin' that I have got health, easy conscience, and the

privilege of enjoying life.

"D'ye ever have that kind o' bustin' feelin' when ye see seme wonderful sight way off in the city which I've only heard tell on?—never was there. Well, I feel sort of so when I get out in the woods. In short, to come to the p'int, I'm one of the thankful kind.
"I had a given onet or leastwice he had go. thankful kind.

"I had a chap onet, or leastwise he had me. I was guiding for him. He was what they call an infidel, I recken; didn't believe nuthing; didn't see anything in anything. Well, that peor cuss—and I'm not speaking figgeratively when I say poor, for he lived on his money—he talked to me all one night argying how religion was all stuff. 'Ye see that Milky Way,' says he. 'Yes.' 'Well,' says he, 'that's a world manufactory; there

The Dust of Future Worlds is Floating

About.

What brings it together? Centri-suthing force. What keeps it there? Gravity. What makes it cool? Time. What peoples it? Evolution. What keeps It there? Gravity. What makes it cool? Time, What peoples it? Evolution. Everything is done by law and proved by philosophy. I set list'ning to him, and when he'd done provin' everything I says, 'I'm with ye on the evolution. Why? 'Cause it's the smoothest way of unioidin' great works. Sudden magic ain't half so wonderful as the evolution of a corn cob in the fall from the spring seed; but,' says I, 'where does yer aust come from? wher's the beginning? that's right where my religion beghis. I don't pretend to know much, but there's a beginnin' way back some way that laid the foundation for all these trees and hills; and it was pind that started things. Evolution may have finished them, but that mind, ye kin call it what ye will, it's the creator of the Old Testiment, it's the god of the Injuns, and may have a hundred names by as many folks, but it's the maker all the same, and these trees, and mountains, and lakes keep a-telling ye so, and ye can't hear 'em.' What d'ye suppose he said?" asked the old man. "Why,' says he, 'Amos, I never looked at it in that light,' But," said the speaker, taking out his pipe, "I've kind o' got off the track. As I was saying, I kem here two years as o with this chap, and he had the greatest lay-out you ever see. He had a gun that didn't have no hammer, cost \$400, so he said, and his rig was sartin fine—so fine was afraid to set any-where. Well, we made a camp about here, and I had a rousing fire, and we set around after taking a munch of suthing. At last he gits up and says he'd take a walk about and look up a panther, it a munch of suthing. At last he gits up and says he'd take a walk about and look up a panther, it being moonlight. So I says, 'All right,' knowing he was all right, as

There Wasn't a Panther Within Six

Miles that I knowed on. On he goes, the \$400 shooter on his arm. Well," and here the old guide laughed loud and heartily. "I was puffing away, thinking loud and heartily. "I was puffing away, thinking of my gal and old woman up at Saranae, when I heard the awfurest yell ye ever heard, and suthing come rushing through the brush, over logs, agoin' down, then up, and smothering in the moss. At first I thought a buck had gone mad and was rushin' down on us, but the next minute this 'ere sportin' chap come in head on and fell all of a heap. Scart! Well, if he hadn't been a towhead, I dare say his hair'd been white, 'What's after ye?' savs I. For a minute he couldn't say a word; then he gasped out 'Ghosts!' Well, he swore he'd seen one ten foot high, and when he saw it first it was seen 'em before. Ghost? Sartin; the ghost of a dead cow that had wandered into the woods, got stuck, and died, and the light was this ere rignus tatus, or whatever they call it. The next day we went over his trail and picked up his property, and when I showed him the cow he was that took down you'd a laughed." And the old man slung his cance on his shoulder and we pushed on through the carry to the pond, just back of which we found the rest of the party in camp, a rousing fire, and a spread of spruce and fir limbs—a right royal couch.

"Got That Jack Patented, Amos?"

royal couch.

"Got That Jack Patented, Amos?"

asked a guide, as that person was fixing a candle within the squash that, hellowed out, showed comical eyes, nose and mouth.

"You boys make fun o'this jack," was the reply, "but it's bothered more deer than any of yer fancy fandangles; and," he added, as the Indicrous object was placed in the canoe on the lake, "I'm ready to test her."

Later the writer and Amos shoved off into the dark water. The silence was unbroken, the old guide's paddling being so perfect that the paddle went into the water and out with hardly a perceptible sound; the gentle ripples as the canoe cut the water or the faint splash of an overturned lily-pad alone reached the ear. Slowly the canoe skirted the dim shore, the jack-light casting its curious glare ahead. Sudenly came a hiss from the paddler, and ahead, looming out of the darkness, appeared the chostly form of an animal seemingly as large as an ox. The writer, who had been infiliated, escaped the fever; a blinding flash, followed by a cannonade of echoes that brought cries from the birds, a thundering splash, and a few strokes of the paddle brought us alongside of a dead buck.

"Dead as a door-nail—right through the heart, just where you thought of," said Amos, in admiration; and the expert, who had aimed for the animal's head as an experiment in night shooting, wisely kept silent and an hour later the buck was in camp—rigid testimony to the virtues of the Amos patent squash light.

"These 'ere flash locomotive patent jacks is all right," said Amos, "for poor shots what wants to paralyze a critter, and hold him down so you kin git yer muzzle in his ear; but for long-distance shootin, give me my own fixin'; I jest want to hold the critter's notice till I kin make head from tail—

It Gives the Animal a Chance."

"This is an old feller," said one of the men, pointing to the broken antlers; "he's done some battling in his day, I reckon. If I hed all the curious horns I've seen in thirty years it would be a curious show, and no mistake. Ye see, bucks are always fightin', and semetimes they rush together; the horns snap in, and nothin' kin part 'em, and so they stand till they die, and years after the heads is picked up."

"I was cuttin' some timber once up back of Merwin's," he continued, and found a buck skull sticking into a big tree, the horns and part of the skull buried into it. I reckoned that the buck had jammed into the tree and got stuck and died, and the tree gradually growed over it, and in time would have covered it. Down to the mili at Little Falls a man told me the saw stopped once, and they found a horn completely buried in the wood. Several years ago, old Ramsey, of St. Regis, spread a yarn-that he see a buck with an animal on its horns, and soon after some one else saw it, but couldn't near it. A year after, though, a buck was shot, and when they got liftin in on one of the horns was a wildcat skull, the horn stickin' right square through the forehead of the cat, so't he must hey jammed right through it's brains. I s'pose they got fightin' and the buck warmed the cat and couldn't git clear, so carried her about on its horns till she fell off, all but the head.

Artemus Ward's Programme. (Cleveland Plaindealer.)
We have before us a relic of Artemus Ward. It

s one of the programmes of bis "Among the Mor-

We have before us a relic of Artemus Ward. It is one of the programmes of his "Among the Mormons" entertainment, dated Sandusky, May 8 (probably 1864). We copy a few specimens: "The music on the grand plano will comprise, 'Dear mother, I have come to die by request,' etc. "Washoe, the Land of Silver—Good quarters to be found there. Playful population, fond of high-low jack and homicide." "Heber C. Kimball's Harem—Mr. Kimball is a kind husband and humerous rather." "Selections from the Grand Plano—Mr. Forrester—Mr. Forrester once boarded in the same street with Gottschalk. The man who kept the boarding-house remembers it," "Those of the audience who do not feel offended with Artemus Ward are cordially invited to eall upon him often at his new house in Chicago. His house is on the right hand side as you cross the ferry, and may be easily distinguished from the other houses by its having a cupola and mortgage on it." "Answer to correspondents: Laura Matilda—I have an unfortunate tendency, even on trivial occasions, to shed tears. How can I prevent it?" (Lock up the shed." "Traveller—How long was Artemus Ward in California?" Five feet ten and a half." "Citizen—I am getting bald. What will make all your hair come out?" 'Oil of vitrol will make all your hair come out?" 'Rules of the house: Ladies or gentlemen will please report any negligence or disobedience on the part of the lecturer. Artemus Ward will not be responsible

for money, jewelry or valuables, unless left with him—to be returned in a week or so. Persons who think they will-enjoy themselves more by leaving the hall-early in the evening, are requested to do so with as little noise as possible."

THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.

A Vivid, Diabolical and Unearthly Realm, Where Youth Is Renewed. (Correspondent St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

who lived many years in St. Louis before he came westward to mine, to prospect and finally to be guardian of this sputtering and snorting ravine of the geysers. His moss-grown and mediaeval jokes were received with solemnity, and it was only when he showed us the cool stream, where you caught a trout and whipped it over into the boiling spring to cook it, that our scoffer was unfeeling enough to ask for the "egg sauce or Worcestershire sauce spring," that ought to be near by. There is one spring in that narrow little canyon for every aliment in the doctor's category, the iron, the sulphur, the alum, the magnesia and the epsom saits, boiling and gurgling away at all temperatures and in all combinations, and as we wound our way up that tortwous canyon the guide continually did tempt us with his cup full of some steaming draught. The strained imagery and the far-fetched resemblances which have ruled the naming of the different places in the canyon are lame and tedious to a degree, and we listened vaguely to the puerile tales of the devil, having hung up his spectacles on a rock when he had tried the eye-water spring. We saw the devil's office, his writing-desk, his bank and his medicine chest filled with crystals of epsom saits. We saw his stew-pan, that our scoffer was unfeeling enough to ask for

His Teakettle, His Steamboat, and His Laboratory,

and listened to the rumble of his workshop, his pumps and his engines, and the hiss of the great pumps and his engines, and the hiss of the great safety-valve on which his majesty's cousin is supposed to sit. Haif way up the steaming defile a photographer has his little den, and the same impulse to at lures humanity into being photographed against the background of Niagara Falis leads them to the eamera here. The shifting clouds of steam and the camera here. The shifting clouds of steam and the camera here. The shifting clouds of steam and the camera here. The shifting clouds of steam and the camera here. The shifting clouds of steam and the camera here. The shifting clouds of steam and the camera here is steam and the camera here is steam and the support of the shifting cloud of justice to it, and only a well-executed aquarelle could give an accurate view of this vivid, clabolical and unearthly realm.

Although this group of hot and boiling springs have long been deneminated geysers, they are not geysers at all, and there are no eruptions of columns of water or the recurrent bursts of water and steam to great heights, which characterize the ceysers of Iceland, New Zealand and the Yellowstone. One inky pool, of unknown depth and a dinneter of seven feet, bolls away at a furious rate, but this witches' caldron does not authorize the amountious name that designates this collection of boiling springs and steam blow-holes. The heat and steam have so decomposed the rocks through which they find vent, that one can thrust his stick into what appears to be solid rock, and safety-valve on which his majesty's cousin is sup-

The Ground Jars and Trembles beneath any heavy or emphatic footstep. At the head of the canyon there is the inevitable Devil's Pupit, from which the ruler is supposed to Ingersoil and Beecher to stand and be converted. In the early morning and at sunset the canyon is one cloud of steam, and prosale human figures seen through that misty and shifting medium are suggestive of all the witches, goblins and demons that haunt the fairy tales and the Brocken, but, at noon, when the hot sun pours straight down into the canyon, the steam rises in faint and fiful gusts, and the wonderful coloring of the canyon walls is seen at its best. Cinnabar streaks the sides with red; magnesia lies in great white masses; sulphur crystals form yellow patches around each little steam-hoie, and rocks are covered with blue and green compounds of copper that have condensed from the heavy furnes. Tossed together in the wildest way the rocks show all these vivid tints, while the general effect on the eyes is the endless range of reds and yellows. The puffing, steaming and sputtering holes in the hillsides enlminate in the great feat-kettle's spout, which emits a hoarse blast of steam that makes the guide's cup whirl like a fly-wheel when he hangs it on his stick and holds it across the orifice.

and it is not many year's since they tore down the rude tepee that they had built over one of the springs for a sweat bath. The old men were springs for a sweat bath. The old men were cured of their rheumatic woes by the sulphur steam, and marvellous effects are now produced on the white man who dares to "sulphur the deep damnation" of one of the steam baths provided at the bath-house near the lotel. The bath-house is built over a collection of boiling sulphur springs, and the patient, or the victim, is first conducted to a box of a room where the steam creeps in at every crack of the floor as not as it creeps in at every crack of the floor as not as it came from the centre of the earth. After a thorough parisoliling there comes the hot and tepid showers, a plunge into a tank of cold sulphur water, and then a glow and a rapturous and delightful sensation of having grown twenty years younger and sprees.

ODD THINGS OF NEW ENGLAND. Mostly Queer.

A Farmington, Mey many turkey.

A young limb of the law in this city who has a girl in New Haven, one in Hartford and another in Waterbury, may be said to be already conducting a circuit court.—[Meriden Press-Recorder. The Meriden Republican gives the names of two men, J. J. Kelly and Daniel Sacks, who have put up \$50 each which shall be torieited by the one who backs out of going to Leadville in the spring.

A French lad, employed in the Bates splining, room at Lewiston, cut the big belt on Friday because he wanted to loaf that afternoon. Sixteen hundred splindles were silent until the injury could be repaired. be repaired.

Eight of the forty members of the freshman class at Bates College are girls, more than in any previous class. One of these has been selected to compete in the prize-speaking contests, which are quite a feature there.

By the shutting down of mills in the Penobscot river in consequence of the drought it is entirested.

By the shutting down of mills in the Penobscot river in consequence of the drought it is estimated that the men have lost \$25,000, if not more, in wages, and the lumber supply has been cut down over 15,000,000 feet.

Woodbury, Conn., has a faith cure. Mrs. R. L. Teeple lost her speech without apparent cause twelve years ago. It recently returned, while she and several friends were praying for that result, with the words, "Pruise the Lord," and she has since talked easily.

and several friends were praying for that result, with the words, "Praise the Lord," and she has since talked easily.

A Bangor man got a neighbor to help in his housekeeping when his wife was sick. The woman threw out the bowl of water containing the man's glass eye and broke the eye upon a rock, and he has gene to Boston to buy a new one. Next time he will hire a girl.

At Putney, Vt., a fox was captured in a rather novel way the other day by a boy of some 15 years. He saw the fox run a skunk into a hole, and he ran to the hole in season to see the fox backing out, caught the fox by the tall, pulled him out and killed him by stamping on his head.

The Norway, Me., Advertiser is responsible for the following: "Phin Clough of Auburn had a blind horse pasturing in Charles Maxim's mountain ranche, in Buckfield, and it was found suspended thirty feet from the ground in the fork of a tree into which he had fallen from a precipice.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is expected to take charge of an "Uncle Tom's cabia" in the author's carnival to be held at Hartford this winter to raise funds for charitable purposes and at which a "Wayside Inn" will be devoted to characters from Longfellow, a "Snow-bound cottage" to those from Whittier, and similar provisions will be made for other characters.

The girls in the Bethel, Conn., hat shop have all taken to writing their names inside the bands of hats since one of them married a New Orleans

The girls in the Bethel, Conn., hat shop have all taken to writing their names inside the bands of hats since one of them married a New Orleans man who bought her hat, and now a Western purchaser has refused a consignment of the goods because so many of the hats were thus marked. Perhaps he wanted to sell them as imported, and "Nellie Nevins, Esthel, Conn., 13 years old, blonde." didn't look well,

A faint-hearted young lover in Fall River, who, with his sweetheart, had been called for two successive Sundays in one of the Catholic churches, lost his courage, and resended his agreement with his afflanced before the time for the last call. He then repented, and was anxious to be called over again, but the sounky young lady plainly told him that she had no respect for a coward, and that he must look eisewhere for a mate.

There is a lady in Bath, Me., says the Times,

that he must look eisewhere for a mate.

There is a lady in Bath, Me., says the Times, who has a marked mesmerle power, although few of her friends are cognizant of the fact. When she is traveiling in the car, by concentrating her mind upon any passenger ahead of her, she makes the aforesaid passenger very uneasy, and causes thim or her, as the case may be, to turn around. She can, by intensely thinking of any friends of hers in the city, make them come to her house she can tell whether they want to gossip or borrow the flat-irons, or get a slip of some of her plants. Her husband is entirely under the control of her mesmeric powers, greatly to his sorrow.

Marvellous Restorations. Marveilous Restorations.

The cures which are being made by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1105 Girard street. Philadelphia, in Consumption, Catarra, Neuraigh, Bronchitis, Rheumatism and all chronic diseases, by their new Vitanzing Freatment, are indeed marveilous. If you are a sufferer from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, write for information about their new treatment, and it will be promptly sent.

iDetroit Post and Tribune.

A rounded, grayish stone, about the size of a hen's egg and bearing the grotesque likeness to a miniature human skull, was picked up from among some graves the other day in Phunwell. The eye sockets, nose and mouth cavities are plainly represented, and one strange feature is that it was picked up in the cemetery.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP." for fever-

NOT LIKE THE MYSIANS.

The British Nation as Seen by

Cardinal Manning. Long Centuries of Courage the Real Foun-

dation of Its Greatness.

Responsibility of Its Rulers and of Its People.

Cardinal Archbishop Manning has contributed to American newspapers an article on the British empire, in which he says: If we were to say that the men of merry England are courageous, would not all nations say the same of themselves? But if the men of merry England are not courageous, England would have ceased to be merry long ago. . It is not easy to say when England became

merry, or why it got the name. . . . But it is not hard to say what would damp our mirth and quench our merriment. We are told that there are cities and plains in Germany which have never revived since the thirry years' war. The cities have not been rebuilt, and the battlefields bear no corn to this day. No fereign foot has trodden down England for ages. Nor can it, if we be truetto God and to ourselves. If we fail in either of these fidelities, nothing, however unimaginable to our boastfulness and self-confidence, may not come upon us in an hour. Our fidelity to God consists in acknowledging him as our lawgiver and our supreme judge; our fidelity to ourselves will consist in the courage of our

to ourselves will consist in the courage of our people.

Are we then a courageous people? What form of courage for the faith or for the battlefield is wanting in Ireland? What self-command and inflexible persistence in duty can surpass the courage of the people of Scotland? What shall an Englishman say of the people of England? We may leave it to our enemies to answer for us. We are well abused, and criticised, and railed at by foreign nations, but no one has ever said that Englishmen are cowards. They fell us that we are slow and never ready, over-confident, and wanting in the sharp look out which prepares for danger; that we continually pay dear for our dulness and want of foresight, but that, after disasters, and in spite of an aimost stupid improvidence, we puil ourselves together and break through the greatest straits and losses. This is not the bearing of the Mysians, who, Herodotus tells us, were not courageous. It will be enough for us to make another answer, and that answer shall be a question.

What Has Bullt Up the British Empire In one word, the courage of Englishmen Irishmen and Seotonmen, the inheritance of the courage of Britons and Celts and Saxons and Scandinavians and Danes and Normans. These races have left thier mark upon the world. Of our British forefathers, Shakespeare says:

Worthy his frowning at."

So much for the Britons. Aristotle says of the Celis that they feared neither "earthquakes nor waves." We have been lately told that the British navy is the heritoon of Scandinavian sea kings; that Nelson was a Viking with a Scandinavian netrouvale. The Sayane are not seen that the search of the Sayane are not seen that the search of the Sayane are not seen that the search of the Sayane are not seen that the search of the Sayane are not seen that the search of the Sayane are not seen that the search of the Sayane are not seen that the search of the Sayane are not seen that the search of the search o navy is the helricom of Scandinavian sea kings; that Nelson was a Viking with a Seandinavian patronymic. The Saxons, a conquering race on land, were not senfaring, and it needed three sea voyages to gain an earlicom. Of Danish hardihood and Norman conquest we have had proof enough. From such a confinence of courages, as Shakespeare would say, we might well look for an imperial race. The conflicts which have made England, Ireland and Scotiand one are a long record of courage in all its kinds and degrees. It is energy and hardihood of heart and will that has added the plantations of America, the Islands of the West Indies, the Dominion of Canada, the colonies of South Africa, the continent of Australia, the islands of New Zealand and of Ceylon and the vast empire of India, stretching east, west and north, over 250,000,000 of men. This structure is not the work of weak hearts or feeble hands. The Egyptians boasted that no free-born Egyptian labared to rear the Pyranids. We may bonst, if boasting were not a sign of folly, that none but free-born race have reared the British empire. It is a great edifice built up by centuries of manhood and intelligence, and force of will and sustained energy. It must be acknowledged with shame that fraud and cruelty and injustice have tarnished lis beginnings. But as it now subof manhood and intelligence, and force of will and sustained energy. It must be acknowledged with shame that fraud and cruelty and injustice have tarnished its beginnings. But as it now sub-sists it is a reign of law and justice. Individuals in civil or military authority may abuse their power, and have abused it, but

The Empire is a Work Not of the Will of Man,

but of a will that overrules all human wills, and binds them in the path of His supreme wisdom. It is not only the massiveness of the world-wide structure which is full of wonder, but this imperial power has perched itself, as it were, on crags, on coigns of vantage, which by their smallness show the greatness of the power they represent—Heligoland off the coast of Germany, Jersey off Heligoland off the coast of Germany, Jersey off the coast of France, Gioraltar on the very soil of Spain, Malta in the swaits of Italy and of the east, the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic, Borneo in Polynesia, Hong Kong in the Chinese empire, what are all these but tokens of the self-reliance of a great and courageous people?

empire, what are all these but tokens of the self-reliance of a great and courageous people?

"No jutting frieze

Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird

Hath made his pendam bed."

Take once more the indian empire. We came as deliverers of the millions of Hindoos from the Mahometan yoke. We have 150 sovereign princes under our imperial sway. They were in old times in perpetual and internecine war. We have imposed the tax Britannica. They were in constant civil wars of succession, in which every one of royal blood, with true oriental policy, was in turn destroyed by the pretenders and marpers of the sovereign name. We have reduced the succession to a judicial award. We found the reign of law. The natives acknowledge that our sway is at least even and just. We do not as an empire inflict domestic wrongs, which is more than Englishmen ean say of their foreign, or even of their English, kings. If we have not done more, we have at least established a sway and rule of the natural law of justice and mercy. If this were withdrawn for a moment, the old anarchy would rush is upon the old chaos, with all the multiplied powers of distruction with which we have arrued it. We have not unde India Christian, but we have lifted it in the scale of human sivilization.

it in the scale of human civilization. Empires Do Not Convert Men to Christi-

anity but under the material structure of the imperial power of Rome, the apostles and their successors created a Christian world, and under the world-wide empire of Britain a new Christian world is

created a Christian world, and under the world wide empire of Britahn a new Christian world is rising to repair the ruin of the old. This is not the work of a race without the courage, which is masculine, grave and fearless in its effort, but calm and bright, and merciful and merry, like the song of its legions and its satiors, its renpers and its little children, in the green hamlets of the heart of kingland.

This great empire is one link in the chain which draws out the history of the world. It is our responsibility and our day of visitation. If we have not the courage to keep it up, we shall deserve the shame of cowardice if we give it up. And in the day in which we betray our trust to the millions under our sway, the energy which goes out of England and Ireland and Scotland will find no training ground for high and just deeds in civilization, and, if the stern necessity arise, in warfare. Our expansive powers, if checked, will fall in upon themselves, and become turbulent and insular and selfish. Empires spring from an imperial race, and generate an imperial mind. England will cease to be merry, if it ever be shut up in its own four seas, as Holland is ditched in by its dykes. Even the click of the spinning jenny will slowly die, and the voice of England will be saddened. A clear conscience, and a sense of duty and self-command, make a great and imperial people, and in the homesteads of such a people there will be no fear, but peace and justice. confidence, courage and mirth.

HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop.

A Partially Dead Man. The Morning Herald. Baltimore, Md., states; Major B. S. White of this city describes his miraculous cure as follows: "I have been a partially dead man for ten years. Dectors attributed my sufferings to the enlargement of certain glands. The quantity of medicine I took without relief would be sufficient to set up a first-class apothecary shop. Finally St. Japobs Oil was recommended. I had my spinal column thoreughly rubbed with it. All those knots, kinks and stiffness have passed away, and I am myself again."

She Wanted to Go, Too.

A Lafayette ledy—a model wife and mother—broke her husband of the saloen habit by walking up to the bar beside him and calling for the beer. She broke the awful silence, as they walked home, with the remark: "I love you, my husband, and if you are going to hell I'm going right along with you." Youthful Indulgence

in Pernicious Practices pursued in Solitude, is a most startling cause of Nervous and General Debility. Lack of Self-confidence and Will Power, Impaired Memory, Despondency and other attendants of Wiecked manhood. Sufferers should address, with three letter postage stances, for large linestrated freenise points of the process. illustrated treatise, pointing out unfailus means of perfect cure, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Marphi Euphemism.

A beautiful brunette entered a Main street millinery store last Tuesday, and inquired of a blonde young clerk if he had any "slumber robes." The beautiful brunette wanted a ready-made nightgown. The young man brought out a lot of cheap mosquito hera.

SCIENCE OF RIGHT LIVING.

Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon in Plymouth Church Yesterday.

Christianity Neither a Set of Doctrines Nor a System of Theology.

"Without Me Ye Can Do Nothing"-Probation After Death.

BROOKLYN, November 11 .- Rev. H. W. Beecher preached this morning from the following text:
"What do ye more than others? If ye love them
who love you, what merit have ye; do not even the publicans the same? If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others; do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

This is not a command to be perfect, said Mr. Beecher, but it is an explanation of the style of perfectness that we are to seek. The context discloses the character of God in one aspect, namely, the God of universal bounty without regard to anything but the necessities of men. "He causes the sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth the rain on the just and on the unjust." These bounties, in which consists the life of the human race, are distributed without any regard to character or condition-on the highest, on the lowest, on the best, on the worst. There is a foundation of universal and undiscriminating benevolence on which mankind stand. And although they are by common assent gradually unfolding yet more intimate and higher relation and spiritual gifts and favors depending on character, yet the existence of the race upon the earth is founded on the undiscriminating, universal bounty of God, without regard to character or

And then the Saviour turns to his followers and says: It is not enough that you should be good, it behooves you to be good upon a higher level and a higher ideal than other men: "If ye love them that love you"—if your love is the echo of other people's love, and so mixed with self-love, "what do ye more than others? And if ye salute yonr brethren only" whom you like, and whom you like because they are somewhat like you, and all of you perfect—if you salute them only, do not even the publicans so? the publicans here standing for the most execrated sort of people, as they were at that time among the Jews. And the general doctrine is that Christians are to live upon a larger scale and on a higher plane and having nobler ideas than anybody else; and evidences of being a Christian are to be sought therefore in the practical lives and dispositions of men, and not in their theological beliefs and experiences. And then the Saviour turns to his followers and dispositions of melical beliefs and experiences.

The declaration of Christ substantially is that Christianity is

The Science of Right Living.

It is a fundamental position. If the Bible is a book of science at large, teaching the physical structure of the universe, it fails; if the Bible is a book of civil government, it utterly fails; if it is a structure of the universe, it falls; if the Bible is a book of civil government, it utterly falls; if it is a book of extineticism or art, teaching here the great realm of beauty, it falls utterly; but if it is a book that teaches men in every age how to live better than those in that ace are living at large, if it is a book that lifts the ideal of righteousness, of right-mindedness, of manliness lingher, never was there a book like it; and there never can be any book that shall surpass it, and the evidences of its divinity and inspiration are to be looked for in these strange influences, are to be looked for in its relation to the human conscience, and to man's excellences of disposition, the ideals which it creates, the influence which it exercises, and the whole fruit and result of it as a teacher and convoy of nations expound out the ages past. Remember, then, that Christianity is not a set of doctrines, though it has doctrines; Christianity is not a system of theology, though you can pick out of it timber by which you can shape a system of theology, if you please, for all systems of theology are human—they may include divine truits, but the structure is always man's. Christianity is the science of right living—that and that only. The merest genesis of it—the bringing of the divine nature into human conditions, the miraculous birth of the Son of God, the question of mracles, the question of the reconciliation of the various accounts in the Gospel—may all be set aside as something necessary in time, necessary in the way in which things unfold in this life, but they are not the thing itself.

Right Living is the Gospel.

What has a pearl to do with an ovster? A pearl is a pearl, and yet under what homely circumstances it was brought into being! The history of an oyster and the oyster shell, and the process

If there be one love that rises higher and above any other, it is the love which we feel for weakness, the household love; and God so loves the world. And as we foresee in life for our children's sake, as we lay up little by little, working hard and unwearyingly to have the means of educating our sons and daughters, as we give our strength and health and life for our children, as we come to account them noble or otherwise by their generosity, by their grantide, by their generosity, by their generosity, by their grantide, by their generosity, by th any other, it is the love which we feel for weak-ness, the household love; and God so loves the

"Without Me Ye Can Do Nothing." These are the teachings of the New Testamentcommerce of the soul with God, interchange of thought and emotion, the play of our souls upon thought and emotion, the play of our souls upon His, and the play of His soul upon ours; not by the instrumentality of the eye, or the ear, or the lip, or the hands, as in our lower life, but by that exaited stage of mind, the imagination working with the reason, and quickening the moral sense, and the whole life may be lifted up into an atmosphere in which the vibrations of God's voice shall smite upon us and be as music to our souls, as the vibrations of the air smite upon our ears with music in the playing of a harp.

The new mental philosophy that thus is set forth in the New Testament is one that has not been understood by mental philosophers. Beyond these are the life to come, the new life, the coming life, immortality. In one of Raphael's pictures, which had been dimined by smoke and dust, or possibly by being covered with whitewash and imperfectly cleaned again, the whole background was made up of cherubic faces, and the early engravings of that picture, all of them, had simply a dark background, that was

all. But in cleaning it one day the cleaner found out of the grime a sweet face coming, and he tried again and a second one came out, and he tried again and the third came out, and he trook the idea and soon had revealed that background of a hundred sweet children's cherubic faces, that had been hidden for long years, and now how grand that picture stood, when that was be hind and beyond, that which had been hidden was revealed. Behind us, and in the whole picture of our life, is a ground of light, where the countiess multitudes are, where a great congregation of children, that did not learn to fly, but from the cradle to the throne, are, where all our treasures have been. These were hidden in the Old Testament, Christ brought life and immortality to light and transformed everything; the world is not what the world was; life is not what life formerly was. A man lives here just as a plant lives in a greenhouse in winter, waiting for the spring to come, that it may be transplanted to the open ground, and have the glory of the summer to develop it. We are planted here, but we blossom there!

These truths as to the nature of God, as to the intimate relations between the soul and God, as to what we are living for, as to the elements that constitute that life, as to

The Great Beyond, the Immortalit is supposed that these truths are of scope and ntensity, of dignity and persuasiveness to lift mankind above the clangor of worldly affairs, mankind above the clangor of worldly affairs, and above all our conception of moral life, and ought to make man a child of God, worthy of His high affection. That is the implication of the New Testament. This is not a probation then, in the ordinary sense of the word, this life. It is a probation in one sense, it is a school, and is a probation just as a school is a probation for mankind. Sent to school, a boy may triffe away all his hours, but when he reaches manhood he can turn to with redoubled zeal and regain them.

may trifle away all his hours, but when he reaches manhood he can turn to with redoubled zeal and regain them.

It has been believed by man, it is supposed by many enlightened people today, that this world is the only chance a man will have. I do not believe it, It is inconsistent with the nature of God. Life is a probation in this: That this world is tat field where we are cultivated, that we may be transplanted to a better growth and nobler development in a future life. Christian men fulfil their vows, not by being church members, not by being church partisans, but by living on a larger scale, nobler lives, filled with all heroic ideals, with all strivings after good, and so different from the common selfish life of worldly people that they cannot be mistaken, the one for the other. No man ever looks at a great overgrown fat cart-horse and mistakes him for a trotter or a racer, which must have all traces of fat and awkwardness and heaviness removed, and whose muscles and limbs must be like sinews of steel. And no man has a right to be a great, solid, fat, over-grown, doing-nothing Christian, just oceasionally pulling in the harness. A Christian is a racer; he is a man of vitality, of energy, of power; he is a man that is brimping out at every side with noble impulses, noble ideals and longings. They may be attainable or unattainable. Men, when they transcend human potency in their hopes are cahed idealists; they are called ionish men. But it is a noble folly when a man's ideals are greater than he can possibly accomplish, when a man's thoughts are beyond what he has the power to give expression to.

To be a Christian is not to do some things. That is the way many people keep their pariors though; their pariors are beautifully carpeted, the woodwork is always kept clean, and the pretilest pictures they have got are hung there. But when you go back into the sitting-room, it is duil and bare,

The Closets Are Filthy and Musty, and the cellar is stinking and unclean. There are multitudes of Christians that keep a fine parlor

but dirty house. It is not doing some things. We see in the old representations of antiquity centaurs,—a man's head on a-horse's body; we see sometimes a man and a fish joined together; we see two incongruous and utterly opposite bodies joined together by the painter's imagination. These are like some men. But the Christian is a perfected statue, such as Phidias would make, of perfect beauty; such as Raphael or Michael Angelo would make—they would disown everything that was inconsistent with the beauty and purity and strength of the whole. A Christian man's life is a whole life; it is not a bright spot here and there; it is not a life with unfortunate days, that beams with kindness and generosity, and then shuts up for a month. The ideal Christian life is that of a being seeking perfection on every side, striving to live on a higher plane than that on which he is living; higher, still higher, until the glory of a talanment here lapses into the brightness of perfection there.

There is nothing more reasonable than conviction and conversion, and the differences in the experience of different men in undergoing conviction, are not to be used as an argument against its reality, but rather as an evidence of the variously constituted minds and dispositions of men. Can a man be a Christian that We see in the old representations of antiquity

Does Not Believe in the Bible?

Don't you suppose that Cornelius was as good a Christian when he sent for Peter as Peter was himself? He didn't know the instruction that himself? He didn't know the instruction that Peter was to give him. The New Testament is the bread, but suppose a man is not hungry and does not need that bread? What is a plough good for? To prepare the ground for wheat. What is a mellowed soil, ruch and fresh, good for? You cannot eat it; and yet it is necessary to the harvest. What is the blade and then little by little the stalk of the wheat fit for? At its breast sucks many a kernel of wheat. You can throw away the chaff, the straw, the root, the plough, the spade and the harrow, and you stances it was brought into being! The history of an oyster and the oyster shell, and the process in which it develops within itself the pearl—all these strange elements are quite necessary, until you get the pearl, then they are of no account at all. A man takes from a running stream, when he goes to hunt pearls, a great long black shell, worm-eaten in spots, and opening it there is an exquisite pearl blushing to find itself discovered. Here is the oyster, which is the mother of that pearl; if it had not been for that living the pearl would never have been. What does the man do with that? He takes the pearl out then he slings it away ruth-lessly. If he had only been a theologian he would have kept the shell and the rotten stuff inside of it, and he would not have believed that such a pearl could be born out of such a stinking and offensive mess as that. Laughter, Christianity is not then the New Testament. The New Testament is that out of which Christianity is born, but after it has been brought into life, then Christianity is simply God's science of how man should live. It is quite independent of all external conditions. It assumes that it presents truths which ought, according to the laws of mind and emotion, to lead men to a higher plane than do any natural conditions or any Influences of society. What are those truths? They are the declarations of the divine disposition of love, such a declarations of the divine disposition of love, such a declaration as was unknown in any mythology, such as never entered in the dreams of the wises to the best of men in this world in and of themselves; a love that it sprighed, but not represented by a mother's love of her child; that love which parents feel to the wakness, to the wants, to the inexperience, to the stumbling and wrong-doing as the child is drawn out from the cradle and made step by step to ascend through various grades of experience in this life. God calls hinself father, and every man that ever loved a child ought to know the pearly would take them out and

While Captain R. B. Johnson of Cituch county was helping a party of twenty-five or thirty men haul for trout in a mill-pond, the other day, his little son Joseph had a most thrilling experience. Master Joseph carried a bag, or corn sack, in which to deposit the fish when caught. When loaded with as many as he could carry he would take them out and make a deposit and return for more. In making one of these trips, while wading through water about three feet deep some distance from the fishermen, a monster alligator, said to be of unusual size, rose suddenly right at the boy and selzed him by the thigh. A desperate struggie ensued—the boy battled for his life and the alligator for his prey. It so happened that the bag, which hung by the boy's side, was caught in the alligator's mouth with the thigh, and it proved a sort of shield—lessening greatly the incisions made by the brute's teeth, and thus, perhaps, preventing a shock to his nervous system, which might have made him succumb without the struggle which saved him his life. By an effort—one of those superhuman efforts which come to men only when facing deaih—the boy tore his bleeding flesh from the alligator's jaws. The monster grimly held to the sack a moment with the delusion, perhaps, that he still had his prey, affording the boy an opportunity to escape.

He had hardly extricated himself from the jaws of death before the fishermen, akarned by the struggie, were at hand, and another battle ensued. Thirty men, armed with glgs, poles, pocket-knives, and such other instruments of war as were at hand, charged upon the monster. Being in three teet of water, the 'grator had considerable advantage, but those men had their blood up, and were not to be outdone. They poled, and punched, and harpooned him until the brute was almost outdone, when one of the party made bold to selze him by the tail. This was a signal for a general assault. In less time than it would take to tell it a number of the more daring had him by the tail and legs. There was too many of them for t

Fun for the Frivolous.

A fashion paper says that bustles are coming to the front. Not liking to contradict such high authority on such a subject we nevertheless beg leave to ask, with a circumflex inflection, "Are they?"—[Oil City Derrick.

Matthew Arnold said some time ago that what this country needs is "a finer lucidity." A finer lucidity may be a very nice thing to have, but we Americans cannot afford everything and turn money into English lecturers and actors, too. There is a limit.—[Lowell Citizen.

"A Massachusetts man has invented an arrangement for hotels which not only calls a man at any given hour, but which becops him called until he gets up." That's no new invention. We have had an arrangement at our house ever since we were married that does that.—[Kentucky State Journal.

Where \$10,000 Went. "National Bank of New England, East Haddam, Conn., October 30, 1883.—James M. Fetter, Esq., Cashier Kentucky National Bank, Louisville, Ky.: Cashier Kentucky National Bank, Louisville, Ky.:
Dear Sir—I enclose you for collection Henry Coilege Lottery Company ticket No. 79,928, class 2,
October 25. Mr. Charles W. Smith of Haddam,
Coin., the owner of the enclosed ticket, is advised
by letter and by telegram that this ticket has
drawn the prize of \$10,000. Please collect and
remit by draft on New York. Respectfully yours,
"Thomas Gross, Jr., Cashier."

"Louisville, Ky., November 3, 1883.—Received
of the Henry College Lotiery Company, in full payment of prize ticket No. 79,928, October 25, the
sum of ten thousand collars (\$10,000). Kentucky
National Bank, per J. S. Green, Collector.—[From
Louisville Conrier-Journal.

CHECKERS.

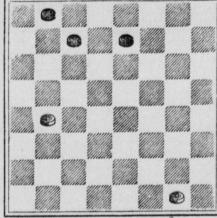
CHARLES F. BARKER.....EDITOR

Boston, November 13, 1883.
All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

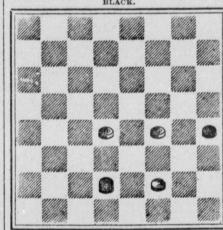
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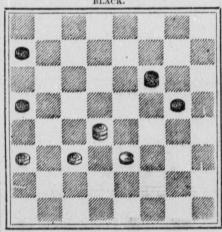
BY ISAIAH BARKER, CAMBRIDGEPORT,



White to move and draw. Position No. 1171. End game from "White Dyke," by G. H. Powell, Boston, Mass.



White to move and win. Position No. 1172. BY G. W. BROWN, WARREN, ME.



| | white to move and wir. | | | | |
|------|------------------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|------------------|
| : | 42 | Came No | . 1669-D | efiance. | |
| | | | WELL, BO | | 99. |
| ; | 1115 | 2622-1 | 3 8 | 2925-2 | 1017 |
| | 2319 | 1115 | 2622 1116A | 913* | 2832 |
| , | | 1524 | | 1115 | |
| | 711 | 2819 | 824 | 9 5 | 3228 |
| 8 | 2218 | 811 | 3228 | 1524 | 2318 |
| 1 | 1522 | 2218 | 4 8 | 2218 | |
| , | 25 9 | 6 9 | 2819 | 24. 28 | 2522 |
| rsit | 514 | 3026 | 811 | 1814 | B wins. |
| 8 | | | (Var. 1.) | | |
| 1 | 2420 | 811 | 1916 | 1015 | 1713 |
| | 1116 | 2522 | 1219 | 3026B | 1 6 |
| i | 2011 | 1115 | | 1116 | 2622 |
| | 824 | 3228 | 811 | 3127C 610D | 1926 |
| | 2819 | 1524 2819 | 16 7 211 | 2217 | 2217 1418 |
| | 4 8 | 3 8 | 2623 | 1519 | B. wins. |
| | 2520 | S 0 | (Var. 2.) | 1010 | D. Willo. |
| d | | | | 00 10 | 10 15 |
| | 3127 | | 2922 | 2218 | 1815 |
| | 1116 | 156 1825 | 110 | 1014 | 913 B. wins. |
| | 1815-3 | 1825 | (37 0) | | D. Wills. |
| y | | | (Var. 3.) | | |
| n | 2925 | 110 | 18 9 | 1524 | 2 6 |
| 8 | 1620 | | 1115 | 9 6 | 3127 |
| g | 1815 | 711 | 2724 | 2731 | 615 |
| r | 15 6 | 0 19 | 2027 | 94 99 | 2723 B. wins. |
| h | 15 6 | | | | |
| е | | | sition No. | | |
| a | 929, In 1 | Sunderland | l Weekly | Echo, Mr. | John Bell |

929, in Sunderland Weekly Echo, Mr. John Ben plays 11.15 at this point and only draws, B—In game No. 929, Sunderland Weekly Echo, by Mr. John Bell, the printed moves are 31..26, 11..16, 2..6, etc. As this is impossible, I find 30..26 will connect all right, so I presume that is the move intended. the move intended.

C-No trouble to find a draw for white at this

point by 22.18.

D-Mr. Bell plays 16..20 here, allowing white to draw.

The three games which follow were played in the Mechanics' Institute, Greenock, on Saturday last, in the match between Messrs. Campbell and Ferrie. Their fifth game was similar to the third, played in Glasgow the preceding Saturday:

| Coventi | | No. 1670 errie's mov | | |
|---------|------|-------------------------|------|--------|
| 1115 | 2420 | | 3227 | 1524 |
| 2217 | | 24 8 | 5 9 | 22 6 |
| | 2724 | 312 | 2723 | 1219 |
| 2319 | 1017 | 2522 | 914 | 6 1 |
| 913 | 2622 | 1 6 | 2319 | 2427 |
| 1714 | 1726 | 2824 | 710 | Drawn. |
| 1017 | 318 | 610 | 2016 | |
| 2114 | 411 | 2925 | 1418 | |
| 1518 | 1916 | 1015 | 2420 | |

| 1518 | 1310 | 1010 | 2420 | |
|---------|---------|------------|-----------|-------|
| Ci | ame No. | 1671-La | rd and La | dy. |
| Sixth g | ame-Cam | pbell's mo | ve. | |
| | 2925 | | 1612 | 273 |
| 2217 | 1620 | 2215 | 811 | 282 |
| 811 | 1916 | 1118 | 12 8 | 312 |
| 2319 | 1219 | 1916 | 1115 | 242 |
| 3 8 | 23 7 | 1219 | 8 3 | 262 |
| 2522 | 211 | 2415 | 1518 | 201 |
| 1116 | 1713 | 1019 | 3 7 | 231 |
| 2723 | 812 | 2724 | 2326 | 161 |
| 711 | 26.123 | 2027 | 3023 | Drawi |
| 3127 | 4 8 | 3216 | .1827 | |
| 914 | 2319 | 1823 | 711 | |
| | | - | | |

| 4 | 2319 | 1823 | 711 | |
|-----|-----------|-------------|-----------|---------|
| C | ame No. | 1672-Sin | gle Corne | ro |
| hth | game-Car | mpbell's me | ove. | |
| 5 | 4 8 | 1 5 | 914 | 202 |
| 8 | 1612 | 2522 | 2218 | 26. 2 |
| 8 | 5 9 | 1417 | 5 9 | 273 |
| 8 | 2824 | 2114 | 11 7 | 91 |
| 3 | 11. 16 | 1017 | 1417 | 322 |
| 25 | 3126 | 3228 | 7 2 | 231 |
| 6 | 1014 | 1721 | 1014 | 172 |
| 19 | 1815 | 2824 | 1815 | 151 |
| 20 | 710 | 710 | 1418 | 222 |
| 12 | 2419 | 1511 | 23 5 | Drawi |
| 1 | 2 7 | 815 | 1632 | |
| 16 | 2218 | 1811 | 2 9 | |
| | | | -[Glasgow | Herald. |
| 9 | olution o | f Positio | n No. 116 | 8. |
| | | | MODELL | |

BY ISAIAH BARKER, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

2. 7-1 1..10 10..14-2 18..23 27..32 14..10 5..9 6..9-3 14..21 17..22 7..14 14..18 14..17 23..27 32..27 9..6 9..6 9..14 21..17 22..18 W. wins by first position. (Var. 1.) 9. 6 2.. 9 5..14 W. wins by first position. 6..15 10..15 18.22 (Var. 2.) 6..10 10..19 20..16 19..15 6..10 10..17 (Var. 3.) 18..23 23..27 27..31 22..18

Checker News.

Glasgow, was decided in the rooms of the Greenock Draughts Club, Mechanics' Institute, on Saturday, Each match, as already mentioned, was arranged to consist of four games, and their previous encounter (played in the rooms of the Glasgow Draughts Association on the 13th inst.) resulted in one win for Campbell and three drawn games. On Saturday Ferrie moved first in the opening game, and Campbell played the "Cross" against him. The game proceeded much on the same lines as one played in their first contest, and uitimately resulted in a draw, as did the next three games—a "Laird and Lady," an "Alma," and a "Single Corner." This left Campbell the winner by one game, with seven draws. There was a much larger turn out of spectators than at the Glasgow match, and satisfaction was expressed by all at the arrangements made by the Greenock club.

COATBRIDGE V. WISHAW.—These clubs met in

Greenock club.

COATBRIDGE V. WISHAW.—These clubs met in friendly encounter at Coatbridge, with eight players a side, on Wednesday evening last week. After several hours' keen play, the result was announced as a draw—both teams having 13 wins to their credit, with 12 games drawn. The

| following shows the score | : |
|---|-----------------|
| WISHAW. | COATBRIDGE. |
| Wins. Draw | vs. W |
| 1 J. Neilson 2 | T. Mochrie |
| 2 T. Tudhope 2 | J. Laird |
| 1 T. Stark 3 | J. Kent |
| 1 J. Little 1 | J. Smith |
| 1 J. Barr 1 | C. Wightman |
| 2 R. Jack 1 3 A. Braidwood, 1 2 J. Roger. 1 | J. McNab |
| 3 A. Braidwood 1 | W. Gray |
| 2 J. Roger 1 | J. Smillie |
| _ | |
| 13 12 | 1 |
| The material to the | less at Wildham |

The return match takes place at Wishaw on Wednesday next, 31st curt.—[Glasgow Herald, October 27. Mr. W. Strickland, the champion blindfolded player, contested 6 simultaneous blindfold games at the Kirkstall Draughts Club, Bridge Inn, Kirkstall, recently, winning 2, losing 3 and 1 drawn.

The players of Morrison, N. J., are about organizing a checker city. izing a checker club.

Correspondence. FAIRHAVEN, November 1, 1883. Checker Editor of The Globe: DEAR SIR: Enclosed find game "Bri 11.16 25 18 15.22 3 7 24.20 14.23 6 1 30.26 16.19 24.20 14.17 7.11 23.16 9.13 1 6 26.23 12.19 17.14 2 9 15.10-D 22.18 15.18 11.2 13.17 10.14 21.17 9.13 10.7 18.15 13.22 2.7-B 17.22 7.10 26.17 22.26 7.10 25.22 3.7-A 31.22 22.26 14.18 30.25 17.26 10.7 29.25 1 5 16.11 26.30 9.14 17.13 26.31-C 7.10 20.16 6.10 7.10 30.26 5.9 14.9 31.27 10.7 27.24 5.14 10.15 26.22 8.12 13.9 27.24 7.10 15.11 18.22 11.7 22.18 10.15 25.18 23.26 10.7 22.17 10.15 7.3 18.14 10.15 25.18 23.26 10.7 22.17 10.15 7.3 18.14 18.22 9.6 26.30 11.15 Note A—Mr. Kimley quotes Mr. Wyllie DEAR SIR: Enclosed find game "Bristol," 7. 11 14... 26..23 2... 15..10-D 17...22 17...15..10 23...18

Note A—Mr. Kimley quotes Mr. Wyllie as saying no draw for white after 3..7.

Beginning with note A and ending with note B—I have followed the same line of play as Mr. Kimley's. But here he slipped up on his next move, 23..26, and kindly permits white to draw without a struggle; 22..26 offers a much stronger resistance.

From rote City note D the play is Mr. Fergus. From note C to note D the play is Mr. Fergus

From note C to note D the play is Mr. Fergusson's for a black win, and conceded to be such by Mr. Kimley. He plays 11..16 here and I play 15..10 instead for a white draw.

Respectfully, K. PRICE.
P. S.—The author of position No. 1165, Mr. Nagle, is slightly nistaken when he says for first move in the solution, 18..23 and 19..23, will only draw. Either will win for black, and by a shorter method than the one adopted.

K. P.

Mr. C. F. Barker:

Dear Sir-Will you favor me by inserting the following in checker column of Globe. By so doing you will oblige. Respectfully,

J. P. Williams. SUNDERLAND, Vt., October 25.

I would like to play two games of checkers by correspondence with any amateur player in New England or State of New York.

Address J. P. WILLIAMS. Sunderland, Vt.

Yankee Notions The Connecticut coast has 34 lighthouses.

Southington, Conn., has a house 200 years old. Lewiston will probably adopt the electric light. The wife of a Meriden stage carpenter has fallen beir to \$400,000.

Dr. J. M. Haines of Ellsworth, Me., recently shot and killed a gray eagle which measured eight feet across the wings.

Fifteen farmers on adjoining farms in Barnard, Vt., have over 1600 turkeys that will average ten pounds appear dressed.

pounds apiece, dressed.

M. S. Plummer of Addison, Me., recently killed a buck weighing 321 pounds, and measuring three and one-half feet across the antiers. A debating club of Hartford young ladies is to discuss the question, "Resolved, that the word 'ought' be stricken from the marriage service.

One of the lodgers at the Pawtucket police station the other average.

One of the lodgers at the Pawtucket police station the other evening was very well dressed, carried a whisp broom in his pocket and had a neatly done-up bundle in a daisy of a shawl strap.

A four-year-old philosopher in Rutland, Vt., recently, while washing his face one morning, asked his mother "if it was clean?" Receiving an affirmative reply, he said: "I guess I will wash it some more, so I shan't have to tomorrow morning." Petersham, Mass., has a hip-roofed piggery 195 feet long, with skylights and rooms for twenty families. It includes a driveway and restaurant, where a man cook will be employed. It is not merely a summer resort, but will be open for boarders the year round.

where a man cook will be employed. It is not merely a summer resort, but will be open for boarders the year round.

The keepers on the new light house on Latimer reef, near Stonington, Conn., will have an easy time of it as regards fishing, as they will only shove up a window and throw out the hook and line and haul up blackfish ad libitum, the water being deep around the base of the structure, and the locality excellent fishing ground.

A Springfield man whose first name is Elijah was considerably startled, last Sunday morning, upon entering one of the churches after the services had commenced and just as he was about to take a seat, at hearing the minister say: "What hast thou done, Elijah?" It was several minutes before he realized that the exclamation was a part of the preacher's text.

E. G. Babcock and a friend of New Britain, Conn., went hunting, and coming across a mountain in Berlin saw sunning on a large rock nime enormous black snakes. They shot two of the largest ones, and set the dogs on the rest. The snakes would spring out their full length, fighting the dogs. Two more were killed. The largest were fully seven feet long.

In Judge Goddard's garden on Free street, Portland, Me., are three peach trees, on one of which Thursday were hanging a number of large ripe peaches. The fruit on the other two trees ripened and was gathered in Sentember. But the fruit on this particular tree, though it puts forth its blossoms in May in common with the other peach trees, for some reasons unknown, does not ripen until from the 5th to the 15th of November. Edward Fuller of Norwich, Conn., on Sunday loaded a tree with powder to smoke some squirrels out. The powder exploided on the eutside instead of on the inside of the tree, and the whole charge struck Fuller on one side of the hair on one side of his head. He was knocked down and blinded by the accident, but he succeeded in reaching a neighboring house. It is feared that he will lose one eye.

Mrs. William O. Shaw of Bethel, Me., while looking through the attic o

lucky that Mrs. Shaw did not mix the meal into a johnny cake.

John McCormack of New London, Conn., has a natural curiosity in his yard. It is a sphere as large as a good-sized pumpkin resembling a silk worm's cocoon, and is firmly fixed among the branches of a box tree which protect it from the weather and from outward attack. The material is very light, resembling issue paper, and is laid in compact and regular layers, leaving the outside as smooth as an egg. At the bottom is a circular entrance for some mesect, the individuality of which is a profound mystery to New London.

A Grove street man, says the Waterbury American, would be economical and not employ a carpenter to build a shelter for his dog. Tearing off his coat and depositing his new English Derby on a fence post, he wont at the business himself. Personal result: Two pounded thumbs, a broken hammer whose head had left its imprint on the head of his encouraging wife near by, a rusty nail in his wife's eye. Material result: The dog sleeps without shelter. Cost of coat and Derby hat chewed up by dog, \$47. Final result: The employment of a carpenter who will get around about next summer. Economy.

A former Lewiston man, says the Journal, tells how he made a, strike out West. He went into a Dakota town from Lewiston a number of years ago. It was his intention to take up a piece of land, but there was no land in the immediate vicinity to be taken up. The people didn't seem right glad to welcome linn even under pressure of the existing statutes. "Probably," snys he, 'some of them smiled when I settled on a quarter section of 640 acres out on the prairie, away from the railroads and all communication." He paid \$14

of them smiled when I settled on a quarter section of 640 acres out on the prairie, away from the railroads and all communication." He paid \$14 in money for his quarter. This season a spur of the Nothern Pacific passed by his very door. His land was quadrupled in value. A depot will be stationed within a quarter of a mile of his door and another within a nile. He has made \$10,000, but is none the less in love with his old home, and his advice is to stay in Maine if you want to be happy.

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affects seriously all the digestive and assimilative organs, including the Kidneys. When these organs are so affected, they fail to extract from the blood the uric acid, which, carried through the circulation, causes Rheumatism and Neurolais. ralgia.

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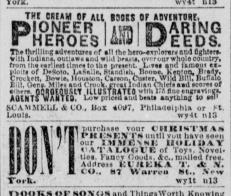






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